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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week 101,000.

VOLUME LV. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1887. NUMBER 11.

Poetry.

For the Blade.

NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS.

MRS. M. A. SUTFIN.

The sun in splendor sunk to rest
And barred with gold the whole broad west;
Then reaching forth, an unseen hand,
Let down the golden bars;
And through the gap came black-robed Night
And called out all the stars.

Thus ever in these lives of ours,
In lowly huts or sunny bowers,
An unseen Hand in wisdom sends
The sunshine-bars apart;
And black-robed Woe brings out the good
That's in the breaking heart.

NOT HIS WIFE'S.

O dainty glove of pearly hue,
With perfume faint as lily-dew,
Soft as the petal rose;
What memory within me glows?
What glamor thrills me through and through?

What leads me to exclaim: "Eheu
Fugaces!" and hide thee from view,
Where none may trouble thy repose?
O dainty glove!

The old, old story, never new
Since Eden's time. For, entre nous,
If I thy secret must disclose,
Discovery might work me woes;
My wife wears "4's"—thou art a "21"
O dainty glove!

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by haughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lesson taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the Throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweet gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

Our Story Teller.

SINGLEHEART AND DOUBLEFACE.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XI.

Joseph Pinder and Deborah Smart kept the house and the little shop, and were on those terms of gentle fellowship which often lead to a closer union when some stronger attachment ceases to interfere. When a month had elapsed they began to be very anxious to hear from Sarah; and one evening Pinder said if she had written the day she landed, or even the day after, they ought to have had a letter that very day.

"Oh!" said Deborah, "he won't let her write to us. That is my trouble now—we shall never know whether she is dead or alive."

Pinder could not bring himself to believe that; so then they had a discussion. It was interrupted by the rattle of a fly drawing up at the door. Wheel visitors were rare at that house. Deborah thought the man had drawn up at the wrong door; Pinder said he would go and see; a knock at the door settled the question. Pinder opened it, and there, full in the gaslight stood Sarah Mansell and Lucy. Pinder uttered a loud exclamation. She gave him a sign of satisfaction, and put both hands on his shoulders. "Yes, my good Joseph, here we are, thank Heaven! Oh, sister!" and she stopped Deborah's scream of amazement and delight by flying into her arms. The cab was paid, the boxes taken into the parlor, and then Sarah and Lucy were inspected and cuddled again.

Then came a fusillade of questions. "But what brought you back so soon? Did he change his mind? I never thought he would let you come back at all. And looking like a rose; you are properly sunburned; but it becomes you—everything becomes my sister. Here's your picture; it has been our only comfort. Aren't you hungry after your journey?"

"Indeed I am."

"Bless you! And I could almost bless him for bringing you back in such health and spirits. There, you go up-stairs and make yourselves comfortable; your supper shall be ready in ten minutes. Oh dear! I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels for joy."

In due course the cloth was laid for five, and supper served.

"Will he be here to supper," asked Deborah, with a laughable diminution of ardor.

"No."

"That is odd. Of course he will sleep here?"

"No."

At this Deborah and Pinder sat open-mouthed, and could hardly believe their senses. Sarah, brimful of healsh and in good spirits, yet her husband not with her. He could not be far off, thought Deborah.

"He is in Liverpool?"

"No."

"Then he is coming by next boat?"

"No."

"Well, I never."

"Let us welcome her, not question her," suggested Pinder; "she will tell us all about it when she chooses. It is enough for me to see her looking so weill and so happy."

"Happy—because I am at peace, and because I have got back to two dear friends. Ah! I saw you both in my dream, sitting over that picture there and saying, 'We shall never see her again.'"

"Oh gracious heavens! and so we did," cried Deborah.

"I was sure of it," Sarah replied, "the vision was so plain."

Deborah's curiosity burned her; she could not help putting questions directly or indirectly. Sarah parried them calmly; then came a practical and somewhat delicate question. Deborah approached it indirectly.

"Since you went I was afraid to be alone in the house, and Mr. Pinder he has slept in Lucy's room."

Sarah saw at once what she would be at, and said, "Pray make no change for me. Lucy will sleep with me in the best bedroom. We shall both prefer it, shall we not?"

"Oh, yes, mamma! I like to be with you day and night."

Deborah was charmed at the arrangement, and so was Pinder; he expected to be politely consigned to some other dwelling. Deborah, however, must try once more to draw her sister.

"This is a blessed state of things," said she, "but I am afraid 'tis too good to last. He will drop on us some day, and turn us to the right-about."

Sarah would not utter a syllable in reply, and wore an impassive countenance, as she took no interest whatever in speculation. It must be confessed this was enough to exasperate curiosity. "Well," said Deborah, in despair, "will you answer me one thing? Has he collared the money?" Sarah put her hand to her bosom and produced a bundle of notes. "It is all here except the traveling expenses," she said, calmly.

"I am glad of that," said Pinder; "and for pity's sake, don't question her any more."

Sarah smiled. "Don't be hard on her, Joseph," said she. "She must ask questions, being a woman, and one that loves me. But I'm not bound to answer them, you know."

"If she won't bear to be questioned she shall go to bed, for I'm dying with curiosity. Aren't you, Mr. Pinder? Now tell the truth."

"Well, I am," was the frank reply. "But I don't want to know everything a'l in a moment. I'd rather have her here and know nothing more than know everything and not have her."

Deborah acquiesced hypocritically, because she had just remembered she could get it all out of Lucy. That young lady now showed fatigue, and the little party separated for the night.

"One word," said Deborah to Sarah in her bedroom. "Give me one word to sleep on. Are you happy?"

"Sister, I am content."

Deborah pumped Lucy. Lucy, to her infinite surprise, pursed up her lips, and would not say a word.

Her mother had made her promise most solemnly not to reveal anything whatever that had happened to them in New York.

Deborah writhed under this, but Pinder made light of it, and really there was plenty to balance the want of complete information. Sarah resumed her business; he was once more her associate, and his jealousy was set to sleep.

Her husband was not there, and no longer filled her thoughts. She never fretted for him; indeed she ignored the man. The phenomenon was new and unaccountable, but certain. Joseph Pinder threw himself with more ardor than ever into her service, and persuaded her to seize an opportunity, and rent larger and better-situated premises in a good thoroughfare. Here their trade soon quadrupled, and Sarah Mansell was soon on the road to fortune. By-and-by Lucy's health failed. It was "Pinder to the rescue" directly. He took a little villa and garden outside the town, and there he established Deborah and Lucy with a maid-servant. Sarah slept there. Pinder had a room there, but generally slept on the old premises.

All this time he was making visible advances in the affection of Sarah Mansell. Indeed, that straightforward woman never condescended to conceal her growing affection for him. The change was visible on the very night of her arrival; but now, as the months rolled on, her innocent affection and tenderness for the friend who had suffered for her, and loved her these ten years, grew and grew. Deborah saw it. Lucy saw it. The last to see it was Joseph himself; but even he discovered it at last with a little help from Deborah. In truth, it was undisguised. The only mystery was how it could be reconciled with her character, for she was a wife, and the most prudent of women. Then why let Joseph Pinder see he was the man she cared for—and the only one? However, one day the exultant Joseph found there were limits. In the ardor of his affection he went to kiss her. She drew back directly. "Please don't forget I am James Mansell's wife." And for a day or two after that her manner was guarded and reserved. This was a warning to Mr. Joseph Pinder. A full and sweet affection visibly offered, but passion declined without a moment's hesitation. Joseph was chilled and disappointed for the moment, but what he had endured for her in less happy times reconciled him to the limits she now imposed. The situation was heavenly compared with those that had preceded it, and above all he saw nobody to be jealous of. He had also little auxiliary joys in the affection of Lucy and Deborah. These two, as well as Sarah, loved, petted, and made much of him.

How long this placid affection and sweet tranquil content—the most enduring happiness nature permits, if man could but see it—might have endured, I can not say, for it was cut short about ten months after Sarah's return by a revelation that let in passion and let out peace.

They did now a brisk trade with the United States; and one evening a new agent came from New York with liberal offers. This man happened to be a gossip and a friend of Solomon Grace. "Mansell!" said he (the name over the shop.) "I could tell you a queer story connected with that name."

"It's not an uncommon name," said Pinder. "Was it James Mansell?"

"No; it was a woman—a Mrs. Mansell. My friend Grace's wife—that is now—found her seated on a door-step with a little girl; she said she had missed her husband. Mrs. Grace—at least, Mrs. Haynes she was then—asked her in, and liked her so well she gave her her supper and a bed. Presently home comes Mr. Haynes, her husband quite unexpected. They had a hug or two, I suppose, and talked of their family affairs. And it seems this Mrs. Mansell listened, for the next day this Haynes, as he called himself, missed £400 sterling that was sewed inside his pocket. There was a row; one said one thing, one said another. Then—let me see—what's next? Oh, I remember! what do you think? Mr. and Mrs. Haynes were watching the steamboat starting for England. Doesn't Mrs. Mansell step on deck all of a sudden and shakes the missing bank-notes in both their faces—"

"Capital!" roared Pinder. "Go on! go on!"

"And it turned out she had only taken back her own, for this Haynes was no Haynes at all, but one Mansell, if you please, and had been taking a turn at bigamy."

"The scoundrel! Now I see it all."

"However, it didn't pay. Both the women sacked him, and Mrs. Haynes's friends wanted to imprison him. But Solomon Grace said, 'Don't let's have a row. Marry me.' Mind, he had always been sweet on her. So she married him like a bird. Why, you seem quite fluttered like. Do you know the people?"

"I do. This very shop belongs to that same Mrs. Mansell. Do tell! How things come about!"

"But of course the story is now news to you?" said the agent.

"Yes it is. She never mentions his name."

"No wonder. It must be a sore subject."

"Where is the villain? What has become of him? Any chance of his coming over here?"

"How can I tell?"

You may imagine the effect of this story upon Pinder. He went out to the villa hot with it, and glowing with love and pity for Sarah and rage at her husband. But during the walk he cooled a little, and began to ask himself if he ought to go and blurt out his information.

Sarah must have some reason for withholding it so long. Why, of course she was mortified, and would not thank him if he went and published it. Herein he misunderstood Sarah's motive—it was more profound, and the result of much thought and forecast. However, she will speak for herself. As for Pinder, he took a middle course: he confided it to Deborah, stipulating that she could feel her way with Sarah, and see how she could bear the truth being known.

Deborah acted on these instructions. But Sarah broke through them all in a moment, and told her the whole truth.

Next morning after breakfast she spoke privately to Pinder.

"So you have heard something about what parted James Mansell and me forever?" (She had divined at once it must have come through Pinder.)

"Yes, Sarah, to tell the truth, I have."

"Well, Deborah will tell you the whole story. It is not a matter I care to talk about."

"I would rather have heard it from you than from a stranger. Did you doubt whose side I should be on?"

"No, Joseph, not for a moment. If you must know, it was entirely for your sake I kept it to myself."

"For my sake? Why, it only makes my heart warm a little more to you. To think that such an angel as you should be deceived and pillaged!"

"And cured. Believe it or not, I am thankful it happened, and almost grateful to the man for undeceiving me before I wasted any more affection on such a creature. No, Joseph. I am single-hearted, as I always was, and my heart turned to you before you ever saw my face this time, and I kept that cruel story locked in my bosom for your sake. Ah, well! I was not to have way. You know my condition now—neither maid, wife, nor widow—and I am afraid it will unsettle your mind, and this will not be the happy home it has been."

She sighed as she said this. He smiled at her wild apprehensions. But she was wise, and one that knew the heart of a man, and had forecasts.

CHAPTER XII.

The only difference it made at first was a slight increase of sympathy and respect on the part of of Joseph Pinder. But this was followed by a more manifest ardor of devotion, and this in due course by open courtship.

Sarah thought it due to herself and her position to curb this. She did so with admirable address—sometimes playfully, sometimes coldly, sometimes firmly, always kindly; yet with all this tact the repeated checks made Pinder cross now and then.

She was sorry, but out of prudence would not show it. It ended in his begging pardon, and in her saying she did not blame him; it was the natural consequence of her situation, now that situation was declared.

As nothing stands still, this went on till the very thing Sarah had foreseen came to pass. The man, after so many years of self-restraint, and so many good offices done, found himself at last rewarded with affection only. That was so sweet that, instead of satisfying him, it enticed him on; he longed to possess her, and asked himself why not. It was no longer either wrong or impossible. He implored her to divorce James Mansell and marry him. She receiued the proposal with innocent horror. "For shame!" she said—"oh, for shame!" and turned her back on him, and would hardly speak to him for some hours.

He took the rebuff humbly enough at the time. But afterwards he consulted his friends, and they sided with him, and he returned to the charge. He pressed her, he urged her, he coaxed her, he did everything except remind her of his own merits (and her own heart supplied that omission), but she would not yield. And the provoking thing was she would not argue. Her old-fashioned religion and her old-fashioned delicacy despised reasoning on such a matter. He might almost as well have offered bigamy. She was prejudiced, and deaf to logic. The next time he attacked her she showed distress. "Ah," she said, "I foresaw this. Now you know why I kept my sad story to myself. I know the value of peace and affection, and I know that you or any other man would demand more than I can give. I don't blame you, dear; but you will not forgive me; it is not likely." Her tears, the first he had ever made her shed, melted him. He kissed her, and begged her to forgive him. She sighed, and said, "I suppose it is no use telling you what it costs me to deny you. You will never be easy now, but will never move me. I can't help it. I must trust in God.

Joseph Pinder told his friends it was no use; he couldn't move her; he only tormented himself and made her unhappy. Then one of them laughed in his face, and told him he was loving the woman like a calf and not like a man. "If she is really fond of you, be her master. She'll like you all the better, whatever she may pretend. You cut it for a year or two, and let her find out what you are worth."

Another told him he was being humbugged and made a convenience of. The woman was secretly hoping her husband would come back and eat humble pie. So what with passion, the sense of long service, instilled distrust, and wounded vanity, Joseph Pinder, after disquieting himself and Sarah in vain for six months, resolved to make a change. One Saturday night he packed up his carpet-bag, and annouced that he should go next morning to Manchester, and thence to London.

"For how long?" asked Sarah, anxiously.

"Well, Sarah, for good, unless something happens."

Sarah said nothing; she understood in a moment that he intended to make a last attempt, and to go if she refused.

Next morning she went to church just as usual, and Joe Pinder awaited her return—with his ultimatum.

However, his feelings were subjected to some little trials before she came home.

It was a glorious day.

Lucy and Deborah sat out in the little garden. He finished his packing his bag, and then went down to say a last word to them. He found Deborah with red eyes, and silent too—very unusual things with her. She and Lucy had evidently been talking the matter over, for Lucy asked him plump why her mother would not marry him. He replied, sullenly, "Because I don't deserve it, you may be sure."

"That is a fib," said Lucy, severely. "Well, if she won't, you had better marry me. Anything is better than being cross."

"You must grow up first," suggested Deborah.

"Or I must grow down," said Pinder.

Then he took Lucy on his knee, and being in no humor for jest, he said, "I had set my heart on you for a daughter. A wife I might find, but a daughter like you, all ready to love me—a regular rose-bud! Ah, well!"

Lucy, precocious in all matters of sentiment, gushed out directly, "You shall, you shall. Why, now I think of it, I want a father. I never much liked the other one. But I like you, Uncle Joe—I mean Father Joe. There, I love—I adore you." She spread her arms supernaturally wide, and threw them round his neck with an enthusiastic rush.

"Little angel!" said the affectionate fellow. "Well, Lucy, I'll try for you, but I suppose it is no use. Yes, Deborah," said he, "I'll go for my bag, and a few minutes will decide."

Deborah could not blame him, for she knew that, if she'd been a man, she could not have been so patient as Joe Pinder had been. There was a wicket-gate at the back of the garden, and Sarah now appeared at it. She had risen in the world. Both she and Deborah were dressed in rich black dresses, but with no trimming or flounces. Being tall, they showed off the material all the more. Sarah had a white French bonnet and neat gloves, but, relic of humility, she carried her prayer-book in her hand.

Deborah sent Lucy in-doors, and went to meet her sister. "Oh, Sarah," she said, all in a hurry, "do mind what you're about. Joe Pinder's blood is up. I think it is his friends that jeer him."

Sarah sighed, "What can I do?"

"You can't do nothing, but you can say a deal. Why, what is a woman's tongue for? Tell him anything, promise anything. La, I wish I was in your place—he should never leave me!"

Before Sarah could answer, Pinder appeared at the door with a large carpet-bag. He put it down on the steps. Deborah ran to him.

"Oh, Joseph," she said, pathetically, "what should we do without thee? And look at the garden—not a flower but you planted, and 'twas you laid the turf. Joe dear, don't believe but she loves you with all her heart. She never could love two since she was born, and you are the one."

"That remains to be seen," said the man, firmly; and he looked so pale and so dogged Deborah had little hope he would give in. He came to Sarah; she was seated in a garden chair waiting bravely for him. He stood in front of her. "I've come to know your mind, once for all."

"I think you know my mind," she said, gently, "and I'm sure you know my heart."

"No, Sarah, I don't, not to the bottom."

"Perhaps not. Women-folk were always hard for men to understand. Never heed that. Speak your own mind to me, dear Joseph."

And Pinder said he was there on purpose. "But first," said he, "let me put a question to you. I'm almost ashamed to, though."

"It is no time to be afraid or ashamed," said she, solemnly. "Let me know all that is in your heart—the heart that I am losing."

"No, no," said Pinder, "not if you think it worth keeping. Well, Sarah, what am I driven to ask you is, What can any man do to earn a woman more than I have done? I have loved you honestly these ten years. I was true to you when you didn't belong to me. I tried to serve your husband for your sake—a chap I always disliked and despised. You found him out at last, and parted with him. Then I hid my mind no longer."

"It never was hidden from me."

"Since you came back alone I have courted you openly. You don't forget me. You almost seem to return my love."

"Almost seem! I love you with all my heart and soul. I never loved as I love you, for I never esteemed."

"Ah! If I could only believe that!"

"You may believe it. I never told a lie. My heart turned to you when I saw you in my dream, and thought of your long fidelity and no reward. My poor Joseph, my heart turned more and more to you as the ship sailed homeward, and you were the one that made coming home seem sweetest to me. Where are your eyes? Since I came home have I ever regretted the creature I used to pine for?" (She put her white hands to her face, and blushed.) "Women don't make love as men do, but they show it in more ways than men do to those who will but see it."

"Then show me a little love—real love. Make me your husband!"

"How can I?"

"Easy enough. Divorce that villain, and marry me. It is a plain case of desertion and infidelity. You can get a divorce for the asking."

"What! Go to law?"

"Why not? It's done every day by your betters."

She colored faintly, and said, with gentle dignity, "My superiors, you mean. They do many a things I can't, besides painting and powdering their faces. Me go to court of law to part those that were joined till death in a church? That I could never do."

Pinder got angry. He belonged to a debating club, and let her have it accordingly. "That is all superstition. The priests used to tell ignorant folks that marriage was a sacrament, and only the Pope of Rome could annul it. But we are not slaves of superstition and priestcraft nowadays. Marriage is not a sacrament; it is a contract, no more, no less. Your husband has broken it, contrary to law, and you have only to dissolve it according to law. Wouldn't I divorce a faithless wife for you? And you would do as much for me, if you loved me as I love you."

"I love you better," said she; "by the same token, I couldn't quarrel with you as you do with me. Oh! pray, pray don't ask me to go into a public court, and say I only come to be freed from a wicked husband, and then have to own another man is waiting to take me. Ah! if you respected me as I do you, you wouldn't—"

"I have respected you these ten years, and I've shown it. Now it is time to respect myself. I'm the laughing-stock of my friends for my calf-love."

"Ah!" cried she in dismay, "is they have been and wounded your vanity, it is all over. A man's love can not stand against his vanity. But oh! if they knew knew how you are loved and respected, they would be ashamed to play upon you so. Dear Joseph, be patient, as am. Believe that I love you better than you or any man born can ever love me. You are agitated and so angry you frighten me, dear. Do but think calmly one moment: what is the best thing in holy wedlock, after all? Is it not the respect, and tender affection, and the sweet company? What husband is more cherished than you, or better loved? My sister loves you; my child loves you; I love you dearly. If you could but see us when you are away, how deada-live the place is, and we all sit mum-chance; but the moment you come we are all gay and talkative. You are our master, our delight, our very sunshine, and is that nothing?"

Joseph Pinder drank the honey with glistening eyes, but he could not quite digest it. He said they were sweet words, and there was a time when they would have charmed his ears, and blinded to the hard truth. But he was older now, and had learned that women's words are air. It is only by her actions you can ever know her heart.

"James Mansell," said he, "is a man of my age. 'Tisn't likely we shall both outlive him, that is as much as to say you will never be my wife till he is so obliging as to die. What is that but treating me like a calf? I won't die a bachelor to please James Mansell, nor any woman that clings to him for life. I will leave this, kill or cure."

Sarah objected firmly to that. "No, Joseph, if we are to part, it is for me to go and you to stay. This pretty house and garden I have enjoyed so, 'tis the fruit of your industry, and your skill, and your affection, that I cannot recompense as you require, and so you will call me ungrateful some day, and break my heart altogether. My dear, you must oblige me in this one thing, you must live here, send me back to my little shop, and let me see you get rich, and make some some woman happy that will love you better than I do. You loved me most when I stood at that little counter in Green street, and didn't even pretend to be a lady." She began steadily enough, but, with all her resolution, her voice failed, and she ended in tears.

"No, Sarah, you are not going to get it all your own way. Lucy loves me, and would be my daughter to-morrow. I won't hurt her; and I could not let you go back to Green street. I'll take nothing with me but my carpet-bag and my pride, and the heart you have worn out."

Then Sarah began to cry in earnest.

"Oh, Joseph," said she, in accents to melt a stone, "is it not sorrow enough to part? Can you part in anger? I wouldn't be angry with you if you were to kill me."

"Part in anger?" said he. "Heaven forbid! Forgive me, my darling, if I have spoken an harsh word; and give me your hand at parting." He put out his hand, she seized it, and kissed it passionately. He kissed hers as tenderly, and their tears fell fast upon each other's hands. But he was a man, and had said he would go. So he actually did tear himself away, and catch up his bag, and through the wicket gate, and such was his manly resolution and his wounded pride that he went 30—or at least 25—yards before he wished himself back upon any terms whatever. Till now he never knew how much she loved him.

As for Sarah, she did not attempt to deceive herself or any one else. She laid her brow on the little table, and sobbed piteously. Deborah came running to her, and took off her bonnet the first thing, for why should she spoil that as well as break her heart? But while saving the sacred bonnet, she was trying to comfort the heart.

"How could he leave you? How could you let him? It will kill you."

"Perhaps not. I trust in heaven."

"Don't cry like that, dear," sobbed Deborah. "He will come back in a month or two, and then you will give in to him."

"No. I can only cry for him, and trust in my Redeemer, as I did when that creature played me false. I didn't trust in vain. Bring me my child."

Deborah put Lucy on her lap, and Sarah fondled her and cried over her. Presently what should Deborah see but Joe Pinder at the wicket gate with his bag. She ran to him all in a hurry and whispered, "Not yet, ye foolish—you mustn't come back for a week; then she will be like wax."

"I'm not coming back at all," said Pinder, loud and aggressively. "It is only out of civility. Lady and gentleman from America looking everywhere for her." Then he held the gate open, and beckoned to a lady and gentleman. They appeared, and at his invitation passed through the wicket.

Now Sarah had ears like a hare. She heard every word, and her smile of celestial love and just a little earthly triumph at Pinder's voice and self-deception was delicious; only, as she had been crying, she could not face these visitors all in a moment, but dried her eyes and tried to compose her features. Just then Pinder pointed her out in silence, and then Solomon Grace walked gravely down the garden, and drew up stiffly at her right hand. Mrs. Grace also moved toward Sarah, but hung back a little. There was an air of solemnity about them both. Pinder, instead of retiring again, crept down a little way with his bag, and a sweet exchange of words passed between him and Deborah.

"You came out of civility: what are you staying for?"

"Curiosity," snarled Pinder.

As soon as Mrs. Mansell saw Solomon Grace she said, eagerly, "Oh, my good friend, you here? Welcome!" She put out both hands to him.

He took them, and said, gravely, "We bring you serious news."

At the sound "we," Sarah turned, and there was Mrs. Grace. She welcomed her just as she had done her husband. Lucy made a school courtesy to both of them. There was a hesitation. Grace and his wife looked at each other.

"Yes, you can tell her," said Elizabeth.

Sarah Mansell eyed them keenly. "Yes, you can tell me: whoever is false to me is dead to me from that moment." She half divined the truth. Some women can read faces, manner, incidents, all in a moment, and put them together. This was one.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "I am glad you are prepared for it. James Mansell is no more."

Then Grace handed her the certificate of Mansell's death.

Mrs. Grace resumed: "He died in the hospital, and he died penitent begging forgiveness of those he had injured. Mrs. Mansell, I stood by his bedside and pardoned him."

"And so do I," said Sarah. "I forgive him with all my heart, as I hope to be one day forgiven;" and she raised her pious eyes to heaven.

Whilst this was going on, Deborah came behind Pinder, who was listening gravely to every word, and quietly took the bag away out of his hand, and then his hat; both of these she handed to the servant-girl, and bade her hide them. Susan took the hint in a moment. Thus disarmed, Joseph sat meekly down in a chair at some distance, and Lucy immediately seated herself on his knee, with an arm round his neck. Sarah parted for the present with her American friends, but took their address, and in due course entertained them hospitably.

But this was a solemn day, and though she scorned to feign a single particle of regret, yet she felt it was not a day for conviviality. When she had bidden the Graces "good-by" at the wicket gate, she walked slowly toward the house. Then, looking askant, her eye fell on Pinder, with Lucy on his knee. She stopped and looked at them. Just then the servant came out into the porch and announced dinner. Sarah smiled sweetly on the pair, and said, "Come, my dears."

They both came; Joseph very humbly. But Sarah never uttered one syllable of comment on his temporary revolt. He, on his part, tried his best to make her forget their one quarrel. But that was quite unnecessary, and she let him see it. She never thought him in the wrong, but only thought herself in the right, and she never showed him even the shadow of resentment or exultation. She was "Singleheart," and she loved him.

When, after waiting a decent time, he threw out a timid hint that he hoped he might call her his own before so very long, she opened her eyes and said, "*Whenever you please, dear. I'm only waiting your pleasure.*" He was amazed. But that did not prevent his catching her to him with rapture.

In the ardent colloquy that followed this embrace he said he had been fearing she would demand a year's delay.

"Not I," said she: "nor yet a month's. To be sure, I have my own old-fashioned notions of decency; but when it comes to ceremony, I would not set up such straws against you, not for one moment. What is etiquette to me? I am not a lady." (I am not so sure of that as she was.)

So they were married off-hand, and she soon showed Joe Pinder whether she loved him or not. All he had ever dreamed of love never came near hers. His happiness is perfect; and ten times the sweeter that he waited for it, pined for it, lost it entirely, earned it again, gained it by halves, then enjoyed it to the full.

To the world they are just thriving traders, very diligent and square in business, but benevolent; yet their private history is more romantic than the lives of nineteen poets in twenty.

Deborah is courting diligently. One Sunday afternoon Lucy, nodding over a good book, yet fitfully observant, saw her wooed by three eligible parties in turn over the palings. Then Lucy asked her which she was going to marry.

"How can I tell?" said she.

"Are they all three so very nice?" inquired Lucy, slyly.

"They are all three nicer than none at all," was Deborah's reply.

LUCY'S LAST.

"Aunt Deb, I don't think you will ever be married."

"That's good news for me. And why not?"

"Because marriages are made in heaven."

Now it is not for me to predict the future; but from my observations of the Lucy Mansells I have known, I should expect to find that young lady at seventeen excessively modest and retiring, but as stupid as an owl.

THE END.

MORE BOOM THAN THEY WANTED.

Two Young Virginians Learn Something About Real Estate Speculation.

Two young Virginians living in the "Northern Neck," remote from those modern innovations, railroads and telegraphs, where fish, oysters, game of all kinds and tri-weekly mails flourish, had saved some money. They read in the country journals of a new place called Birmingham, in Alabama, and in connection with Birmingham a "boom." The latter term they found meant that anybody who went to Birmingham with money could realize a fortune in "less than no time." In fact it was stated that quite a number of people had made fortunes there already.

The two young F. F. V.'s were seized with a speculative fever, and to Birmingham with their small capital they went.

They meant business, serious to them—the safe investment of their small savings. So for days they walked about and personally examined this Southern mushroom and its surroundings. They were cautious and kept their own counsel. Real estate was what they wanted, but every desirable location in every possible direction was already "bought up."

At last fortune seemed to favor them. Away out, a mile from town, they found a placard with the inscription:—

"For sale, apply to ——."

It was a worn-out, exhausted soil, covered with a growth of stunted pines. All the same they had visions of avenues and cross streets, stores, residences, and street car lines and elevated railroads in their mind's eye.

"Wonder what he'll ask for that?" said one.

"Bet he asks enough," said the other.

"How much do you think?"

"Every cent of $500 an acre."

"That's a pretty big price for property out this far, but let us strike him with an offer of $500 an acre before somebody gets ahead of us."

"All right, let's go."

And they went.

They found the man.

"We've been looking at your property yonder. What'll you take for it?"

"What'll you give?"

"Well, we mean business, and to lose no time, we'll give $500."

"Seven-fifty is the lowest figure, gentlemen."

Then the two young Virginia speculators held a whispered conference, after which one of them said:

"All right, then; make out the papers and let's close."

Then the man began to figure, and he figured until a large sheet of blank paper was covered with figures. The two of the first families looked on in amazement.

"What are you figuring so much about? This is a simple transaction."

"I know it is; but $750 a foot front for that property requires some calculation."

"What? Seven-fifty a foot?"

"Yes."

"Good morning."

The F. F. V.'s are now back in the Northern Neck, minus their expenses, but wiser if not happier men.—*Richmond letter.*

CLEVELAND'S ENEMIES.

The Popular Feeling Against Him Growing Very Strong.

Washington Special to Baltimore *American:* People laugh at the reports now bobbing up that before the summer solstice has passed Cleveland will retire from the race for renomination. They laugh because they do not hear the roar of discontent which is daily sounded here. They do not know the number of men who daily visit the national capital and talk in the most uncomplimentary manner of the "man at the White House." Nor have they an idea of the number of men who vowed eternal friendship to Cleveland on March 4, 1885, and who now come here and do not go near the White House. These are men whom Cleveland thinks are his friends, men on whom he believes he can count when the time comes. Now they run into the city, see a congressman, talk of the man at the White House, refuse to go to see him, and are off again.

People outside do not see and hear these things. Men in Washington do. Those who laugh say it is only the disappointed politicians who talk and act so. It is not. Gather a group together at a hotel, in a lobby, or at dinner. Take a group at the Capitol or even on a promenade up the avenue. When you hear Cleveland's name mentioned it is with unfavorable comment—not one word of praise or commendation. Men who are leaders at home come here, and in their common conversation tell you of Cleveland's unpopularity at home. You ask a man what the chances are for re-nomination, and what is the answer? Invariably it is against the present man. If in all the crowd that drifts in and out of the Capital City, one could find a handful of men thoroughly satisfied, or could say the men at home were, then the people here would begin to think perhaps after all the croakers are talking; but is a rare thing to find a handful satisfied with Cleveland.

Take Congress for instance; it is notorious that Cleveland has more enemies there than friends; still, these men go to the White House, flatter and talk to the President, and come away, and almost on the doorstep of the Executive Mansion, say hard things about him. Hard as it seems, it is so, and no one begins to see it more clearly than Cleveland himself; and yet people wonder when it is announced that he will withdraw.

A SOCIAL EVENT.

A Cup of Tea Causes Dissensions in Society.

A congressman's wife tells of calling on a lady of the highest official circles on a quiet afternoon before the season, when the great lady was presiding at her own tea table. The visitor was greeted warmly and asked to a seat beside the hostess. The hostess poured out a cup of tea, dropped in the sugar, added the cream and then coolly drank it herself, talking amiably to her visitor all the while. The amazed and indignant caller watched the operation through, and after a few seconds rose to go.

"Oh, don't hurry," said the hostess; "I have not given you a cup of tea yet."

"No," said the visitor, "but I have been sufficiently entertained in watching you drink that cup alone."

Since then she has never crossed the great lady's doorsill, although every overture of friendship, save a direct acknowledgment and apology, has been made.—*Washington letter.*

How the Quaker "Bloods" Do It.

Philadelphia bloods have their wildest spree on hot sausage, which they buy of street venders.

Humor.

MARK TWAIN AS A FARMER.

A Speech that He Might Have Delivered Before a Farmers' Club.

I have been introduced to you as an experienced agriculturist. [Laughter.] I love the farm. Adam loved the farm. [Laughter.] Noah loved his vineyards. Horace loved the farm, as is shown by that great book, "What I Know About farming." [Laughter.] Washington, Webster and Beecher were allured by the attractions of agriculture. Some one said to Beecher: "Keep your cows out of my shrubbery." "Keep your shrubbery out of my cows," replied Beecher; "It spoils the milk." [Laughter.] Hogs are hard animals to drive over a bridge. [Laughter]. I once saw a man carried several miles on the back of a hog that turned back in opposition to the solicitations of the driver on approaching a bridge. [Laughter.] I will tell you of a safe way to get hogs over a bridge. Kill them and draw them over in a wagon. [Laughter.] Hogs are fond of spring lambs and spring chickens. Hogs will eat their own offspring if no lambs or chickens are offered in the market. When a boy I was solicited to escort a pig to a neighbor's farm. A strong rope tied to the pig's leg was placed in my hand, I did not know before the speed and strength of a pig. [Laughter.] But they do not run the way you want them to run. [Renewed laughter.] A pig can draw a canal-boat with the tow-line tied to his hind leg, but I would not insure the canal-boat. Hogs are cleanly, orderly, silent and not bent on mischief—[laughter]—when cut up and salted and in a tight barrel, with a heavy weight on the lid. [Prolonged laughter.] This is all I know about hogs.

I love cows. [Laughter.] What so meek and low-ly—[laughter]—as a mooley cow? City people are foolish to be frightened at cows. I was never hurt by a cow but once. He shook his head at me from behind a strong gate. I felt the security of my position and shied a pumpkin at him. He came through the gate as though it were a spider's web, and then I was sorry I did it. [Laughter.] This kind of a cow should not be fooled with unless you are tired of monotony. [Laughter.] The poet loves to dwell upon milkmaids, milking time and lovers sparking over the farm-yard gate, but no such poet could ever have milked a cow in fly time. [Laughter.] I cannot imagine a successful love suit at such a season. I milked the cows one night when the boys were off on a Fourth of July. [Laughter.] That is, I milked one and one-half cows. [Laughter.] The last one was so busy knocking off flies with her hind foot I thought I had better not disturb her longer. A pail of fresh milk kicked over a boy does not improve his clothes or temper. Some say I milked from the wrong side. [Great laughter.] I thought I would be sure and be right, so I milked half on one side and half on the other. [Renewed laughter.] I was on the other side when she knocked off most flies. Can any one tell me why a cow should be permitted to dictate which side a man shall milk from? I claim the right of my choice at least half of the time.

Sheep are my special delight. How gracefully the lambs gambol over the green. I trust you never gamble over the green. Nothing so patient and modest as a sheep. [Laughter.] Some say a scamp is the black sheep of the flock, but a black sheep is just as respectable as any, and the color line should not thus be drawn. [Laughter.] I once fished on a bluff and casually discovered a sheep with large crooked horns coming at me with head down and fire in his eyes. The fish were not biting well, so I left my sport and dodged behind a stump. The sheep fell on the rocks below and broke her neck. For this act I have since been accused of non-protection in the wool traffic. This reminds me of a commissioner of agriculture in old times who purchased six hydraulic rams for the improvement of American flocks. [Prolonged laughter.] Feather beds are made from geese, but all woollen goods and drums are made from sheepskins. [Applause.]

I take great pride in the horse. "He is the noblest Roman of them all." [Laughter.] I once led Stephens's horse to water. How proudly he arched his neck and tail. He was so fond of me that he tried to embrace me with his front feet. But I was so shy he turned about and playfully knocked my hat off with his heels. [Laughter.] I told Stephens I thought horses looked much better walking on four feet than on two feet. A horse presses hard when your toe is caught under the hoof. I speak not from theory, but from acttual experience. [Laughter.] I went riding with Stephens's horse and he shied and danced provokingly. "Treat him kindly," said Stephens. "Never beat a horse." By and by Stephens thought he would get out and walk for exercise. "You may let him feel the lash a little now," said Stephens. "A little discipline now will do him good." [Prolonged laughter.]

Here is a composition I wrote on farming when a boy: Farming is healthy work; but no man can run a farm and wear his best clothes at the same time. Either the farming must cease while the new clothes continue, or the new clothes must cease while farming continues. This shows that farming is not so clean work as being a Congressman or schoolmaster, for these men can wear good clothes if they can find money to pay for them. [Laughter.] Farmers get up early in the morning. They say the early bird catches the worm. If I was a bird, I had rather get up late and eat cherries in place of worms. [Laughter.] Farmers don't paint their wagons when they can help it, for they show mud too quick. The color of their boots is red, and don't look like other people's boots, because they are twice as big. [Applause.] Farmers' wives have a hard time cooking for hired men, and the hired men find fault with the farmers' wives' cooking. Why don't farmers' wives let the hired men do the cooking while they do the finding fault. [Great applause.] Farmers don't get as rich as bank presidents, but they get more exercise. [Prolonged laughter.] Some ask, "Why don't farmers run for Congress?" They run so much keeping boys out of their peach orchards and melon patches they don't have any time to run after anything else. If Congress should run after farmers, one might be caught now and then. Lawyers can beat farmers at running for most anything. I know a farmer who tried to run a line fence according to his notion. The other man objected and hurt the farmer. The farmer hired a lawyer to run his line fence, and now the lawyer runs the farmer's farm and the farmer has stopped running anything. Speaking of running reminds me of our calf that ran away to the woods. There were not enough men in the county to catch that calf. We turned the old cow loose into the woods, and she caught the calf, proving the old saying that it takes a cow to catch a thief. [Laughter.]

Accommodating.

Railroad President—You newspaper men ought to ease up on your condemnation of car stoves. We intend to get rid of them just as soon as we can.

Editor—indeed. I'm glad to hear that.

"Then you'll call over your reporters and paragraphers, won't you?"

"I suppose I ought under the circumstances, but what plans have you under consideration for the benefit of the public? They will doubtless be glad to know of the interest you take in their welfare."

"Why, you see it will be summer soon and we won't need any stoves at all."

A Scene in the Pullman.

Little dot—Mamma, are all those people crazy?

Mamma—That's only a picture, child.

"Well, what are they running around that way for without hardly any clothes on?"

"They are getting ready to go to bed."

"Is that—is that polite?"

"Oh, yes, pet; that isn't a house or hotel, you know."

"Looks like it."

"Yes; but it's only a sleeping car."—*Omaha Herald.*

An Object for Pity.

Visitor—And is there nothing for you to eat in the house?

Socialist—Not a bite, ma'am, have we tasted for 24 hours!

Visitor (sympathetically)—Why, what is the trouble?

Socialist—Well, you see, my wife had the rheumatics, so she 'ain't been able to take in no washin'.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Never Keeps Anything.

"I say, old man, you know Miss Greene very well. Does she keep Lent?"

"Keep it? Why, my dear fellow, she's a most notorious gossip; she never keeps anything; she gives everything away."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A LOVER OF DOGS.

Burdette Overhears a Remarkable Conversation on the Cars.

As we sailed down from Syracuse I fell asleep, but the old gentleman sitting beside me grew so restless and fidgetty that he roused me. In the seat in front of us a lady and gentleman were carrying on one of those intellectual conversations that are evidentiy intended for the whole car, and tend to make travel such a rare pleasure to a man who has just escaped from the asylum. I lost the opening chapters of the dialogue, but it was evident that the lady wanted to buy a "dawg," and the gentleman knew all about "dawgs." She wanted a setter.

"Red or liver colored?" he asked.

"Oh, she didn't care; just so it was a handsome setter. I do *so* love a beautiful setter. And I *never* had one, and I just *long* for one."

"Well," he said, "they are beautiful dogs. I couldn't live without dogs. There's something so loving about a dog."

"So *human*," she said, "so *more* than human. There is *nothing* in all this *world* so devoted as a dog's affection."

"That's so. A dog's love is perfectly unselfish. If you feed him, he loves you, if you beat him, he still loves you."

"Oh!" she cried, "how can any one *beat* a dog? I hate a man who can be cruel to a dog."

"So do I. I'd shoot a man in a minute if I saw him kick one of my dogs. I have seven dogs."

"*Oh!* how happy you must be."

"Yes, and there isn't a room in my house too good for those dogs, and they know it too. You know my big black Newfoundland, St. Augustine Le Claire? I paid one hundred dollars for him. Well, he sleeps in my room and often he climbs right up on the bed and sleeps there."

"*Oh!* isn't that *too* cunning for anything!"

"Yes, my dogs live all over the house. Then my wife has three dogs of her own, that makes ten altogether. It seems like a good many."

"But *yet* you couldn't spare one."

"Oh, no. The house would seem lonely without them. They always welcome me when I come home; they're always glad to see me. Last spring when my Siberian bloodhound, Charlemagne, died, I thought my wife would go wild. She cried herself into hysteria, and went to bed; gave up society, put on mourning and locked the piano. I couldn't eat anything myself for days. I felt as though I had lost a son."

"You have children, haven't you, Mr. Kennellthorpe?"

"Oh, yes; I have three, two boys and a girl—no, two girls—no, no; what am I thinking of? They're all girls."

Here the old gentleman collared me and dragged me furiously into the smoking car, where he backed me up against a wood box and held me against the wood box and held me fiercly by the collar.

"That's the cause of hydrophobia," he howled. "That's the kind of stuff that makes a man mad! The bite of a mad dog is healing balm after such rot as that! One hundred dollars for a dog! Buy all the curs that ever yelped. I can buy one hundred dogs for one dollar, and then I'd only keep one and I'd kill him! Am I right?"

I feebly said "Amen."

"You are saved," he said, relaxing his hold, "and now let us sit down and smoke one of the train boy's non-combustible cigars, for I must nerve myself to a deed of awful justice."

"What is't you'll do?"

"I am going to kill that man when he gets off the train, and at the same time you will kill the woman, or I shall kill you."

But when we got to Utica they rushed the old gentleman off and took him to the asylum. And I was the only man on the train who knew what drove him mad.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE IOWA EDITOR.

He Wanted Passes, But Forgot the Inter-State Commerce Law.

"It's a great thing," exclaimed a whiskered passenger on an east-bound train; "a great thing—one of the best laws that ever passed congress. That's what we've been fighting for in Iowa for a long time. We want the railroads regulated, and I tell you this law is going to do it. I'm the editor of the leading paper in my town, and, of course, the people talk to me a great deal. We hope it will be enforced to the very letter."

"I think it will be," replied the conductor, to whom these remarks had been addressed; "in fact, I'm sure of it, for I received orders to-day from the general passenger agent to take up all editorial passes April 5, in conformity with the requirements of the law, which goes into effect that day."

"W-what's that?"

"I say we are ordered to take up all editorial whole line passes April 5, in conformity with the requirements of the new inter-state commerce law."

"Well, all I've got to say," replied the country editor, warmly, "is that dog-gurned law is a fraud and a swindle and an outrage. That's what it is, and I believe the railroad monopolists lobbied it through so's they could cheat and rob the people of their rights in the guise of doing better by 'em. It's a flagrant assault upon the liberties of the people, and we'll snow old Cleveland under next year for ever making a railroad tool of himself and signing it. Besides I'll give my member of congress fits in my next issue. The traitor voted for it."—*Chicago Herald.*

The Drummer and the Bear.

"You know Jonty—Jonty, the liar?"

"Yes, I know him well."

"That fellow's got cheek. He can tell the biggest lie in the business. That fellow told me that he was met by a bear once, and he got away with it. I asked to see the skin, but he said he gave it to a mash he made in the next town; but he offered to give me her address. She'd moved. But he met this bear, and this bear looked at him. He knew in a minute he was a drummer, the bear did, and he licked his chops anticipatin' eatin' him clean up. Jonty had a great presence of mind, and he opened his sample case and showed the bear his baking powder. The bear was interested. Bears have a great deal of curiosity. He began examining it coolly, just as if he was going to eat a drummer, and he might as well begin with his samples. He licked up all the baking powder, and seemed to enjoy it. All that Jonty wanted then was time. So he skirmished around until the baking powder began to work, and the bear began to swell. Upon my soul, Jonty told me that bear swelled up until he floated away into the air, and Jonty tied a rope to him, fastened the other end to a tree, and filled him with lead at his leisure."

"Did you ask where Jonty got the rope?"

"What good? I knew he was lyin'."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Church Paper's Story.

A fond father blessed with 11 children, and withal a very domestic man, tells this story: "One afternoon, business being very dull, he took the early train out to his happy home, and after a time slipped up stairs to help put the children to bed. Being missed soon, his wife went up to see what was going on. Upon opening the nursery she exclaimed: 'Why, dear, what in the world are you doing?' 'Why, wifey,' said he, 'I am putting the children to bed and hearing them say their little prayers.' 'Yes,' said wifey, 'but this is one of our neighbor's children all undressed!' And he had to re-dress it and sent it home.—*Chicago Living Church.*

The Beautiful "No."

"It's funny about Washington people," said a young man from New York to a Washington.

"How do you mean?" asked the Washington man.

"Why everybody has a way of saying 'yes, indeed.'"

"Have they?" exclaimed the Washingtoniau bitteriy; "well they haven't. I asked a girl last night if she would marry me, and the way she said 'No, indeed!' was enough to bring tears to the eye of a aeedle."—*Washington Critic.*

A Man of Experience.

Lady—You have houses to rent?

Real estate agent—Yes. Here is one list of about 150.

Lady—Do you think that you can give me one that will suit me?

Real estate agent—Madam, I don't believe I can. But possibly I can give you one that will suit your husband.

Kept his Promise.

Trisperl, who is somewhat of a guzzler, for some time has been taking all his beverages with the aid of a straw. When one of his friends asked the reason, he replied:

"It is only because I have solemly promised my wife that I will never again let my lips touch a glass of liquor."

Miscellany.

A HUMORIST'S CONFSSION.

The Helpful Influence of the Wife of Robert J. Burdette.

As Mrs. Burdette's health failed, I did more and more of my work at home, soon withdrawing entirely from desk-work in the *Hawkeye* office and writing altogether at home, writes one of the most brilliant American humorists in *Lippincott's*. "Her little serene highness" was at this time quite helpless, suffering every moment, in every joint, rheumatic pain, acute and terrible. But in these years of her suffering helplessness more than ever is visible her collaboration in my work. All manuscript was read to her before it went to the paper. She added a thought here and there, suggested a change of word or phrase, and, so tenderly that in her trembling hand the usually dreaded and remorseless "blue pencil" became a wand of blessing, struck out entire sentences and pet paragraphs. How well she knew "what not to print!" Blessed indeed is the man who writes with such a critic looking over his shoulder, a wife who loves and prizes her husband's reputation far above his own vanity or recklessness! At times she wove into our work whole pages of her own, and in some instances she wrote one-half of a long sketch or letter, and I think only ourselves could see where the sketch was joined. One day as I was gathering up the "copy" which represented the morning's work, she slipped into the leaves with comically feigned timidity a little poem, which, she said, she ventured to lay before the great editor, and would like a copy of the paper containing it, if published. It was "Robin's Nest," a tender little story of her own life. It was her only published poem; although after she fell asleep I found several fragments of her verses, written with pain-stricken fingers that could scarcely hold the pen.

SHORTEN THE NIGHTS.

Beecher Believes in "Early to Bed and Early to Rise."

"Men laugh at the old-fashioned New England custom of going out to tea at 4 o'clock in the afternoon," writes Henry Ward Beecher, "getting home again at 7 in the evening, and going to bed at 9; but the men that that custom made were not to be laughed at. The men that are wearing out are city men. It seldom happens that city men breed strong men. For the city, like the grindstone, takes off the edge and the very steel from the sword, and the country has to send in its new men all the time.

"Now, it is not wrong in the same sense that burglary is wrong for a person to go to entertainments at 10 o'clock at night; but it is wrong. At 10 o'clock the festival begins, and by 12 or 1 o'clock it is at its height. And then comes the infernal feeding. And all men at night are pigs. At any rate, my observation of the bibulous and gustatory habits of men away from home, with curious viands, is such that I cannot but feel that the lower nature gets the ascendency.

"The day is the time for work, and the night is the time for rest. Night for home; or, if it is to be used for purposes of social enjoyment, then it should be used with regard to timely hours. And no man ought to see the middle of the night out of his bed, unless he is called out by works of necessity or of morality. A man should violate Sunday quicker than the 12 o'clock hour. It is well to be in bed at 10 o'clock.

"If our nights could be shortened at one end and lengthened at the other it would be better for us. Get up early; breakfast early; work early."

Tired Eyes.

People speak about their eyes being tired, says the *Herald of Health*, meaning that the retina, or seeing portion of the eye, is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeball and the muscle of accommodation, which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at, this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far-distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, accompanied with some pain. Sometimes this weariness indicates the need of glasses rightly adapted to the person, and in other cases the true remedy is to massage the eye and its surroundings, as far as may be, with the hand wet in cold water.

Freddie's Sister.

"The death of Fred Neilson," says Brunswick in the Boston *Gazette*, "has saved his wife the trouble of getting a divorce. Mrs. Fred Neilson is considered one of the handsomest young married women in New York, and is one of the wealthiest. She is the sister of Freddie Gebhard, and her income is the same as his. Fred Neilson was a bookkeeper in her father's counting house, and she fell in love with and married him, and insisted upon him giving up his business and living on her money. He did this reluctantly at first, but finally fell naturally into it, and she made him a regular allowance, so that he might not have to draw on her for what he wanted, and they lived comparatively happy for a time. Then she got tired of him, and went to Newport to live until a divorce could be arranged; but I don't think that any has been granted yet, and none need be, for the divorce that death has granted is much more effectual, and much more respectable than that decreed by the courts."

Lots of Americans Don't Know.

Why should not civil service examiners test a woman's general common sense by putting a few questions to her on subjects with which she ought, as a woman, to be acquainted, although she may not know the Dardanelles from the Bosphorus, or the St. Clair from the Detroit? Now, here is an inquiry from an English paper. What Yankee woman can answer it off-hand? "Information wanted as to the essentials of a trousseau for a young married lady living in Wyoming territory, United States. Are plenty of furs necessary, or easier to obtain there; plenty of gowns, tailor made and otherwise, or both; evening dresses; flannel or silk or linen undergarments; what articles are expensive to get there; what duty is charged, and on what; would it better to get household linen there, or take it out; can one live in quite English style there at a ranch or in a town; what is the best kind of riding-habit—is a leather skirt necessary, and where can it be procured?"

Mrs. Cleveland's Double.

Some of the stories that are afloat about Mrs. Cleveland in the newspapers are explained in a curious way. For example, one writer describes how he saw her making purchases at a cheap variety store on Seventh street, and another claims that she is in the habit of dropping into a certain drug store for soda water every day or so. The explanation is that the President's wife has a double. Her name is Annie Hussey, and she is employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Her family lives in an obscure part of the city. She is a beautiful girl, and her resemblance to the President's bride is quite marked—so much so that people often stop to stare at her. She is to be seen on the avenue nearly every afternoon at 4 o'clock or a little after, on her way from the bureau to her home, and when she goes into a shop it is usual for the clerks to hustle about, under the impression that they have the President's wife for a customer.

A Very Consistent Temperance Man.

Gov. Lounsberry, of Connecticut, is a strong temperance man. A few nights ago, accompanied by his staff, he attended the Blues' ball in this city. In the course of the evening he suddenly entered a side room in time to discover two of his staff, Col. S. B. Horne, of Winstead, and Surgeon-General C. J. Fox, of Willimantic, in the act of drinking the health of Gen. S. R. Smith in a glass of punch. In an instant he took the officers' arms and said:

"I want it distinctly understood that no man can drink intoxicating liquors in public and remain a member of my staff."

The colonel and general were too much astonished to reply, and quickly putting down their glasses they left the room. Gov. Lounsberry then filled a glass with lemonade and said:

"Gen. Smith, I will drink your health in a manner that cannot possibly result in injury to either of us."—*New Haven Letter.*

Recent Literature.

A book which cannot fail to attract many readers is that entitled "Gladstone-Parnell and The Great Irish Struggle," by Hon T. P. O'Connor, member of Parliament, and Robert McWade, esq., with a general introduction by Hon. Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader. The style is strong and vigorous, just such as is needed to put the subject in its proper place in the mind of the reader. The tactics of the Home Rule party in Parliament, the way in which Irish matters had been made the question of the hour, the wonderful pertinacity of the Irish leaders, are all set forth by one who has been a part and parcel of the events described. No one can take up the book who is at all interested in the stirring events of the times without desiring to read to the end. It is a comprehensive and yet concise narrative of a struggle which has held the attention of the world, and will continue to do so until Ireland is given self-government. The volume is published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia. It is well illustrated.

From Harper Brothers, New York, comes "History of Mediæval Art," by Dr. Franz von Reber, translated by Joseph Thacher Clarke, which is an extremely interesting and valuable work upon this subject. Each year brings to the knowledge of explorers in this field much that throws new light upon the art products of the older times, so that it is becoming easier to trace the changes which have taken place. The author says that the art of antiquity was divided into groups, and that the fundamental differences of these groups were more marked than those which resulted in any one of them through the most long-continued development. The art of Greece became of greater importance than those of any oriental nations, and finally became international, and mediæval art was the direct outgrowth of Roman Hellenism. He then goes on to trace the changes in the art of architecture among the nations of Europe, in India and in China. It will make a valuable addition to any library.

The same house publishes "Retrospections of America 1797-1811," by John Bernard, it being edited from the manuscript by Mrs. Bayle Bernard. The author was well known for many years in both this country and England as a comedian of a high order of talent, and he was also one of the earliest American managers. The "Retrospections" are full of a quaint humor which is very attractive, and they give an insight into the lives of those whose names were once familiar as households words, but who now have become not much more than fading memories.

"A Tramp Trip, "How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day," by Lee Meriwether, is also issued by the Harper's. It is a lively book, a very lively one, detailing the adventures of a young man who concluded to see all of Europe upon the smallest modicum of means. He crossed the ocean as a steerage passenger, dressed in the blouse and hobnailed shoes of a workman, and spent a year in a "Tramp Trip" from Gibraltar to the Bosporus. During his absence he wrote letters to several leading newspapers of this country, part of which are contained in this volume, showing something of the condition of the laboring classes of Europe, as well as how much can be seen by one who traveled upon 50 cents a day.

Callahan & Company, Chicago, issue "The Constitutional Law of the United States of America," by Dr. H. von Holst, and translated by Alfred Bishop Mason. This treatise was written for European readers, and from the standpoint of a European writer, with no expectation of its having American readers, but intelligence and a keenly critical mind have swayed the pen of the author, and the result is a work which is of value in the United States. It is divided into three parts with an appendix and index. These parts are "Genesis of the Constitution," "The Federal Constitution," and "Constitutional and General Law of the Separate States." The appendix contains the "Constitution of the United States with notes."

Literary Notes.

Col. Higginson is about to publish, through Lee & Shepard, a small volume of late contributions to the magazines.

Macmillan & Co. have in press a new volume of poems by George Meredith, entitled "Songs and Ballads of Tragic Life."

Margaret J. Preston, the well known Southern writer, author of "For Love's Sake" and other stories, is threatened with total blindness.

The author of the exceedingly clever volume of essays signed "Obiter Dicta" has a new series of commentaries under the same title ready for publication.

A copy of the original Latin edition of the "Letters of Columbus," printed in 1493, has just been sold at Cologne for $1,650, the highest price ever paid for a book in Germany.

We believe it is about settled that Sen. John Sherman is to publish his autobiography. The work will contain his reminiscences of men and affairs during more than thirty years of public life.

James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke"), author of a "Life of Garfield," has brought suit for violation of copyright against Horatio Alger, jr., for his "From Canal Boy to President," published by John R. Anderson.

Mr. Kinglake has at last sent the conclusion of his manuscript to his publishers. It is hoped that the final volume of the "Invasion of the Crimea" will be ready for the public in a few months' time. It is now four-and-twenty years since the first volume came out.

Theodore Tilton tells his friends that he is passing now the happiest and most contented days of his life. It is three years since he made his home in Paris, and he will probably end his days there. He has a quantity of ambitious literary work in contemplation.

Cassell & Co., London, will shortly publish a work entitled "Celebrities of the Age," being a dictionary of the men and women of this century. It contains contributions by eminent authorities, and is edited by Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders, an Oxford scholar.

Robert Browning, annoyed by the reissue of a number of Mrs. Browning's earlier poems, on which copyright had expired, has arranged with Smith & Elder for a shilling edition of the same poems as revised by the author, with the addition of a few other pieces.

Donn Piatt is writing something in the nature of a war history, which he has chosen to call "Memoirs of Men who Saved the Union." A chapter or two is devoted to the much-neglected headquarters teamster and private Dalzell. The book will be published by Belford, Clarke & Co.

Of all the cheap "Libraries" quite the cheapest is the "Nouvelle Bibliotheque Populaire," just started in Paris by Henri Gautier (New York, F. W. Christian). The book costs ten centimes (two cents) each and contain 32 pages. Hoffman's tales and Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea" have already appeared.

Take It This Month.

Spring rapidly approaches, and it is important that every one should be prepared for the depressing effects of the changing season. This is the time to purify the blood and strengthen the system, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which stands unequaled as a spring medicine, and has endorsements of a character seldom given any proprietary medicine. A book containing statements of the many wonderful cures it has accomplished will be sent upon application to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

A Sure Sign.

Col. Gabe Wharton two or three years ago was sent to Mexico by a syndicate of New York capitalists, including Mr. Seligman, the famous Hebrew banker, who wanted to build a railroad to that country. Col. Wharton was not pleased with the outlook, and reported to the company that the prospect did not justify the expense. Mr. Seligman, who was much interested, and thought that great fortunes were to be made in that part of Mexico, was considerably disappointed. He thought perhaps Wharton had not informed himself sufficiently on the resources of that country, and so expressed himself.

"Colonel," he asked, "why do you think our railroad wouldn't pay?"

"Well, the fact is, Mr. Seligman," said Wharton, "when I went down there to study the industrial status of the country I was immediately struck by the fact that there were no Jews there. Where there are no Jews there is no business enterprise and no prosperity."

Mr. Seligman was immensely pleased with the keen response.—*Louisville Post.*

—Dr. Griffith Chemical Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., will mail every reader of BLADE one package to make one quart Ta-Va-Zon Liniment. "The King" for man or beast, retails $5, on receipt of $1 with this coupon; or $1 package Lung Cough Syrup for 50 cents.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

Prof. Morse Describes the Habits of a Strange People.

Detroit Tribune.

Mr. Morse said that one of the chief complaints of travelers in Japan is the dilatoriness of the people. If they make an appointment for 12 o'clock and fill it by 6 p. m. they think they have done well. They have no trains that run on fixed time or banks that close at certain hours, so they have not acquired those habits of promptness that are proverbial in America. Many people suppose that there is a great similarity between the Japanese and Chinese, but there are no two nations more dissimilar. The points of difference were fully explained, one of the most notable being that the Chinese, like Americans, are fond of studying into the wherefore and origin of things, while the Japanese care nothing about those matters. They know nothing about the anatomy or physiology of the human body or the effect of drugs and medicines upon the body, nor do they care. One great and striking peculiarity of the Japanese is the fact that they speak a polysyllabic language, but write a monosyllabic—that is, they speak their own native language, but write the Chinese or character language. Thus they must learn to read and write the Chinese language, though they never speak it.

The mikado is the spiritual head of the church, and dresses regally. He is also the lawful sovereign, the present mikado being the 161st sovereign. Until the reign of the present mikado not one of them ever touched his feet to the ground, and no one, except perhaps his immediate attendants, ever saw his face, for he always sat behind a veil. The class of Japanese that Americans are familiar with are the Scamari, or third class below the mikado. They do not study mathematics, or they consider it menial, as it requires calculation. The next class is the teachers, and next to them comes the merchant.

The Japanese never swear. The most vigorous expression he ever heard used in Japan was a word which meant vexing. It is very impolite to eat anything on the streets—even fruit or confectionery. It is also considered impolite to pass any article of food to a guest or ask him if he will have anything more, for the servant must do that. When a man calls to see another on important business politeness forbids his mentioning his business till the very last thing before taking his departure. The same is true in letter writing—the first part is always filled with compliments. Prof. Morse had seen a letter 16 feet long, and the last 3 inches contained all that was worth reading. Owing to the great politeness of the Japanese a lady need never fear insult of any kind. The Japanese hate foreigners, but any foreign lady can travel in any portion of Japan, city or country, by day or night, unattended and not receive the slightest insult.

Kindness to animals is also a trait of the Japanese. They never whip horses, kick dogs or cats or throw stones at them, and they never shoot animals. Mr. Morse had seen deer running about the streets of cities, being fed promiscuously by the people. They love nature, and instead of shooting a fine bird, they would stop, take out a brush and roll of paper kept about their person for the purpose, and sketch the attitude of the bird and its carriage of head and wings, etc.

Prof. Morse, illustrated by sketches on the blackboard, the dress of the Japanese and the style of wearing the hear by which the rank and age of the person can be told. There is much similarity in the dress of boys and girls that it is difficult for a stranger to distinguish the sexes. The houses also were illustrated by blackboard drawings. The partitions are all movable, as are a portion of the outside walls, so that in summer they can be removed and the air allowed to circulate through the entire house. The manner of eating with chopsticks was described, and the statement made that the tea which is served to guests costs from $15 to $22 a pound and is kept in air tight cans. He then referred to the extreme honesty of the people. The houses have no doors, windows, locks, stoves, or mode of heating, but money or valuables left lying about are never molested. Many small booths are left without a keeper, the prices of things being marked on them and the money drawer left out for customers to make their own change. Prof. Morse had heard of thieves there, but never saw one or heard of any stealing in the cities he stopped in.

THE MORGAN AFFAIR.

Apropos of Robert Morris's Statement, a Blade Correspondent Tells Another Story.

COLDWATER, Mich., March 4.—EDITOR BLADE:—I was much surprised on reading a statement by the Hon. Robert Morris, as quoted from the *Globe-Democrat*, in the BLADE, in reference to the disappearance of Morgan, of Masonic fame, which disappearance occurred more than 50 years ago. I can only account for the fact that Mr. Morris should have allowed a revival of the matter, which had so nearly gone from memory, because he is a traveling lecturer in the interests of the order, and selling a book of his own compiling, thinking his statement would put around the abduction of Morgan doubts that would tend to lessen the censure that still exists toward the order for taking his life.

I was living at the time of Morgan's abduction and well remember that the fraternity generally believed that his life was taken by Masons and so regarded by the general public. As Mr. Morris has seen fit to revive the matter, I feel that the facts in the case should be stated; and that I may not be misapprehended, I wish to say I believe the order of Free Masonry to be the best secret organization in the world and regret that I did not in early life offer myself for membership.

There is no use in attempting to disguise the facts in regard to Morgan's abduction by saying "he might have been murdered for his money, or might have shipped before the mast on some European bound vessel" (in the language of Mr. Morris.) The truth of the matter is this, as stated to me by Deacon Bartholemew, nearly 50 years ago:

Mr. Bartholemew, at the time of Margan's abduction, resided in Western New York, was a good and accepted Mason; was appointed a traveling lecturer to lodges in the interest of the order, which position he filled for a long time, and the matter was revealed to him as a Mason, by Masons who were fully conversant with the facts, which were these:

Morgan was taken in a covered carriage, blindfolded, gagged and bound, and kept in Fort Erie until preparations were made. He was then securely bound, gagged, and weighted, and then taken by six men, put into a boat, and taken to the middle of Niagara river and thrown overboard. This, in the language of Mr. Morris, is the way that Morgan "disappeared from the pages of history." This Deacon Bartholemew also stated to me that neither of the six men, who were personally connected with taking Margan's life, died a natural death. —E. K. WHITMORE.

The Dog in Church.

The usual serenity in the church of SS. Peter and Paul was disturbed Sunday by the presence of a skye-terrier, which had strayed in just after the service commenced, to find his owner, a little girl. All went well, so long as the dog confined himself to sniffing at the men's legs, crawling under the pews, or lying in the middle of the aisle, but during the sermon something at the rear of the church excited him, and he rushed headlong down the center aisle, barking with all his might. Some of the ladies tittered behind their handkerchiefs and the sermon was for the moment forgotten. An usher appeared and requested the girl to remove her pet. She grabbed his dogship by the front paw and ignominiously dragged him down the aisle. The terrier felt his disgrace and did his best to walk on his hind legs with dignity. He did not growl or whimper, but went out quietly, and the congregation again caught up with the sermon, which had been floating by during the excitement.—*Chicago Herald.*

"They All Drink."

It is well known that at certain central agencies a record is kept of the name, position and standing of nearly every business man in the country. Careful men are employed to collect this information, and it not only includes the amount of property which the parties are worth, but also their standing as regards punctuality, promptness, integrity, temperance, morals, etc. A number of years ago, it is stated, a firm of four men in Boston were rated as "A 1." They were rich, prosperous, young and prompt. One of them had a curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts on the book and was satisfied; but at the end it was written, "but they all drink." He thought it was a good joke at the time; but to-day two are dead, another a drunkard, and the fourth is poor and living partly on charity.

Victory at Last.

Consumption, the greatest curse of the age, the destroyer of thousands of our brightest and best, is conquered. It is no longer incurable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain remedy for this terrible diseases if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—consumption is a scrofulous affection of the lungs—can be cured by it. Its effects in diseases of the throat and lungs are little less than miraculous. All druggists have it.

A BIT OF PERSONAL HISTORY.

A Young Man of Toledo Who Lost His Money in Futures—Selling a Wedding Trousseau—Dame Fortune Again Smiles on Him.

Toledo Daily Blade, March 5.

A curious bit of personal history, with a romantic coloring, has just come to light. Several years ago Roland Grant (as Mark Twain says, for a fictitious name, it is as good as any other), a bright young fellow of 22, lived in this city. His parents were in good circumstances, and Roland was possessed of a large property in his own right. He was handsome, witty and entertaining, and floated on the topmost social wave. The young ladies considered him a very desirable match, and the mothers were not blind to his many excellent qualities.

In spite of his wealth, Roland was not averse to work, and so when an old friend of his father offered the boy a clerkship in his large commission house, then the most flourishing in Toledo, Roland concluded that a knowledge of the business would suit him, and accepted. For over a year, he stood behind the desk and worked faithfully at the duties which were prescribed for him. And he did more. He watched the markets carefully, noted the firm's transactions and gradually found a liking for the excitement attending deals in "futures." At the same time, he formed an attachment for his employer's daughter, Edna. The two had long known each other, but it was not until Roland went into the commission house that the friendly feelings developed into love.

Edna was a young lady of 18, not handsome, but of a winning disposition, and possessed of a large stock of common sense. Roland's parents were therefore pleased when he told them of his engagement to Edna, which had meanwhile received the hearty sanction of the commission merchant and his wife. As both declared, the young couple had known each other so long that it was quite unnecessary to put off the wedding for any length of time, and it was therefore determined to celebrate it as soon as the arrangements could be made.

While this was going on, Roland was not idle. His fortune was ample enough for him alone, but he was not satisfied that it would afford Edna all the comforts that he would like her to have. He watched his opportunity and at last made a small venture on 'Change. It was a success. He made another deal and was again successful. He was satisfied now that he had placed his money judiciously and he decided to make a bold stroke. He risked one-half his fortune on wheat and lost. It was a fearful blow and for a time he hesitated. Then when he thought that he had discovered his error, the desire to try once more came upon him, and he put in the greater part of what he had left. The fickle goddess of Fortune was no longer with him. She had mocked him with two insignificant success and then stranded him when he needed her most. He was nearly frantic, neither his parents nor Edna were aware that the young man had been dealing in grain and when he thought of them, he was nearly beside himself. Finally, as a last resort, he raked together all that was left of his property and ventured it on corn. Another failure and all was lost. He did not have enough left to buy a respectable suit of clothes. That was a bitter day for him and when night came, it seemed as though he had lived a lifetime in the last ten hours. He took a solemn oath that he would never again deal in futures, and after he had thus abnegated himself he felt easier.

The evening found him with Edna. His pale and haggard appearance told all too plainly that something was the matter, and before he had been there fifteen minutes, he had made a clean breast of it. Edna was shocked. For herself, she did not care, but she knew enough about dealing in futures to know that it afforded an unnatural excitement dangerous to one of Roland's temperament. She knew further, that Roland's father would be very angry with him, and probably turn him out of doors without a cent.

"How much money have you," she asked him.

"Not over $50 to my name, Edna," he groaned.

"Come to me to-morrow night," she said, earnestly, "and we will talk further about the matter. Meanwhile, do not get dispirited, and do not go into the board of Trade room. Stick to the office," and with these parting words she bade him good-night.

When Roland next saw her on the following night, she was pale but resolute. She told him that under the present circumstances she did not think that the marriage should be celebrated at once. Then she placed a check for $1,000 in his hands, and urged him to leave the city, go west and rebuild his fortune. "Remember, Roland," she said huskily, "it is not for the money I care. But I know your necessities and I know that you would never be happy nor content if you were compelled to work for a living. Leave here and when you have proved to me that you are cured of your infatuation for 'Change, come back to me. I will wait for you."

There was something of a turmoil in the two families on the next day. Roland was missing and his parents were wild with grief. He had left behind a confession of what he had done and what he proposed to do, but he said nothing of where he was going. Edna's parents, on the other hand, were wondering if she had gone crazy. Her elegant wedding outfit which had just been completed was missing, and when they were told the story of Roland's ill-luck on 'Change, and of the pawning by Edna of her trousseau to furnish money for Roland, they were very angry, denounced the young man as unworthy of their daughter, and declared that she should have no more to do with him.

The sequal came yesterday, when Edna received a letter from her Roland: "I have made a small fortune out here," he wrote, "and I know that I have no longer any desire to go back on 'Change. I have one of the finest ranches in Kansas, and now I want a wife. Will you come?"

Her answer went back with the next mail.

Faces of the Dead on Battlefields.

When we got into the Brock road intrenchment a man, a few files to my left, dropped dead, shot just above the right eye. He did not groan, or sigh, or make the slightest physical movement, except that his breast heaved a few times. The light went out of his face instantly, leaving it without a particle of expression. It was placid, and as the facial muscles contracted, it took many shapes. When the man's body became cold and his face hardened, it was horribly distorted, as though he had suffered intensely. Any person who had not seen him killed would have said that he had endured extreme agony before death released him. A few minutes after he fell, another man, a little farther to the left, fell with apparently a precisely similar wound. He was straightened out and lived for over an hour. He did not speak. Simply lay on his back, and his broad chest rose and fell, slowly at first, and then faster and faster, and more and more feebly until he was dead. And his face hardened, and it was almost terrifying in its painful distortion. I have seen dead soldiers' faces which were wreathed in smiles; and heard their comrades say that they had died happy. I do not believe that the face of a dead soldier, lying on a battlefield, ever truthfully indicated the mental or physical anguish or peacefulness of mind which he suffered or enjoyed before his death. The face is plastic after death, and as the facial muscles cool and contract they draw the face into many shapes. Sometimes the dead smile, again they stare with glassy eyes and lolling tongue and a dreadfully distorted visages at you. It goes for nothing! One death was as painless as the other.—*Recollections of a Private.*

A Great Secret Revealed.

Since Miss Eastlake made her first appearance in this country, in her soft clinging garments, swaying in harmony with every step of the wearer, producing a most graceful and picturesque effect, society has been on the *qui vive* to discover the secret, and gain if possible, a tithe at least of the swish and sway and rhythmic movement which seemed to make the garment worn by Helle instinct with life and motion, and part and parcel of her individuality. The secret has been discovered, and the reigning belles in tip-top circles in New York are waltzing in Helle dresses, and seem more captivating than ever before. The picturesque gowns are made of some soft clinging material, and worn over divided skirts, *i. e.*, a seamed petticoat, which by this means is divided to the knee line, making the dress necessarily conform to the gait of the wearer. The secret is said to have been discovered by the costumer of Rosina Vokes and imparted to a select few of his customers.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

PAINTING HER BLACK.

A Slave Trade Incident—One of the Thrilling Romances of the Mississippi—An Ingenious Attempt.

St. Louis Republican.

"In the fall of 1859," said an old citizen of St. Louis, "having business in the city of New Orleans, I engaged passage on the steamboat C. A., one of the largest steamers then on the river. She was commanded by Captain —— ——, a genial gentleman, and one of the most popular captains of that day. The boat was originally built for a freight-carrier alone, and after a few years in the business had been remodeled, so as to accommodate a few passengers. The ladies' cabin was in the place usually called the texas, and was approached from the boiler deck by a wide stairway. The quarters allotted to the male passengers were a short cabin extending from midship forward. The cabin had been the quarters of the officers while the boat was a freight boat, and afterward a small cabin had been built in the rear of the deck-room for them.

"There were about a dozen passengers on the boat—six of them ladies—among them a lady with two young daughters, who had been placed in my charge. I am thus explicit for the better understanding of the true story which I am going to relate.

"The first few days of the trip were pleasant enough. We passed Cairo and were below Memphis when my attention was attracted to a peculiar appearing man. In my visits to the ladies of my charge I had observed this strange-looking genius, who was always seated on a sofa in the rear of the cabin. My attention was more especially directed to him by the complaint of one of the lady passengers, who said that this man was continually present, and, the cabin being small, he was in the way. So I concluded to interview him and ascertain, if possible, his reason for haunting the ladies' cabin and never showing up among the male passengers. I asked him where he had boarded the boat. He said in St. Louis, and that he had been living in Kansas. I informed him that it was against the rules of the boat for a man to take up his quarters in the ladies' cabin unless accompanied by a lady. He said: 'I hain't got no lady, but I have got a gal—leastwise, a nigger gal.' Whereupon he called to a little girl who was playing with some children near by. The child approached him very unwillingly, as if frightened, but he placed his hand on her shoulder and said: 'This is my little gal. I am taking her down South to sell her. I bought her on a spree, and have no use for her. I could not get what she was worth where I lived, so I thought I would take her down South, where niggers is high.'

"They were a strange-looking couple—the man about 40 years old, dressed in a suit of blue jeans, well worn, and on his bullet-head a crimson plush cap, fitting almost as tight as his own scalp. He had a long thin face, rat-like eyes, and a nose that almost defies description. The child seemed to be about eight years old, and small for her age. Her hair was very short, and looked as if it had beed singed with a hot iron and then blackened. She had large blue eyes, and a complexion such as I never saw in my life. It was of a dirty brown, approaching a mouse color, something like the discoloration produced by taking nitrate of silver. She was dressed in the usual style of farmers' children in the winter.

"In the afternoon, while the boat was steering past the shore of Arkansas, a number of gentlemen passengers were sitting forward on the boiler-deck in conversation. I noticed the Kansas man sitting near the company and seemingly much interested in the talk. After the party broke up he approached me and inquired: 'Are you a Southerner?' I told him I was. He then said he had heard that black niggers were worth a heap more than whites in the South, and if he could get a partner that was all right he had a plan to make money. I informed him very shortly that I knew no one of my acquaintances who I thought would like to engage in business with him, and left him.

"The stateroom allotted to me was in the front part of the cabin, being one of the rooms originally occupied by the engineers, they having the room I was in and one immediately in the rear. In the bulk-head, or partition, separating the two rooms had been placed a window pane for the convience of the officers who occupied the two rooms. On the morning after the day I had the talk with the ci-devant negro merchant I woke rather early, and, turning over in the berth, my face came opposite the window in the partition, which, previous to this time, had been closely covered from the adjoining room. The covering was partly displaced, leaving a small aperture, through which I could see that the inmate of the room was up and moving around, and my attention was arouse by hearing the voice of a child in seeming distress, and then the voice was hushed, as if a hand had been placed over its mouth. On looking through the glass I saw my queer acquaintance engaged in staining the child from head to foot. She was entirely nude, and the operator had a large bottle of dark-colored fluid in one hand, while in the other he held a sponge. He painted her over with several coats before he was satisfied with that part of his work. Then he took from his black carpet-bag a smaller bottle, the contents of which he applied to her hair with a brush. After this he dressed the child and put her out of the room, telling her to go the ladies' cabin.

"Immediately after breakfast I went to the captain and told him what I had seen, and my suspicions in regard to the man and his white negro. The ladies were informed of what had taken place, and volunteed to take the child in hand and find out all she could tell of herself and the man in whose possession she was. In the meantime I hunted up the fellow, and, remembering the adage, 'in vino veritas,' I thought I would try the virtue of steamboat whisky to loosen his tongue. It was almost a hopeless job, for he held the fluid like a demijohn, and it made about as little impression on him as on a jug. He told me his plan of business, though. It was this: 'Where I live I can buy white niggers cheap—for almost nothing; and they tell me that black niggers are high in the South. Now, I have discovered a way to black 'em and to kink their heads so no one can discover it till I can get away from where I sell 'em, and it won't take but a few trips till I will have a bushel of money.'

"The ladies, with the assistance of the captain's wife, had taken charge of the little girl, and, after relieving her mind of her fears—for she was in great terror of the man—they found that she had been an inmate of an orphan asylum in Kansas, and that the man had taken her from the asylum for the purpose of adopting her as his child. His story was that he lived in Iowa, and that he and his wife were without children and wanted a nice little girl to raise. The little girl relieved of the presence of the man, told a great many conclusive facts which could not be doubted, and after a critical examination by a physician who was on the boat, she was pronounced without doubt, a white child.

"The man with the red cap was locked in a state room, and one of the steamboat hands put as a guard at the door. His black carpet-bag was examined and found to contain a lot of recipes for dying black, along with the two bottles, on which were labels from a dyeing establishment in St. Louis.

"About dark on the day when the discovery was made the boat landed at a woodyard in Arkansas, near the Louisiana state line, and while there a large number of inhabitants, who had been deer-hunting, came aboard the boat, and, on hearing the story, concluded that they would hang the speculator. So they held a meeting, at which numerous speeches were made and a great many straights imbibed, and then moved on the enemy confined in the stateroom. In the meantime some one on the boat, not wanting to see the villain receive the punishment he justly deserved, went to the room in which he was confined, and, informing him of the condition of affairs, advised him to flee, at the same time opening the back door for him. There was an up-river boat wooding about 500 yards above where we were landed, and we could plainly see the light of her torches. In the great number passing and repassing on the stage carrying on wood the fugitive was not recognized. It did not take long for the avengers to discover his escape, and to start on the hunt for him, and soon the forest resounded with the shouts of the men in pursuit. Red cap, however, had a good start, and succeeded in gaining the other boat just as she pushed out.

"The child was, by the charity of the ladies, dressed decently, and all the black that could be removed was scrubbed off her body, showing conclusively that she was a white child. When the boat landed at Natchez she was placed in the asylum much against her desire. On the next trip of the boat the excellent captain and his wife visited the asylum to see the little waif, and were so charmed with her appearance, and the child showed so much delight at seeing them again, that they concluded to take her home with them, which they did at once, they having no children. They took care of the little one, sent her to school, and when she became fully grown she was married from their house in St. Louis to an estimable young man of this city. They have now been married some years and are much respected in the community in which they live."

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "I do not see how it is possible for a public man to be himself in winter without this admirable aid."—*Rev. R. M. Devens, Pocasset, Mass.*

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

"It is a great pity," said a bright and intellectual woman the other day, "that the friends of noted authors could not be persuaded not to give the personal correspondence of these gifted people to the world after their death. The truth is, their letters never come up to what is expected, and generally speaking are utterly meidocre and uninteresting. I am always disappointed, and always wish that I had not read them, for they are sure to bring these intellectual gods and goddesses off of their pedestals. There is that wonderful English writer, George Eliot, whose works have placed her in the front ranks of the world's great novelists, but her private letters, as published by Cross, are but a continued series of aches and pains. Such persons let themselves down when writing to friends, and their utter weariness crops out as at no other time. They are not talking to the world, but to those who love them for their own personality, and they feel that they can be like other mortals, and not under the fire of criticism. And so I think it is a violation of the confidence of the dead, for these letters to be dragged forth to entertain the public, at a time when they cannot defend themselves against misconstruction."

WHAT a terrible mistake the young lady made who, according to a correspondent of *Harper's Bazar*, after promenading the length of the East room three times with President Cleveland, in reply to his question of "how many times do you think we have been up and down this room?" responded, wearily, "Oh, I don't know; about thirty, I suppose!" The President told the story himself, adding, in a tone of disgust, "Now, think of that! We had only walked up and down three times, and she thought it was thirty! I let her sit down then, and I *never* walked with her again." It is possible that had she been more polite, and seemed to appreciate the tremendous honor of the tremendous companionship of his tremendous highness, she might have been invited to walk up and down with him permanently. Perhaps she was one of those young girls whose ambition could not endure such a strain as perpetual east room promenading would compel her to endure. The curious part of it is that it did not seem to occur to Mr. Cleveland that her weariness was probably the result of his own lack of agreeble social qualities, and not to stupidity upon her part. No doubt she *was* intensely tired!

JUDGING from this story, Mr. Cleveland may congratulate himself that there was no opportunity for his young wife "to be courted like other girls," as he is reported to have said several times with tender pity. Only once did he whisper in his elephantine way something sweet, and that was when they were promenading in the East room during her visit to the White House. And then she went away over the seas, and he had to write his love. It was well that he was not quite so busy then vetoing pension bills designed to make poor old soldiers or their families comfortable, or she might have had but the *one* letter in which he told her she was his heart's chosen and perhaps not that. He would have allowed no sentimental matters to interfere with his saving the country twelve dollars a month whenever it could be done.

A MONUMENT of woman's industry is the Bayeaux tapestry described in so interesting a way in the current number of Scribner's *Magazine*. It is over 200 feet in length and almost 20 inches wide and covered with embroidery representing historical scenes. Only think of the long days merging into weeks and months which it must have taken! The scenes are very spirited too, even though there are impossible horses with blue legs and green feet. The work is said to have been done by a veritable queen, the wife of William the Conqueror. If so, it was undoubtedly a means of passing away hours which, in those days of no books or papers, no shopping and no social privileges, hung heavily upon the hands of a bright woman.

SOME one has been advancing as an argument against the cry about low-necked dresses being dangerous to the health, that actresses wear them with impunity so that they can not be so very bad after all, as we never hear of their taking cold. A theatrical manager explains this immunity in this wise: There is, he says, a peculiar excitement, a sort of electric thrill running through them the moment they hear their cues, and they never feel a particle of cold while acting, though "the the wind may howl around them hard enoughto blow their wigs off, and it may be cold enough to freeze the E flat trombone solid." He cited the case of a young woman who often wore decollete dresses upon the stage, with no ill effects. Later she married, became a society woman and died from pneumonia caused by a cold contracted from wearing a low-necked dress at a ball. There was none of the excitement that warded it off when she was acting. So the argument fails to the ground.

OUIDA seems to have some very peculiar ideas upon various subjects. Her respect for her own sex is small in quantity and quality, and she never fails to castigate women whenever the opportunity appears. Human nature in general is, in her sight, always depraved from choice, and virtue is only an enforced necessity. One of her latest utterances is to the effect that marriage is a good thing only for the lower and ignorant classes. She would sweep family ties, home and its sacred influences away from all except those who are the least fitted to appreciate them, and to hold them sacred. It will be some time, Ouida, before such sentiments will be received with favor.

Pink gums and mouth and dazzling teeth
And breath of balm and lips of rose
Are found not in the world beneath
With young or old, save only those
Who ever wisely, while they may,
Use SOZODONT by night and day.

A Gobbler Raises a Brood of Young Turkeys.

An incident worth telling occurred last season in a flock of bronze turkeys belonging to a citizen of Dahlgren, Ills. A hen turkey died about a week after hatching a brood of young ones. A young gobbler of the flock at once took charge of the orphaned brood, hovering and caring for them as faithfully as the original mother could have done. A hen turkey, ashamed, perhaps, of her lack of maternal instinct, joined the gobbler in his self-imposed maternal duties, and the two devoted their entire time to the orphans, leading them away from the flock, and caring for them with the utmost solicitude until the young turks had outgrown the need of their services, when they returned to the flock as modest as though they had done nothing outside of the regular order of things.

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering upon its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, and we send IT and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to C. Gilmore, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

The Gossips Were Disappointed.

A Pennsylvania Congressman came near causing a lively scandal last week by being caught kissing a lady in one of the corners of a hall at the Arlington Hotel, and when the lady was discovered to be his own wife, they were both told the story that Sen. Sherman's wife tells with a gusto of how, when she first came here a bride before the war, that lady of much social experience, Mrs. John J. Crittenden, solemnly warned her that if she was seen so constantly with her husband they would certainly be talked about. Mrs. Sherman says that, being young and very shy then, she felt it a great hardship that she could not even enjoy her husband's society in society with impunity.—*Washington Letter.*

The Deceitfulness of Alcohol.

Millions of people, when they feel a little out of sorts, take some alcoholic drink or other, either as a beverage or as medicine. Almost at once they think they feel better. As soon as the stimulus loses its power they feel badly again, and so they again resort to the alcoholic dose because, as they thought it made them better when they first took it, it may make them better again. Doctors deceive themselves and their patients by prescribing alcoholic doses. The patients generally like it, too, and so the doctors continue on prescribing for them what they like. Few are cured and many are made tipplers to their permanent disadvantage.

Alcohol is at best nothing but a stimulant. That is not what *chronic nervous sufferers* want. They want permanent strength to throw off and resist disease. They want a *real vitalizer*; and such a vitalizer is found in Compound Oxygen. The merits of this vitalizer have for many years been abundantly tested. There is no secret about it. The history of the army of the relieved is fully on record so that all may read it. It is well worth reading, either by sick people or well. To obtain it write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. It will be sent to any address free of charge.

His Idea of Gentlemanliness.

A 5-year-old friend of ours, starting out for a children's party the other afternoon, remarks to the maid who is taking him to the place of entertainment:

"Well, I've made up my mind to be a perfect gentleman to-day; I don't mean to kick a single girl."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE "SILENT MAN."

PRIVATE J. R. MARTIN.

He sleeps! the "silent man,"
In the last silent sleep.
A little quieter than when
He hurled three thousand men,
Fired by his silent, matchless will
To crush the demon that would kill
The name of Liberty, and fill
This land with Anarchy, until
No freeman dared to tread the soil
Who advocated honest toil.

He sleeps! Oh, well, his work is done;
No nobler, grander has the sun
In all his cycles gazed upon.
A silent man; yet never Jove
Forged lurid thunderbolts that rove
The trembling heavens and cowering earth
Till gasping nature caught her breath,
With more of power than his firm hand
Launched crushing on that traitorous band
That dared assail its native land.

The "silent man"—why, God is still,
His "still small voice" has power to thrill
And rend the rocks; and Sinai's height
Was wrapped in gloom, when but a slight,
Slight presence of the "Great I Am"
Proclaimed the decalogue to man.
And Grant could well be silent when
His actions thundered forth to men;
"This land is free; and woe unto
The traitorous hand that dares undo
The war dog's leash, or open cry
On the death trail, for *he shall die!*"

"Silent?" Ah, yes; yet while the years,
Silent themselves, shall shake the spheres
With silent power, thy matchless might,
In its own work, by heaven's light,
Revealed to all the world shall stand
Matchless, supreme, divinely grand,
In that it broke the despot's chain
And made the slave a man again—
Thy work's well done, oh "Silent Man."

Barking Up the Wrong Tree.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As I am a reader of the BLADE, I will add my chip to the CAMP FIRE. It is seldom that I see anything from my old comrades. I was a member of company A, 32d O. V. I., and served over four years. At the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, near Atlanta, after we had taken the summit, our company was on picket. While there the picket officer came along and asked me to go down the hill through the brush and see where the enemy were located, as he wanted to place a battery on the hill. I told him that I did not care about going down as the balls were flying among us then. He said if I was afraid to go, he would send another man. I told him I was not afraid, but I knew the danger. We had two companies of Minnesota Indians in our brigade, and he sent one of the Indians with me. We went four or five hundred yards when I climbed a snag to get a better view. A ball came so close to my head that I let go and dropped to the ground. We proceeded some distance and came to an opening. It was a small valley, about 100 yards wide, with dead trees standing thinly over the ground, and some old logs lying around, which were hidden by the grass. We saw about 20 men on the other side in the end of an old road, so we crawled through the grass and each took a tree a few yards apart. We thought that we would give them a scare and let drive at them. When my gun cracked, a Johnny jumped up from behind a log nearly under the muzzle of my gun, and started for the other side on quick time. I suppose he was sent out as a vidette and had fallen asleep. What looked like a whole regiment of rebels raised up on the opposite side and poured volley after volley into the trees that we were behind. The Indian put his head out to take sight and was shot for his pains. I took warning and kept myself as close to the tree as possible. It sounded as though they were tearing the tree into atoms. Splinters flew off the side of it two or three feet long. Escape was impossible, so I stood my ground and fired seven or eight times when a ball broke my arm and severed a large artery. I started for the brush with my arm dangling at my side and the blood flowing freely. I glanced over my shoulder and saw the rebs coming for me. I had not got far into the brush when I fell from the loss of blood. They went back without finding me. I lay there some time when I heard some of the boys coming from the picket line. They carried me off, and found that my clothing was cut in fifteen places. A perfect shower of balls came after me when I ran. I did not report, but they knew that I had found them.—J. T. WATT, Liberty, Neb.

Stealing the Preacher's Bacon.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In the fall of 1863 our brigade was detached from our corps and held at Kingsboro, Tenn. Rations were scarce, and to be had only by foraging, and owing to our isolated position and the close proximity of the rebel cavalry, foraging ground was nearly as limited as rations. As a consequence actual hunger soon became "an ever present feeling." One evening about dark while the boys were cussing and discussing the situation, marching orders were given and we were soon on the road. Where we were going we knew not, nor little cared, so that we speedily made connections with our commissary department. After a long, tiresome march, we brought up at London, thoroughly worn out, but just as hungry as ever. On the opposite bank of the river we could see the rebel wagons driving away from a farm house, followed by a cavalry guard. We surmised that there must be a depot of supplies in the vicinity of that house, and hastily puting together a raft, a dozen of us boarded her and after much work, we succeeded in landing on the other side, and were soon at the house, where we were met by an elderly gentleman, who, after hearing the request of our spokesman for food, in a haughty, icicle manner, informed us that there was nothing of the kind on the place; that he was a minister of the gospel; that be and his wife were the only occupants of the place, and being non-combatants, hoped we would pass by and not annoy them. While he was making his speech, some of the boys were wandering around and had found a stone smoke house. The door was fastened with a huge padlock which they were unlocking with an axe. The clang of the axe on the lock attracted the attention of the reverend gentleman, and a streak of holy horror at once covered his countenance. The door swung open, and the men who had succeeded in *picking* the lock sung out, "Here she is, boys, a whole cord of bacon." It didn't take long to secure that bacon and to begin further investigations with the preacher praying for us at every move. Anyway, he was using such words as "God," "hell," "damn," etc., with fervent emphasis. In the further corner of a cellar we found a barrel of lard, which we soon ladled out with our hands, storing the oily stuff in our harversacks and cups, any way to save it. By this time the old lady had joined the crowd, and standing on the steps wringing her hands in her apron, she said, with a shrill voice: "You Yankee whelps, you have 'tuk' all our meat, and I think it too d—d mean that you can't let our 'fat alone."—1ST BRIG., 2D DIV. 23D A. C.

Fourth Annual Reunion.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The Thirteenth Indiana Veterans' association will hold its next annual reunion at New Haven, Allen county, Ind., on the 7th day of April, 1887. All Indiana veterans are hereby invited and earnestly requested to become member of this association; also, to be present at our fourth annual reunion in April next, the 25th anniversary of the battle of Shiloh.

In our former reunions nearly 100 of the old veterans have met each time. We expect a much larger number of the boys to meet in New Haven this time. Capt. J. W. Whitaker, with many of his Co. D boys, live in and around that place yet. The secretary of the association will invite nearly 300 of the boys this time. The old flag will be brought out—that flag that we fought in defense of and rallied around at Shiloh, Stone River, and other battles. Come, then, and let us "fight our battles over again," "swap our army yarns," recall our camp scenes and experiences of soldier life, for it is the soldier's daily life that remains strongest in his memory, and familiar almost as the dooryard at home, are the low shelter tent, the stack of arms in front, the cartridge-box and belts, the knapsack, the canteen and the haversack—its lankness too often, alas, portraying the dismal fact that the enemy had got across our "cracker line"—and then the camp-fire's cheerful blaze around which we lay while the coffee and beans cooked. "Boys," we are not so young now as then, but to each other we are "the boys" yet.

Col. Dodge, Lieut-Col. Hurd, Maj. Boydston, M. D. Kirk, and many others of our former commanders will surely be there.—JASPER N. OHLWINE, Cromwell, Noble Co., Ind.

A Thrilling Experience.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—On the 16th of August, 1862, Col. S. C. Houlk, now member of Congress, of the 3d East Tenn. Vol. Inf., with half of the regiment was stationed at London, Ky., including my company, (K), Lieut. Col. Coffee Childes, with the other half of the regiment being stationed at Richmond, about 50 miles distant. About 9 o'clock on that morning, I rode out of camp mounted on our quartermaster's old red horse (as he was known by that name in the regiment), bearing a dispatch to Lieut. Col. Childs, to hasten with his command to London. As I rode out my old captain, William M. Sawyers, handed me his navy. I rode to Richmond and delivered the dispatch one hour before sundown, and, the next day being Sunday, I started to return, going ahead of the command. I stopped at the house of William Coiles for the purpose of getting dinner, and we had just seated ourselves at the table when some one came rushing in and said that Scott's cavalry was coming. I went to the front door and could plainly see the head of the column winding down the long hill with the advance guard not far away. My old red horse being hitched at the gate, I had to leave him to take care of himself. I hurried to the back of the house, there finding Lieut. Sapple of our regiment, Dan Myres and Louie Barrons. We hurried down for tall timber which we reached without being discovered by the rebels. Lieut. Sapple became separated from the other lad, and we were four days concealed in the woods. Those kind mountain people fed us. On the 21st, Col. Metcalf came up with about 800 cavalry, and Col. Childes with half of the 3d Tennessee. We joined them and when near Rockcastle river, we drove in the rebel pickets. We then retreated back of the big hill and camped by Mr. Newlin's house. On the 23d, at 1 o'clock, our pickets were driven in, and we rallied for the fight. I passed along our lines and counted our men, standing in line of battle, and all told, we numbered 72. In a few moments, Scotts' cavalry, said to be 2,500, came thundering down the road on the heels of Metcalf's men, literally cutting them to pieces. We poured a well-aimed volley into their ranks, which made them about face. I got over the fence into the road, and there lay five that never went back. We then moved on down the road, thinking to get up with Metcalf. We found one brave lieutenant trying to stop and rally his men, but the rest were all gone, and it was said that some of them never stopped until they reached Lexington. At any rate, we had but a short time to wait, for the enemy came thundering down upon us, determined to wipe us out. Then a running fight commenced, which lasted until dark put a stop to it. We kept in the fields, deployed a heavy skirmish line, and would make a stand behind every fence, creek or anything giving us shelter, and we killed and wounded about 60 of their humber during the fight. At one time we were keeping along down the side of a fence. I saw our lieutenant-colonel take off his spectacles and wipe them on his blouse, telling the boys to keep cool. He rested his carbine on the corner of the fence, and took aim as though he was shooting at squirrels. They finally cleaned us out by capturing the most of what was left. I, with two others, made my escape under cover of darkness. I would be glad to hear from some of the old Third Tennessee. I will write up a sketch of my capture and escape as a spy by Longstreet, just after the siege of Knoxville.—D. M. HAYWORTH, late Co. K, Third East Tenn. Vol. Inf., First Brig., Second Div., 23d A. C.

Accepting Abe's Proposition.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The following letter, which is quite interesting, was recently published in the Louisville *Courier Journal:*

"WILMINGTON, N. C., Nov. 18, 1863.

"Hon. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

"DEAR SIR:—I have just seen your proclamation to the rebels in arms against the said government, asking them to lay down their arms of defense and remain in the Union, as I think we should do, though the negro should be freed; but the government should pay $330 a head for them.

"Now, sir, I am a Northern man and a South Carolinian, and for the love I hold for the Union of the United States, I for one, accept your proposition, believing as I do it is the best think we could do under present circumstances.

"I have eight negroes—Jim, 18 years old; Harriet, 16; Martha, 18; Violet, 22; Mary, 26, and three children from 2 to 6 years old.

"Now, sir, in consideration of your proposition, I do grant, bargain, and sell to the said government these eight negroes, together with all the right and title I hold in them. I do further bind myself, my executors, my administrators, and heirs to warrant and defend the same against any one claiming any one of them or all to the said government. This is given under my own hand and seal this 18th day of November, 1863, in the presence of one hundred witnesses.

"Jeremiah Looper, private in Co. C, South Carolina cavalry, Wilmington, N. C."

"P. S.—Please forward check for whole amount as per your proclamation. Yours, etc., J. L."

The following is the *Journal's* comment on the above letter: "We publish this week a novelty in the way of a letter written by Jere Looper, of Pickens, to Pres. Lincoln in 1863, accepting the terms of his proclamation to lay down arms and free his negroes. Jere was then in the cavalry company of Capt. Williams, but the Union sentiments, he held before the war, were maintained during the war. Since the war he has been a Republican, and while we differ with him in politics, we must admit that this voice from the past displays more sound judgment than our political leaders exhibited."—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

Lyon and Canby.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—If a rail from the Mexican war would help stir up interest around the CAMP FIRE, it is humbly presented, with a desire to do honor to two noble men—Edward R. S. Canby and Nathanial Lyon. I knew them as young men in the Mexican war, officers in the old 2d U. S. Inft. (regulars), and true men they were, as their subsequent career proved. Canby was adjutant of the regiment, with the rank of second lieutenant. Lyon was first lieutenant in Co. I, of which I was drummer. As I was only in my fifteenth year I was often the recipient of the special care and kindness of Lyon, especially on the march. As our captain was of little use to look after the men, the care of the company fell upon Lieut. Lyon. He had a kind heart, and often deprived himself of the use of his horse to give the fifer and myself the benefit, on the long, toilsome marches we had to perform along the base of the Sierra Madre range of mountains. After all, acts of kindness will survive in memory, even the valiant deeds of bravery on the battle field. I shall never forget the kindness of Lieut. Lyon, though his deeds of bravery in after life do stand on record in his country's history. Adjt. Canby had an arduous task to perform continually, in caring for the general business and welfare of the regiment, and he always bore his part with the calm, quiety dignity, which was peculiarly his own. He was of the Washington stamp of character, only to be known to be loved and respected. Forty years ago this winter we did duty on a rough march from Monterey to Tampico, where the ground was too hard and stony to pitch tents, most of the route, and where, from exposure and fatigue many a brave man succumbed to the ravages of disease, and where kindness on the part of the officers won from the men under them more real, heartfelt approval than their deeds of bravery on the battlefield. Riley Heintzleman, the poet, Patten, and others, who afterward proved serviceable to their country, were officers of the 2d in the Mexican war.—L. P. FOOTE, Onslow, Quebec, Can.

From a Youthful Tar.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As you have admitted one old tar to the CAMP FIRE, I pick up courage to knock for admittance. I served on the ram Avenger one year, and six months on the Ouichita, Mississippi squadron. I was the youngest of six brothers who had Uncle Sam's harness on during the rebellion. I agree with my shipmate, Johnson, that the navy did as much to put down the rebellion as the army did. Gen. Banks on his disastrous expedition up Red river, would not have saved one-half of his army had it not been for the gunboats, and Gen. Grant at Shiloh was no doubt saved from a crushing defeat by their timely arrival. Come, shipmates, with the editor's permission, let us have a corner in the CAMP FIRE, for I know that we can spin our yarns and make it interesting. I have no hospital record, but I came out of the navy a broken-down boy, being only 19 years old when I was discharged. I contracted a lung disease which has clung to me ever since. I never applied for a pension, but I hope Uncle Sam will, in the near future, give all the boys who wore the blue, a pension. Now, shipmates, come on deck and let us hear from you.—E. DIAL, U. S. S. Ouichita, Mississippi squadron, Cawker City, Kan.

Information Wanted.

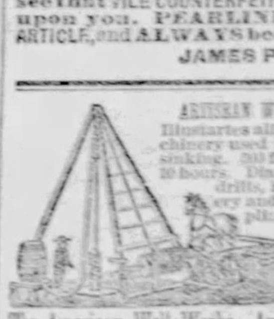
☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Wanted, address of Kate Dunkle, formerly Kate Raymond, of Pennsylvania. Important. Address W. C. THOMPSON, Beattie, Marshall Co., Kansas.

Wanted, information of Augustus Schmidt, born in Alsace, enlisted in U. S. regulars in 1845, discharged in Texas in 1846, married and went into grocery business at St. Louis. ELIAS OVERLY, Grand Rapids, Ohio.

—Claremont Colony in Virginia, is growing very rapidly. Send for free circulars and illustrated maps. J. F. Mancha, Raymond, Surry Co., Va.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE
THE BEST COMPOUND EVER INVENTED FOR WASHING AND CLEANING IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER
Without Harm to FABRIC or HANDS.
SAVES TIME, LABOR and SOAP amazingly, and is of great value to housekeepers. Sold by all Grocers, but see that VILE COUNTERFEITS are not urged upon you. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE ARTICLE, and ALWAYS bears the name of JAMES PYLE, New York.



ARTESIAN WELL ENCYCLOPEDIA. Illustrates all the tools and machinery used in the art of Well-sinking. 300 feet has been sunk in 10 hours. Diamond pointed Rock drills, Prospecting Machinery and all manner of appliances for pumping Artesian Wells. We are the largest manufacturers in this line. Book free, 25 cents for mailing.
The American Well Works, Aurora, Ill, U. S. A.

Golden Belt, Kansas.
Lincoln County, in the center of Kansas, has the finest land in the world, "dirt cheap." Best watered county in the state. Most nutritious grasses in the United States. Plenty of coal and beautiful magnesium building stone. Send name and address for circulars to and mention this paper. WATERMAN BROS., Lincoln, Kansas.

FASHION NOTES.

Items of Interest to the Fairer Half of Creation.

The fashionable weave of silk is faille Francaise.

Dress bonnets of the new Charles X. pink are made of velvet and trimmed with green ribbons and green flowers, and there are also pale gray-blue velvet bonnets trimmed with this new shade of pink.

Silk blouses for neglige wear at home are made of twilled surah in gay red bars on black ground, blue bars on red, etc. These are made like the children's sailor blouse, with a rubber in the hem and drooping below the waist.

A pretty idea for diversifying dresses is the star plastron. Imagine a very large star with six points, with a hole in the center large enough to permit of being passed over the head, and settling with one point flat on the back, another in front and two on each shoulder. For plain toilets these are of velvet or plush. For evening wear it is covered with glittering embroidery.

The spring millinery shows a stronger tendency all the while toward the new-colored straws, matching in tint the new shades in the ginghams and sateens. These colored straws will be trimmed in ribbons of these shades. Thus a bonnet of dark-green straw is trimmed with loops and strings of reseda old rose and tilleul, while a brown straw has primrose yellow, china blue and dore brown ribbons.

All the new wraps are short, long garments being reserved for traveling and for rainy days. The wraps are short mantles allied either to the visite, or the new shape called the Suwaroff cape. Sometimes it is completed with a hood. The jackets are of two shapes, either plain and tight, or loose with a vest.

The tendency among young girls is to abandon the chemise in favor of silk-woven shirts. This little garment being elastic, fits smoothly to the figure, obviates any extra bulk around the waist and hips, and is therefore an advantage to those who are stout. They come in lovely shades of pink, blue, lilac and yellow, as well as white and cream for those who object to colored underclothing. For delicate people and for wear in cold weather, they are made of wool, but so delicately and smoothly woven that they are scarcely more bulky than silk.

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Largest medicinal spring in America. Four story building, lighted by gas and heated by steam. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars. JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Supt., Green Spring, Ohio.

Two Baldheaded Ones.

Professional humorists may be interested in these two jokes: "Mrs. W., walking on one of the wharves of New York, jocosely asked a sailor why a ship was always called she. 'Oh,' said the son of Neptune, 'because the rigging costs more than the hull.'" "A preacher who kept a huckster's shop was heard one day to say to his shopman: 'John, have you watered the rum?' 'Yes.' 'Have you sanded the brown sugar?' 'Yes.' 'Have you wetted the tobacco?' 'Yes.' 'Then come in to prayers.'" The first was published in the "Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont Almanack," in 1790, and the second in "Benjamin West's Rhode Island Almanack" of 1805.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Don't Read This

if you have a sufficiency of this world's goods, but if you have not, write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at a profit of from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. All succeed; both sexes; all ages. All is new. Capital not required; Hallett & Co. will start you. Don't delay; investigate at once, and grand success will attend you.

Pleasant Prospect.

Little boy pulls reveller in a saloon by the coat-tail.

"What do you want, Tommy?"

"Come home, pa. Ma has been waiting with the poker for you for the last two hours."—*Texas Siftings.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Incomparable in Sick Headache.
Dr. FRED. HORNER, Jr., Salem, Vt., says: "To relieve the indigestion and so-called sick-headache, and mental depression incident to certain stages of rheumatism, it is incomparable."

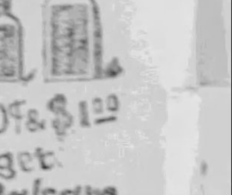
Quite Pathetic.

One of the most pathetic paragraphs we have recently encountered is this, clipped from a half-column report of the obsequies of a good lady in Texas:

"The funeral services were somewhat hurried to enable the bereaved husband to meet his bride-elect for the consummation of his next marriage."

ONE OF THE 1st SYMPTOMS of CONSUMPTION is a HACKING COUGH which should be cured before the LUNGS are diseased. No better Remedy Than Allen's Lung Balsam Has ever been made.

It is put up in three size Bottles



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ASK FOR And be sure you get Allen's Lung Balsam
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.
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Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Darling Nellie Gray.

Published by Request.

There's a low, green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nellie Gray.

Oh! my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day;
For you're gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining, too,
Then I'd take my darling Nellie Gray.
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chains;
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way—
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nellie Gray!
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore!

Oh! my darling Nellie Gray, up in Heaven, there they say,
That they'll never take you from me any more;
I'm coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore!

Malthus—Butler—Palms.

J. S. C., Foristell, Mo.:

1. Give a short sketch of Thomas Robert Malthus. 2. Was Gen. B. F. Butler in the Mexican war? 3. Please tell us all about the palm leaf fan.

1. He was born at Albury, Surrey, in 1766; admitted to Jesus college, Cambridge, in 1784, and became one of the first classical scholars. He married in 1805, and was appointed professor of history and political economy in the East India college at Haileybury, which post he held till his death, December 29, 1834. 2. No. 3. There are about 1,000 species of palms, and there is no species which is not capable of being applied to some use. No other plants have leaves so large as many of the palms; the largest of all are those of some of the fan-leaved palms; but there are palms with pinnate leaves 50 feet long and eight feet broad, and undivided leaves are to be seen 30 feet long by four or five feet broad. There are, however, small palms, and palms with flexible stems, which have small leaves. The number of the large leaves which from the crown of even the most magnificent palm is never great. Whatever the size or form of the leaves, they are always stalked, the stock being often in dimensions equal to a large bough of a great oak. The leaves are commonly pinnated, the number of pinnules or leaflets being often very great; but about one-sixth of the whole number of known species of palms have fan-shaped leaves. The cultivation of palms in hot-houses is attended with great expense, and merely as objects of interest, never for the sake of their fruit or any other product. The tropical parts of America abound in palms, producing a greater number of species than any other part of the world. Palm is the ancient name of the date tree.

Emanuel Swedenborg.

S. S. M., Dayton, W. T.:

Was Swedenborg a spiritualist? Please give a statement of his teachings.

After publishing numerous scientific works, he abstracted himself from those studies and resigned his official appointment as member of the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, imagining that he "belonged to the Society of Angels, in which things spiritual and heavenly are the only subjects of discourse and entertainment." Filled with this notion, he put forth a number of mystical books, and he professed to have continual spiritual intercourse. He maintained the truth of his marvellous statements until the last moment of his life, and took the sacrament at the hands of a Swedish clergyman just before his death, which occurred in London, in 1772, for he professed that he fully believed in the divinity of Christ. His opinions obtained little notice in his lifetime, but since his death they have produced a sect, and several conventicles have been established in London and elsewhere, called New Jerusalem temples, in which the memory of Swedenborg is respected as that of a prophet.

A Sweedenborg taught that "preservation is perpetual creation." God made man innocent. Appearances, by appealing to his lower and sensual faculties, beguiled him from the love and knowledge of God, and the race gradually became wicked. This is the fall. After death wicked men formed infernal societies. This is the origin of hell, which is called the devil. There is no other devil. Hell thus enlarged itself; and heaven, consisting of associations of the good, grew relatively weak. God then assumed humanity to reach hell in externals, where its power was fixed. By a life of wonderful inward significance, wherein He overcame all possible temptations, He subdued hell, restored heaven to order, re-established the church, drew nearer to men on earth, and thus wrought redemption, which is essentially man's deliverance from evil, by giving him communication with God. Since the fall, man naturally tends to self-love, the synonym of evil; he must therefore be reformed and regenerated. He is reformed by learning what is good and true, and acting accordingly in opposition to his evil tendencies. Into this improved mode of thought and action on man's part, the divine love and wisdom can freely flow, and vivify him with all good affections, and enlighten him with wisdom. This is regeneration; the regenerate form heaven. All infants also go to heaven, and are tenderly reared by the angels. Why grow up to angelic manhood and womanhood. The origin of sex is in the soul. Therefore, in heaven they live in marriage with indescribable happiness. Promiscuity prevails in hell, which is in all respects the exact opposite of heaven, as falsehood is of truth, or evil of goodness. Heaven and hell are eternal, and counterbalace each other. Between them is an intermediate state, upon which all enter at first after death, staying long enough to put off all that does not belong to their life's love, and then going, in accordance with this love, and their own, in heaven or hell. God does not hate and torment hell; He is Love, and cannot. He loves all equally, and gives himself to all alike; but all do not receive Him alike. He makes heaven blissful of His presence, and ameliorates the condition of hell by a superintendent mercy and restrait. The sufferings of hell are legitimate effects of its intense lusts and selfishness.—The spiritual world is not far off. It is simply the world of spirit, where all spirit always is. To enter it is to have the spiritual shores opened, as happens sometimes in life, and always at death. Time and space belong not to it, but to Nature. Spiritual time and space are internal states of wisdom and love; but they are to the spirit precisely what natural time and space are to the body. The two worlds communicate by correspondence only. Thus heat and light correspond to love and wisdom, which are spiritual heat and light; and everything in either world is similarly correspondent to something in the other. The universe is all representative, and full of sublime significance. The sun is representative of the Lord; the earth of man, and so on. The Word is written by correspondence, a knowledge of which Swedenborg was called to restore; it therefore connects heaven and earth, God and man, and contains a spiritual and celestial sense within that of the latter. Personally, Swedenborg was modest and retiring, but genial and happy, and lived a life of simplicity. He was never married.

Election of United States Senators.

Sub., Hanover, N. J.:

I would like to know about the election laws in regard to the elections of Senators in the several states. Are they the same in all the states?

The federal constitution defines the qualifications of a Senator, as to age, residence, etc. "No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the age of 30 years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state for which he shall be chosen." The constitution confers on Congress the power to prescribe the mode of electing Senators, and this is the law now in force:

"The legislature of each state which is chosen next preceding the expiration of the time for which any Senator was elected to represent such state in Congress shall, on the second Tuesday after the meeting and organization thereof, proceed to elect a Senator in Congress.

"Such election shall be conducted in the following manner: Each house shall openly, by a *viva-voce* vote of each member present, name one person for a Senator in Congress from such state, and the name of the person so voted for, who receives a majority of the whole number of votes cast in each house, shall be entered on the journal of that house by the clerk or secretary thereof; or if either house fails to give such majority to any person on that day, the fact shall be entered on the journal. At 12 o'clock meridian of the day following that on which proceedings are required to take place as aforesaid, the members of the two houses shall convene in joint assembly, and the journal of each house shall then be read, and if the same person has received a majority of all the votes in each house, he shall be declared duly elected Senator. But if the same person has not secured a majority of the votes in each house, or if either house has failed to take proceedings as required by this section, the joint assembly shall then proceed to choose, by a *viva-voce* vote of each member present, a person for Senator, and the person who receives a majority of all the votes of the joint assembly, a majority of all the members elected to both houses being present and voting, shall be declared duly elected. If no person receives such majority on the first day, the joint assembly shall meet at 12 o'clock meridian of each succeeding day during the session of the legislature, and shall take at east one vote, until a Senator is elected.

"Whenever on the meeting of the legislature of any state a vacancy exists in the representation of such state in the Senate, the legislature shall proceed, on the second Tuesday after meeting and organization, to elect a person to fill such vacancy, in the manner prescribed in the proceeding section for the election of a senator for a full term.

Whenever during the session of the legislature of any state a vacancy occurs in the representation of such state in the Senate, similar proceedings to fill such vacancy shall be had on the second Tuesday after the legislature is organized, and has notice of such vacancy.

"It shall be the duty of the executive of the state from which any senator has been chosen, to certify his election, under the seal of the state, to the President of the Senate of the United States.

"The certificate mentioned in the preceeding section shall be countersigned by the secretary of state of the state."

Purity and Beauty of the Skin.

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair from infancy to age.

CUTICURA, the great skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

I have had a Ringworm Humor, got at the barber's, for six years, which spread all over my ears, face and neck, and which itched and irritated me a great deal. I have used many remedies, by advice of physicians, without benefit. Your CUTICURA REMEDIES have entirely cured me, taking every bit of humor off my face and leaving it as smooth as a dollar. I thank you again for the help it has been to me.

GEO. W. BROWN, Mason,
48 Marshall St., Providence, R. I.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

I commenced to use your CUTICURA REMEDIES last July. My head and face and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my suffering was fearful. I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. I have now not a particle of Skin Humor about me, and my case is considered wonderful.

MRS. S. E. WHIPPLE, DECATUR, MICH.

I was afflicted with Eczema on the Scalp, Face, Ears and Neck, which the druggist, where I got your remedies, pronounced one of the worst cases that had come under his notice. He advised me to try your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after five days' use my scalp and part of my face were entirely cured, and I hope in another week to have my ears, neck and the other part of my face cured. HERMAN SLADE,

120 East Fourth street, New York.

I have suffered from Salt Rheum for over eight years, at times so bad that I could not attend to my business for weeks at a time. Three boxes of CUTICURA and four bottles RESOLVENT have entirely cured me of this dreadful disease.

MR. JOHN THIEL, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Chapped and Oily Skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Gen. Nathaniel Lyon.

J. H., (no postoffice):

I am 83 years old, and have been a reader of the BLADE for several years; therefore will you be so good as to publish the ancestry and sketch of the life of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, who fell at Wilson's Creek?

He was born at Ashford, Conn., July 14, 1819; grand-nephew of Col. Knoulton; West Point, 1841; he distinguished himself in the Florida war; took part in the capture of Monterey in 1846; became first lieutenant in February, 1847, and was present with Gen. Scott at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo; commanded his company at Contreras and Cherubusco, winning the brevet of captain; wounded in the assault of the Belen Gate, Mexico City; ordered to California; in 1851 he became captain, and was on active duty in Kansas during the free-state troubles; when the civil war broke out he was placed in command of the arsenal at St. Louis. This he made secure against surprise, and May 10, with the aid of several thousand home guards, under Cols. Blair and Sigel, broke up the rendezvous of the rebels at Camp Jackson; brigadier general volunteers May 17, 1861, and June 1 the command of the department devolved on him. He broke up a rebel force at Potosi, and made important captures of war material destined for Camp Jackson. Gov. Jackson, having called out 50,000 militia to "repel the invasion of the state," left for Boonville on the 14th; Gen. Lyon followed him, defeating the militia on the 17th, and then marched to Springfield. August 2 he defeated the Confederates under McCulloch at Dry Spring. McCulloch having been joined by Price, thus making a force four times as large as his own, he determined rather than abandon southwestern Missouri, to risk a battle. He accordingly marched on and attacked the enemy on the 10th, at Wilson's Creek; and after being twice wounded, was leading into action a regiment whose colonel had been killed, when he was struck by a minnie-ball and killed. He bequeathed nearly all his property, some $30,000, to the government, to aid in the preservation of the Union. In 1860, while stationed at Camp Riley, he published a series of letters in favor of Abraham Lincoln's election to the Presidency in a local newspaper, since collected in a volume, entitled, "The Last Political Writings of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon," with a memoir.

The Government of India.

F. L. J., Wheaton, Ill.:

Please give the present government of India. What was England to do therewith?

By the terms of the act of August 2, 1858, all the territories heretofore under the government of the East India company are vested in the majesty, Queen Victoria, and all its powers are exercised in her name; all territorial and other revenues and all tributes and other payments are likewise received in her name, and disposed of for the purposes of the government of India alone. One of her majesty's principal secretaries of state, called the secretary of state for India, is invested with all the powers hitherto exercised by the company. January 1, 1877, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland assumed the additional title of Empress of India. The executive authority in India is invested in a governor-general, appointed by the crown and acting under the orders of the secretary of state for India. The governor-general in council has power to make laws for all persons, whether British or natives, foreigners or others, within the Indian territories under the dominion of her majesty, and for all subjects of the crown within the dominions of Indian princes and states in alliance with her majesty. The salary of the governor-general is £25,000 a year, exclusive of allowances, which are estimated at £12,000. The average term of office is five years.

The government of the Indian empire is entrusted to a secretary of state for India, aided by a council of fifteen members; the major part of the council must be of persons who have resided or served ten years in India; the office is held for a term of ten years. India is administratively divided into British territory and native or feudatory states; the former is under the direct control in all respects of British officials. The control which the central government exercises over the native states varies in degree; but they are all governed by the native princes, with the help and under the advice of a resident, whom the viceroy stations at their court, the control being rather diplomatic than administrative, which is expressed by the term "political." The authority of the princes is limited by treaties or engagements acknowledging their subordinate dependence upon the British government. The chiefs have no right to make war or peace, or to send ambassadors to each other or to external states; they are not permitted to maintain a military force above a certain specified limit; no European is permitted to reside at their court without permission; and the supreme power can exercise the right of dethronement in case of misgovernment. Within these limits the more important chiefs exercise sovereign authority within their own territories. Some of these pay tribute, and some pay none. The expenditures for the year 1884 amounted to £70,339,925, and the revenues to £71,727,421. The revenue from land was £22,361,899; from opium £9,556,501; and from salt, £6,145,413. The land revenue of India, as of all eastern countries, may be regarded less as a tax on the landowners than as the result of a joint proprietorship in the soil, under which the produce is divided between the ostensible proprietors and the state. From time immemorial the people of India have been accustomed to yield a portion of their crops to their immediate ruler. The Mogul emperors founded a system of land administration, under which this share of the crops became the fixed tribute, payable to the central authority; in Mohammedan times governors were practically identical with tax collectors, and the whole machinery of administration was organized with this sole object. Under English rule this machinery has been modified in various ways in the different provinces.

Next in importance to the land revenue, as a great source of Indian receipts, is the income derived from the opium monopoly. The cultivation of the poppy is generally prohibited, except for the purpose of selling the juice to the government at a certain fixed price. It is manufactured into opium at the government factories at Patna and Ghazipore, and then sent to Calcutta, and sold by auction to merchants who export it to China. In the Bombay presidency, the revenue is derived from the opium which is manufactured in the native states of Malwa and Guzerat, on which passes are given, at the pr'ce of £60 per chest, weighing 140 pounds net, to merchants who wish to send opium to the port of Bombay.

Miscellaneous.

Sub., Indian Ter.:

1. How many counties are there in New York? 2. How many in Texas?

1. Sixty. 2. One hundred and seventy-four.

Sub., Viola, Ill.:

Where are the records kept of bounty paid to Ohio soldiers?

Try the adjutant general's office, at Columbus, O.

W. W. C., Washington, D. C.:

How many states are they that will give a murderer the right to waive a juror trial and be tried by a judge?

Don't know.

W. E. B., Lowe's, Ky.:

I heard an individual who was raised in Tennessee say that there is not a Republican paper published in that state. Is it so?

There are a number of Republican papers published in Tennessee.

Reader, Strawberry Point, Ia.:

1. What is the signification of the letters I. H. S. on the holy cross? 2. During what era or epoch of time extended that period known as the "Dark Ages?"

1. Jesus the Savior of Men. 2. From 486 to 1495.

H. O. R., Fairfield, Ind.:

As the tariff question will be the main issue in the next campaign I would like to know where to get documents that will give the per cent of duties laid on each article imported.

Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O. Same answer to all others inquiring about books on any subject.

The Bureau is under obligations to a large number of readers for copies of old songs, furnished in answer to requests. These favors come from all quarters, and from the schoolgirl of 12 and the old man of 75. The Bureau is proud of this liberal spirit displayed on the part of its readers. As many as 50 copies of some of the poems have been received.

Reader, Greenville, Ill.:

1. Is the government land in California subject to homestead or pre-emption? 2. Please say what you can about soil and climate.

1. There is considerable government land in California, but we do not know in what part of the state. 2. Several descriptive letters have recently been published in the BLADE.

There are requests for the songs "The Return of the Regiment," "Grant's March to Shiloh," "Sherman's March to the Sea." "A Handful of Earth from my Dear Mother's Grave," "Curti's Lost Charge," "Lorena," the "Answer to Twenty Years Ago," "The Fountain of Youth." The Bureau is limited to one poem a week, and has enough applications on hand to last three months.

A. B. D., Chicago, Ill.:

Can you give some good, reliable remedy that will remove liver-moles and pimples?

Never tamper with any breaking out on the skin; even though it be a single red spot, do not apply to it so simple a thing as water, hot or cold, but let it alone, and omit a meal or two; if it does not abate, consult a physician. If one is not at hand, then live on half allowance until it disappears.

New Bedford, O.:

Please give recipe for making water-proof horse covers?

Melt together two ounces mutton sweet and six ounces bees' wax; add six ounces sugar candy, two ounces soft soap, two and one-half ounces lampblack, and one-half ounce indigo in fine powder; when thoroughly mixed, add one-quarter pint of oil of turpentine, and put into pots or tins. It may be thinned with water.

E. N. M. Superior, Ia.:

1. What are the principles that the anarchists advocate, and from what do they derive their name? 2. Who is the oldest active statesman in the United States?

1. They do not believe in having any government, law, or authority. The word anarchy is derived from the Greek. 2. Probably Simon Cameron, born in 1799. He served an apprenticeship in a printing office, and became an editor in 1820.

C. D. W., Plymouth, O.:

Please tell me why Hamburg and Bremen in Germany, are called Free cities.

Because they are not under the special laws and rules emanating from the zollverein, or customs' league, which embraces the whole of Germany with the exception of these two cities. This privilege is guaranteed to them by the constitution of 1871, "until they themselves demand admittance."

L. W. D., Salem Center, O.:

Can you give a brief description of Lake Manasarwar, which is said to feed the Sutlej river, and also a branch of the Bramapootra?

It is 280 miles northeast of Delhi, at the foot of Mount Kailas, 15,000 feet above sea-level. It forms nearly a circle, about fifteen miles in diameter, and is one of the head sources of the river Sutlej, pouring its waters into Lake Ravana-Hrada. The lake is known in Hindoo sacred legends.

U. G. S., High Point, Mo.:

1. Who was the first man to propose the annexation of Alaska to the United States? 2. Under whose administration was it annexed?

1-2. The treaty between Russia and the United States for the purchase of Alaska was ratified May 20, 1867, while Andrew Johnson was President. Do not know who first proposed the matter, but William A. Seward, then secretary of state, conducted the negotiations on the part of the United States.

H. E. G., Blue Mound, Kas.:

1. Who is United States consul to Brazil? Where is he located? What was his address in the United States? 2. Where can I buy books telling about that country?

1. Following are the consuls to Brazil: John B. B. Weaver, at Bohia; R. T. Clayton, at Para; H. L. Atherton, at Pernambuco; H. C. Armstrong, at Rio de Janeiro; E. R. Briggs, at Santos. They are from North Carolina, Georgia, New York, Alabama, and the District of Columbia, in the order named. 2. Of Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

R. C. B., Warrensburg, Tenn.:

Who invented the printing press, and where was it first used?

The honor of printing with single types has been appropriated to Mentz, Strasbourg, Haarlem, Venice, Rome, Florence, Basle, and Augsburg. Block-printing was practiced by the Chinese several centuries before the Christian era. The first printing press was *improved* by William Blaen, at Amsterdam, in 1610. The Roman *Acta Diurna*, a newspaper, was issued, it is said, 691 B. C. William Caxton was the first to *set up* a printing press in England; the date is uncertain, but it was between 1465 and 1471.

G. S., Lockport, N. Y.:

Have we a law in this country by which acts of treason can be punished with death to the offender?

Yes; such an act was passed by Congress in 1870.

A. W. R., Washburn, Dak.:

1. What was the popular vote given to Cleveland and Blaine in 1884? 2. Why does not the BLADE publish more proceedings of the United States Congress? 3. In case of war with England what number of soldiers could the United States muster?

1. Cleveland, 4,911,017; Blaine, 4,848,334; St. John, 151,809; Butler, 133,825; scattering, 11,362. 2. The BLADE, in some form, gives the result of all important proceeding in Congress. It has no space to devote to long debates barren of results. 3. Ten million, if necessary.

H. K., Oakland, Oregon:

When a newspaper or publishing firm buys any production of an author and has it copyrighted and publishes it, does this debar the author from selling the production to any other person or firm for publication?

Every applicant for a copyright must state distinctly whether right is claimed as author, designer, or proprietor. Each copyright secures the exclusive right of publishing the book or article copyrighted for the term of 28 years. Six months before the end of that time, the author, or his widow or children, may secure a renewal, for the further term of 14 years. Any copyright is assignable in law by any instrument of writing, but such assignment must be recorded in the office of the librarian of Congress within 60 days from its date. The fee for this record and certificate is $1.

P. M. E., Alto Pass, Ill.:

Will you please give a short sketch of the late Gabriel R. Paul, who was a brigadier general belonging to the first corps in the late war?

He was born in Missouri; graduated at West Point in 1834; entering the seventh infantry, he became first lieutenant October 26, 1836; captain, April 19, 1846; distinguished himself in the Florida war, in 1842, and at Cerro Gordo and Contreras; brevetted major for gallantry at Chapultepec, September 13, 1847; became major eighth infantry, April 20, 1861; lieutenant colonel April 25, 1862; colonel fourteenth infantry September 13, 1864; retired, with rank of brigadier general, July 28, 1866. He exhibited great gallantry in expelling the Confederates from New Mexico in 1861-62; was made brigadier general of volunteers, September 5, 1862; engaged at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettsburg, where he was severely wounded, and deprived of the sight of both eyes; brevet brigadier general United States Army for Gettysburg.

J. A., Vans Valley, O.:

Will you be so kind as to inform me who are the present governors of all of the states in the United States?

Alabama, *Thomas Seay;* Arkansas, *Simon P. Hughes;* California, *Washington Bartlett;* Colorado, *Alva Adams;* Connecticut, Phineas C. Lounsbury; Delaware, *Benjamin T. Briggs;* Florida, *Edward A. Perry;* Georgia, *John B. Gordon;* Illinois, Richard J. Oglesby; Indiana, *Isaac P. Gray;* Iowa, William Larrabee; Kansas, John A. Martin; Kentucky, *J. Proctor Knott;* Louisiana, *Samuel D. McEnery;* Maine, Joseph R. Bodwell; Maryland, *Henry Lloyd;* Massachusetts, Oliver Ames; Michigan, Cyrus G. Luce; Minnesota, A. R. McGill; Mississippi, *Robert Lowry;* Missouri, *John S. Marmaduke;* Nebraska, John M. Thayer; Nevada, Christopher C. Stevenson; New Hampshire, Moody Currier; New Jersey, *Robert S. Green;* New York, *David B. Hill;* North Carolina, *Alfred M. Scales;* Ohio, Joseph B. Foraker; Oregon, *Sylvester Pennoyer;* Pennsylvania, James A. Beaver; Rhode Island, George P. Wetmore; South Carolina, *John P. Richardson;* Tennessee, *Robert L. Taylor;* Texas, *Lawrence C. Ross;* Vermont, Ebenezer J. Ormsbee; Virginia, *Fitzhugh Lee;* West Virginia, *E. Willis Wilson;* Wisconsin, Jeremiah M. Rusk. Democrats in *italics.*

W. E. A., Commerce, Ia.:

1. Please give a description of the Bermuda islands. 2. What sum of money did the United States pay for Alaska? 3. Of what length is the Welland canal?

1. They are a group of islands belonging to Great Britain, 580 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras. They lie southwest and northeast, based on the edge of a coral bank, and only occupy a space of about eighteen miles by six, though said to be 365 in number. They are separated from one another by very narrow channels, and are mostly rocky islets, five only being of any considerable size. They are of difficult access, being enclosed on three sides by formidable coral reefs, nearly all under water, and extending in some parts ten miles from the islands, the only reefs of this description occurring in the whole central expanse of the Atlantic ocean. The islands have little elevation, and in their general aspect much resemble the West India islands. The climate delightful. Severe thunder storms, however, frequently occur, and when south winds prevail the atmosphere becomes charged with humidity. Almost every description of fruit and vegetable grows abundantly. It is remarkable that there are neither springs nor fresh-water streams in the Bermudas, and only a few wells, the water of which is brackish. The principal exports are arrow-roots, potatoes, tomatoes, and onions. The largest harbor is that of St. George's, a beautiful bay, capable of containing a large fleet, but of difficult ingress and egress from the narrowness of its entrance. It is strongly fortified, and generally garrisoned by a regiment, with artillery. The legislature consists of a governor, council, and legislative assembly. There is regular steam communication between Bermuda and New York. The population is about 15,000. 2. Seven million two hundred thousand dollars. 3. Twenty-eight miles.

—The peculiar purifying and building up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla make it the very best medicine to take at this season.

The Waste of Tobacco.

"You have been a smoker all your life?" asked the colporteur. "Oh, yes, said the traveler with the square sample cases, "ever since I was ten years old." "And so you have smoked say—?" "About 40 years," replied the traveler. "And your cigars cost you, on the straight average, not less than ten cents a day?" "Why, of course not," said the traveler, looking surprised. The colporteur made a rapid calculation on the back of an envelope. "Then," said he, "see what tobacco has cost you. Without computing the interest it has cost you nearly $1,500; enough with its interest to buy a lot and build and furnish a home worth ten times that sum. See what tobacco has cost you." "Yes, I know," said the traveler, rising to leave the car as the train stopped, "but see what it's made for me. I traveled for the tobacco house I'm with now for ten years, at $3,500 a year, then I bought into the concern in a good year, have cleaned up about $40,000 since I've been a partner and own a house that I wouldn't sell for $20,000 and am making more money this year than I ever saw in one year before. Tobacco is a pretty expensive luxury though, if you happen to get on the wrong side of the market." So saying, he went up town and skinned a couple of good customers, while the colporteur, riding on his way, looked at the figures on the envelope and ruminated and ruminated and ruminated.—*Burdette.*

Wretched, Indeed,

Are those whom a confirmed tendency to biliousness, subject to the various and changeful symptoms indicative of liver complaint. Nausea, sick headache, constipation, furred tongue, an unpleasant breath, a dull or sharp pain in the neighborhood of the affected organ, impurity of the blood and loss of appetite, signalize it as one of the most distressing, as it is one of the most common, of maladies. There is, however, a benign specific for the disease and all its unpleasant manifestations. It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily felt, thorough and benign. Besides rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Morever, it is the grand specific for fever and ague.

Society Note from Boston.

Gloves are worn at dinner parties in Boston, and disputes between the guests are settled without leaving the table.

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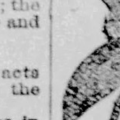
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Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases. — M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which grew worse and settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.— S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

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—LEPROSY—

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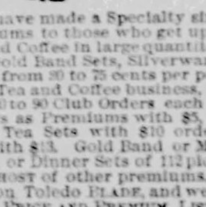
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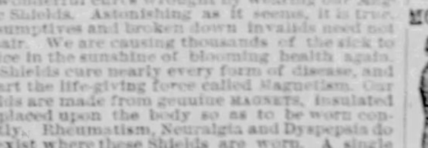
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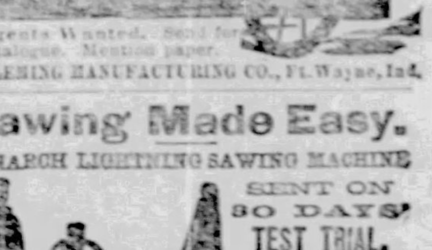
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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

DURING the past week there has been but very little of anything new in trade and industry, except that the approaching spring is beginning somewhat more sensibly to stir the jobbing trade of the country; that an almost unparalleled speculation has raged in provisions; that cotton is again a trifle better; that the cereals have gained materially in prices and movement, and that staple groceries have been steadying all around. Outside of the two lines of trade which still carry all the honors of the business boom, the metals and cotton goods, there has been a remarkably dull trade throughout the country since New Year, the dullness of merchandise distribution being fully matched by the dullness and tameness in the produce trade and speculation in the investment market. The volume of trade has but little, if at all, exceeded that of January and February, 1886. Cheerful expectations, however, pervade most lines of trade, and there even appears to be an increasing confidence.

THE estimated fire losses in the United States and Canada for February are $7,500,000, which is an increase over the February average for the past thirteen years.

THE bullion in the stardard silver dollar is to-day worth 77.31 cents.

THE condition of the appropriation bills in the last few days of Congress—no worse at this than at former sessions—has emphasized the demand for a change in the methods of transacting business. There is a disposition among Senators to insist upon a joint rule requiring that the appropriation bills should be presented by a certain day.

THE Naval appropriation bill went through Congress, and was signed by the President. It appropriates $10,000,000 in the aggregate for strengthening the navy, including the construction of four new, first-class men-of-war steamers, and four new floating batteries and other harbor defenses; also continuing the work on naval vessels now in process of construction. The Deficiency bill, the District of Columbia bill, and the Fortifications bill failed to pass. The River and Harbor appropriation bill failed because of the failure of the President to sign it before the adjournment.

THE bill repealing the tenure of office law was one of those rushed through during the last 24 hours of Congress, and the last bit of legislation enacted to curb the domineering course of ANDY JOHNSON was thus swept from the United States statutes.

ALL the necessary appropriation bills being passed, there is no need of an extra session of Congress. Hence the country can rest easy until next December, when trouble begins again.

THE bill for the redemption of the trade dollar and the anti-polygamy bill both became laws without the President's signature, he holding them for ten days without either signing or vetoing them.

CLEVELAND'S action in vetoing bills for the erection of postoffices in different parts of the country seems to be based on the policy of disapproving all bills providing for public buildings to be used as postoffices unless they are to be used for other purposes by the government.

IT is understood the President has decided to appoint as three of the inter-state commissioners, MORRISON, of Illinois; BRAGG, of Georgia, and Judge COOLEY, of Michigan, the present receiver of the Wabash railroad. The other two are not believed to have been determined upon.

AMONG other important appointments to be made by the President is that of a commission to examine into the affairs of the Pacific railroads. It will require men of brains and judgment, as the task to be performed is a great one. But we suppose it will be made an asylum for defeated Democratic politicians, whom the people have relegated to private life.

THE Republican Senators will challenge the right of TURPIE, of Indiana, to his seat when he presents himself to be sworn in.

CAPT. GREELEY was confirmed as a brigadier general by the Senate, and chief of the signal service, vice Gen. HAZEN, deceased.

THE struggle over the election of a successor to Sen. SEWELL in the New Jersey legislature was ended on March 2. The Republicans and anti-Abbett Democrats voted for RUFUS BLODGETT, giving him 41 votes to ABBETT 38. Mr. BLODGETT is aged 53, and is a native of Dorchester, N. H. He was a member of the lower house of the New Jersey legislature in 1878 and 1879, representing Ocean county. He was for several years a member of the Democratic State Central committee. He is superintendent of the New York & Long Branch railroad.

THE iron-workers are reported to be disappointed that the Western Iron association (of manufacturers) has decided to make no advance in prices of iron, as they expected an increase of wages were the latter done. But as the price of iron is now up to the importing limit, and English mills are rushing their products across the sea, it is plain to be seen that an increase of price would be suicidal.

IN his veto of the dependent pensions bill, Mr. CLEVELAND can hardly claim any credit for consistency, especially since he had shortly before approved the Mexican pension bill, which included the two features of service pensions and pensions for rebels. The President evidently recognized the inconsistency of his action, and in his message made an attempt to defend it. The attempt, however, was weak and lame.

OVER 70 per cent. of the strikers throughout the country thus far in 1887 have ailed.

GOV. WILSON, of West Virginia, has issued a proclamation convening the legislature of that state in extra session. It is a mooted question whether or not the Senatorial contest can be renewed under the call, the weight of authority being to the effect that there must be a Senator elected, notwithstanding the appointment of LUCAS by the governor after the adjournment of the legislature.

A PETITION has been presented to the Tennessee legislature asking relief for Mrs. MATILDA FIELDS, the youngest daughter of the famous DAVY CROCKETT, who is represented as being in want.

JOHN S. WISE, of Virginia, is very hopeful of the political future of the Old Dominion He declares that the Bourbons are doomed, and that in 1888 the state will give the Republican presidential ticket at least 25,000 majority.

THE number of persons implicated in the boodle transactions in Chicago is stated at 115. A good many of them, it is believed, will be sent to the penitentiary.

IT is announced that Sen. SHERMAN will take an extended tour through the South after the adjournment of Congress, and speak at various points upon the political situation.

FIVE states—Michigan, West Virginia, Tennessee, Texas and Oregon—have all submitted, through their legislatures, prohibitory amendments to a vote of the people.

THE Minnesota House of Representatives has passed an iron-clad bill to provide for the enforcement of the $1,000 high license law. The St. Paul city council had previously adopted an ordinance fixing saloon licenses at $500 for two and one-half years.

THE Massachusetts House of Representatives has defeated the proposition for an amendment to the constitution to abolish the payment of a poll-tax as a pre-requisite for voting. Only six states, including Massachusetts, now have the poll-tax qualification on their statute books.

CERTAIN Greenback and Democratic leaders in Michigan are endeavoring to effect a fusion between the parties, but with little prospects of success.

Another of Lord SALISBURY'S Cabinet has resigned during the past week—Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, who was considered by the Premier as one of his strongest men. The reason assigned is the growth of a cataract over one eye, which made it necessary to go to the Continent for treatment. It is, however, not believed that this is the whole truth, but that the blindness of his colleagues to the real status of affairs in Ireland is the cause. Lord SALISBURY declares openly that there could no greater misfortune befall the government than to have Sir MICHAEL retire from the Secretaryship of Ireland permanently, and that he trusts that he would soon return. His place is taken by Mr. A. J. BALFOUR, a nephew of the Premier. He is a strong coercionist.

THE scenes in the House of Commons last week were anything but dignified. The Tories seemed to have decided to go into a series of all night sittings in order to weary the Irish obstructionists out, and force the closure rules, the estimates, and later on a coercion bill, which is declared an absolute necessity through the House. Lord SALISBURY made a bitter attack upon the Irish juries, showing his determination in the direction of having Irish matters settled by English Judge's decisions. Meanwhile there is no doubt but that a bill will be introduced forbidding an appeal against the resident magistrates, and practically making these provost marshals, by allowing them to arbitrarily commit to jail for six months with hard labor any person they convict of intimidation, boycotting or inciting to a commission of these offenses. Practically this will suspend jury trial.

THE insurrection in Bulgaria has been suppressed, the ringleaders arrested, and some of them condemned to death. It is evident that Bulgaria is in a state approaching anarchy, and that the crisis may arrive at any moment in which Russia will make good her declaration that when she is convinced that order can not be preserved there, she will interfere, and her movements would seem to show that the time was near at hand. Her first step will be, of course, the occupation of that country, and this Austria will resent, so that at present there seems more danger of trouble between the two latter countries than between Germany and France.

DISPATCHES show that the Czar is marching immense bodies of troops towards the Austrian borders; the principal towns in Bessarabia have been ordered to make preparations for the deliverance of large quantities of bread when called for, and large amounts of provisions are being stored. The Emperor of Austria is so thoroughly convinced that the hostilities are inevitable that he has called a council of war at Vienna and nominated the generals who are to be intrusted with the command of the various army corps. The erection of wooden huts for troops in Galicia is proceeding rapidly, the forts are being armed and provisioned, and the construction of strategic lines of railway hastened. Altogether matters seem to be approaching another crisis.

IT is said that in the event of a war between Russia and Austria, that Germany will remain neutral, unless Austria seems to be getting the worst of it, in which case she would interfere. The probabilities are that she would not be able to maintain her neutrality a great while.

THE Socialists have received so black an eye at the last German election that it would seem as if they would be discouraged. It shows how really weak Socialism is. In the last Reichstag there were 25 Socialist members; in the new one, but eleven.

PORTUGAL is having some trouble just now in maintaining her authority at Mozambique. Her troops, however, have just captured the Yungi fortress, which commands the Bay of Yungi, and occupied the bay itself, so that no further trouble is anticipated.

VERY extensive incendiary fires have been perpetrated recently in the country around Limerick. A large number of houses occupied by servants, together with the hay and outbuildings, have been burned. The outrages are set down as political.

JUNE 21 has been decided upon as the date for a national celebration of the Queen's Jubilee Day in England, and it will be declared a holiday.

A "STILL HUNT" BY THE RUM POWER IN MICHIGAN.

While the friends of Prohibition in the state of Michigan are making an open and honest fight for the amendment, endeavoring in all possible ways to educate the voters of the state as to the real magnitude of the evils of the traffic, the Rum Power is reported as making a "still hunt." They dare not put men upon the stump to openly defend the abomination. They dare not meet the arguments of the workers for Prohibition. They know that Right is on the side of the amendment, and that they dare not face the issue openly. Hence a secret campaign is making, and all the more formidable that it is so. The men who are committed to Rum throughout the state are hard at work, using an argument that has been potent throughout history—the power of money.

Their argument is one based upon avarice, yet it is false and misleading. They have prepared statements showing the millions of active capital that will be paralyzed, the vast amount of property that will be rendered useless, the number of men who will be thrown out of employment, the business interests that will be wiped out, the sources of revenue that will be cut off, and the damage that they allege must result to almost every branch of trade in the state. They present carefully-prepared statistics and arrays of facts to establish the disastrous results which, it is claimed, must follow in the event of the Prohibition amendment being adopted and enforced.

Granted that these things have a measurable portion of truth in them, it does not follow that the results predicted would follow. It is not true that business will be paralyzed, that men will be without employment, that any branch of legitimate trade will be injured. No disastrous results will follow, save to the comparatively few men who are getting rich off the manufacture and sale of Rum—and they have had the note of warning sounded in their ears for years. It has been long evident that the triumph of Prohibition is but a question of time. If they entered upon the business, and embarked money in distilleries and breweries, they did it at their own risk.

Let us cite a parollel example. During the war, men invested large sums in establishments for the manufacture of war material of all kinds. Would it have been a legitimate argument against peace that these men would have their machinery and property rendered useless, and that their employes would be thrown out of work? Would any honest citizen listen to such a plea for the continuance of war? Certainly not. The advantages of peace to the whole nation would be held to counterbalance the loss to the few. The welfare of the majority must be considered first, not the selfish interests of a few. So in this case. The advantages of Prohibition to the people of the entire state far outweigh the disadvantage to the few citizens who really would lose through the adoption of the amendment.

But let us examine the rest of this so-called argument. It is claimed that nearly all kinds of business will be injured; that men will be without work; that business interests will be wiped out, and millions of active capital be paralyzed. Let us look at this matter a little, and we will see that, on the contrary, all lines of legitimate business will be helped; that while interests depending upon Rum will be "wiped out," there will be a demand for the creation of new interests in legitimate lines, as the result of the adoption of the amendment; and that capital will not be "paralyzed," but will find new and profitable avenues, not now available, opening for its full employment.

Take the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, for instance. It is a manufacturing town. It is a Rum town. The traffic thrives there, and there is an enormous proportion of the population composed of drinking men. Its population is in the neighborhood of that of Toledo, so we can not be far wrong in assuming that it has at least 500 saloons. Now let us compute what the Drink Waste must be for one year in that city—the actual sum paid out for Rum in all its forms by drinking citizens, leaving out of the calculation all other expenses of jails, and courts, and the cost of maintaining paupers and criminals, made so by Rum.

We do not suppose that there is a saloon in Grand Rapids whose sales per day do not average $5 the year round. If it sells less than this average amount, then it must be unprofitable, we should say—counting cost of stock, rent, gas, taxes, fuel, and cost of living. This would be one of the smallest and lowest type of saloon. The daily average sales of a saloon in the business part of the city amounts to about $100 a day. This is, if anything, rather below the figure here in Toledo, for a number of the more popular and most largely patronized saloons. Taking the 500 saloons of Grand Rapids, we believe that to estimate the average daily sales of each saloon in the entire city at $10 each, is to take a figure which is below, rather than above the truth.

But look what a result that gives us! If each saloon averages $10 taken over the counter, the whole 500 take in $5,000 per day. There are 365 days in the year, and the vast majority of them are open every day and night in the whole twelvemonth. In a week of six days there is $30,000 spent for Rum in the city. In the year of 52 weeks, $1,560,000—over a million and a half of dollars! We have no doubt the real figures will reach two millions.

Suppose the amendment is passed and is enforced. What will then be done with this $1,560,000 that is spent each year in Grand Rapids for Rum? It is easy to give the answer. A part of it will go for better food for these drinking men and their wives and children. The wives and little ones will eat beefsteak instead of liver, ham instead of fat bacon. There will be more and a greater variety of groceries and other articles of food purchased. A part will go to the merchants and tailors, for better clothes. There will be more flannels, and dress goods, and good cloth purchased and worn; boots and shoes, overcoats, hats, shawls, cloaks and wraps. A part of it will be spent in making their homes more habitable, more cheerful, more homelike. There will be more fuel burned, that they need not shiver in the chill days of winter. There will be carpets, and new furniture, pictures on the walls, books and periodicals, blankets and bedding, and every article of the long catalogue of household furnishing. They will find themselves able to live in somewhat better homes, too, and will do so.

And a part of this money will be saved, and used to purchase homes. Lots will be bought, and new houses be erected upon them. The carpenters, the painters, the upholsterers, the masons, the roofers, and all who follow building trades will have more to do, because of Prohibition. And every business man in Grand Rapids, following any legitimate line of trade, will find his sales increase. The grocers and butchers, the bakers, the dry goods merchants, the dealers in any and all articles that enter into the daily consumption of the people, will be benefited. Think of the $30,000 per week that is certainly spent in Grand Rapids for Rum being turned into the business for the retail dealers of the city! Would not business take a boom?

And the idle capital with which the minions of Rum are attempting to frighten the people—what of it? Is is not plain that there would be excellent openings for new stores, and groceries, and boot and shoe houses, and clothing establishments, and so on? All the capital rendered idle by the cutting off of the infernal Rum traffic could be profitably utilized at once. And is it not plain that there would be work for more men in these new avenues of trade, and in the necessary extension of the old, and that the men who are supposed to be in danger of being thrown out of work will find steady employment? There will be more clerks and salesmen needed, more employes in all lines of business; there will be more work for manufacturing establishments, and more men needed in them. The case is so plain as not to need any argument.

And what would be true in this one case we have instanced, would be true of every city and village in the state of Michigan. The money now spent for Rum would be spent for other things. The people would live better, there would be more money in circulation, there would be an enormous and permanent extension of all kinds of business, more avenues to utilize capital, more work for the workingmen and more of them needed. It would be an enormous benefit to the state. We urge our friends in Michigan to push this view of the case. Stop the "still hunt" of the minions of the Rum Power by showing the fallacy of their arguments. Educate the people to see the question as it really is, that they may, on April 4, by an enormous majority, pass the amendment, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power!

OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

If you have not done so already, examine our magnificent scheme of premiums and enter the lists for one of them. No matter whether you get a premium or not, you will be well paid for what you do, IN MONEY. You may reach the Piano, but whether or no, you can lose nothing, and are certain to make a welcome addition to your pocket money for the winter. Men or women, boys or girls, there is room for all. We want a good worker at every postoffice. Send for our special terms to club-raisers, and learn what you can do, and what you will get for it.

THE NEXT SENATE.

The governor of Florida has appointed a successor to Sen. JONES, to fill the vacancy between the expiration of his term, March 4, until the legislature meets in April. The New Jersey has elected a successor to Sen. SEWELL, and the governor of West Virginia has appointed a successor to CAMDEN, as the legislature failed to elect. TURPIE claims the Indiana seat made vacant by the expiration of Sen. HARRISON'S term. Hence it is now possible to give the full roster of the new United States Senate, as it will be after noon to-day. Here it is:

	Term expires		Term expires
ALABAMA.		MISSISSIPPI.	
J. T. Morgan, D.	1889	E. C. Walthall, D.	1889
J. L. Pugh, D.	1891	J. Z. George, D.	1893
ARKANSAS.		MISSOURI.	
J. H. Berry, D.	1889	G. G. Vest, D.	1891
J. K. Jones, D.	1891	F. M. Cockrell, D.	1893
CALIFORNIA.		NEBRASKA.	
L. Stanford, R.	1891	C F Manderson, R.	1889
G. Hearst, D.	1893	A. S. Paddock, R.	1893
COLORADO.		NEVADA.	
T. M. Bowen, R.	1889	J. P. Jones, R.	1891
H. M. Teller, R.	1891	W. M. Stewart, R.	1893
CONNECTICUT.		NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
O. H. Platt, R.	1891	P. C. Cheney, R.	1887
J. R. Hawley, R.	1893	H. W. Blair, R.	1891
DELAWARE.		NEW JERSEY.	
Eli Saulsbury, D.	1889	J. R. McPherson, D.	1889
George Gray, D.	1893	Rufus Blodgett, D.	1893
FLORIDA.		NEW YORK.	
Wilkinson Call, D	1891	Wm. M. Evarts, R.	1891
J. J. Finley, D.	1887	Frank Hiscock, R.	1893
GEORGIA.		NORTH CAROLINA.	
A. H. Colquitt, D.	1889	M. W. Ransom, D.	1889
J. E. Brown, D.	1891	Z. B. Vance, D.	1891
ILLINOIS.		OHIO.	
S. M. Cullom, R.	1889	H. B. Payne, D.	1891
C. B. Farwell, R.	1891	John Sherman, R.	1893
INDIANA.		OREGON.	
D. W. Voorhees, D.	1891	J. N. Dolph, R.	1889
David S. Turpie, D.	1893	J. H. Mitchell, R.	1891
IOWA.		PENNSYLVANIA.	
J. F. Wilson, R.	1889	J. D. Cameron, D.	1891
W. B. Allison, R.	1891	M. S. Quay, R.	1893
KANSAS.		RHODE ISLAND.	
P. B. Plumb, R.	1889	J. Chace, R.	1889
J. J. Ingalls, R.	1891	N. W. Aldrich, R.	1893
KENTUCKY.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
J. B. Beck, D.	1889	M. C. Butler, D.	1889
J. C S Blackburn, D	1891	W. Hampton, D.	1891
LOUISIANA.		TENNESSEE.	
R. L. Gibson, D.	1889	I. G. Harris, D.	1889
J. B. Eustis, D.	1891	W. B. Bate, D.	1893
MAINE.		TEXAS.	
W. P. Frye, R.	1889	R. Coke, D.	1889
E. Hale, R.	1893	J. H. Reagan, D.	1893
MARYLAND.		VERMONT.	
E. K. Wilson, D.	1891	J. S. Morrill, R.	1891
A. P. Gorman, D.	1893	G. F. Edmunds, R.	1893
MASSACHUSETTS.		VIRGINIA.	
Geo. F. Hoar, R.	1889	H H Riddleberg'r, R	1889
Henry L. Dawes, R.	1893	J. W. Daniels, D.	1893
MICHIGAN.		WEST VIRGINIA.	
T. W. Palmer, R.	1889	John E. Kenna, D.	1889
F. B. Stockbridge, R	1893	D. B. Lucas, D.	1889
MINNESOTA.		WISCONSIN.	
D. W. Sabin, R.	1889	J. C. Spooner, R.	1891
C. K. Davis, R.	1893	P. Sawyer, R.	1893

Of course, FINLEY'S seat will be filled by the Florida legislature in April, but we suppose it likely that he will be the man elected. TURPIE'S claim to the Indiana seat will be resisted in the United States Senate, and we certainly think with success. Mr. CHENEY, of New Hampshire, was appointed to succeed the late Sen. PIKE, whose term would have expired in 1889 Mr. CHENEY will serve until the meeting of the legislature next June. Mr. LUCAS was appointed by the governor of West Virginia to serve until 1889, the legislature failing to elect. There has, however, been a question raised whether the vacancy is such a one as is contemplated by the United States constitution. An effort is to be made, it is understood, by CAMDEN'S friends, to raise this point in the Senate, and to claim that therefore the governor had no right to appoint. There are precedents both for and against which apply to this case, but it is claimed the Democrats of the Senate are committed against the seating of a senator in a case wherein the circumstances are claimed to be parallel to the present West Virginia complication.

Leaving the list as printed above, the political complexion of the new Senate is: Republicans 39, Democrats 37. This puts RIDDLEBERGER, of Virginia, in the Republican list. He was elected, it will be remembered, as a Readjuster, and party ties sit loosely upon him, though as a rule he votes with the Republicans. Should he, on a strict party question, vote with the Democrats, a tie would result.

WOMANLY INFLUENCE.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, the humorist, has in the last issue of *Lippincott* an article upon his own special line of work, somewhat in the nature of an autobiography. We refer to it to call attention to the tender and discriminating tribute he pays to his wife. He confesses frankly that it was to her influence, her kindly, honest criticism, and her tireless supervision of all that he wrote, to which he owes much of his success. Here the humorist touches a great truth—that it is often the encouragement, the inspiration, of a loving, devoted wife that brings out the talent that would otherwise remain forever hidden in the husband. "As the husband is, the wife is," sings TENNYSON in "Locksley Hall;" but this is but a half-truth. The life of each is helped or hindered—far oftenest helped—by the other; what they become is the resultant of both lives. And there is many a man who can agree heartily and entirely with Mr. BURDETTE, knowing its truth out of his own experience, when he says:

> The first throb of literary ambition, my earliest and later successes, so far as I have been successful, whatever words of mine men may be pleased to remember most pleasantly, whatever of earnestness and high purpose there is in my life, whatever inspiration I ever had or have that enters into my work and makes it more worthy of acceptance, I owe to the gentlest, best, and wisest of critics and collaborators, a loving, devoted wife. And if ever I should win one of the prizes which men sometimes give to those who amuse them, the wreath should be placed, not on the head of the jester who laughs and sings, but on the brows of her who inspired the mirth and the song.

GEN. J. J. FINLEY has been appointed by GOV. PERRY, of Florida, United States Senator to succeed CHARLES W. JONES, whose term expires March 4. Gen. FINLEY is a lawyer, who served with distinction in the Confederate army. He has been a member of the supreme court of Florida, and was three times a candidate for Congress.

THE FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

The Forty-ninth Congress expired by constitutional limitation on March 4, at noon. It passed some measures of national importance, and wasted a great deal of valuable time. The amount of business that came before it exceeded that brought up in any previous Congress. There were more bills introduced, more committee reports made, than ever before. This Congress began its work on December 4, 1884, the first session continuing till August 5, 1886. The second session began December 4, and ended March 4. In the Senate 3,357 bills were introduced, and in the House 11,258. The total number of bills passing both houses was 1,391. Of these, 264 became laws by the expiration of the constitutional ten days' limitation. Fifty bills failed to become laws, owing to the adjournment of Congress, nine of them at the first session. There were 132 bills vetoed by the President, or 21 more instances of the exercise of the Presidential prerogative of veto than had occurred from the foundation of the government down to the beginning of this Congress.

Of the vetoed bills 93 originated in the House and 39 in the Senate. But one private bill—namely, that granting a pension to JOSEPH ROMISER, and one public bill—namely, that providing for the erection of a government building at Dayton, O., succeeded in passing both houses over the President's veto, although several others obtained the requisite two-thirds vote in the Senate, only to fail in the House.

The following list contains all the more important laws enacted of a general nature by this Congress:

1. The Presidential succession bill, devolving the office of the President upon the members of the cabinet in case of the death, resignation, etc., of the President and Vice-President.
2. The bill for regulating the manner of counting the electoral votes.
3. The oleomargarine tax bill.
4. The bill of last session for the increase of the navy.
5. The bill restoring Fitz-John Porter to the army.
6. The Dingley bill for the relief of the shipping interest.
7. The bill to increase the pensions of widows and dependent relatives of deceased soldiers and sailors.
8. The bill directing the commission of labor to investigate the subject of convict labor.
9. The provision for the issue of $1, $2 and $5 silver certificates.
10. The bill authorizing the construction of a building for the national library in this city.
11. The legalization of trades unions corporations.
11. The bill prescribing the study in schools under federal control, of the nature of alcoholic drinks and narcotics.
13. The bill permitting national banks to increase their capital stock and change their names and locations under special circumstances.
14. The Mexican veterans' pension bill.
15. The trade dollar redemption bill.
16. The Atlantic & Pacific land grant forfeiture, restoring 24,000,000 acres to the public domain, and sever other minor forfeiture bills.
17. The bill extending the provisions of the money order system.
18. The bill extending the free delivery system to towns of 10,000 inhabitants.
19. The bill extending the special delivery system to all classes of mail matter.
20. The inter-state commerce bill.
21. The Dawes Indian severalty bill.
22. The bill increasing the annual appropriation for the militia to $400,000.
23. The bill amending the act relating to the immediate transportation of dutiable goods.
24. The James bill, prohibiting Government officers from contracting out the labor of United States prisoners or convicts.
25. The bill to prohibit the importation of aliens under contract to labor in the United States.
26. The bill establishing agricultural experiment stations.
27. The anti-polygamy bill.
28. The bill to indemnify the Chinese victims of the Rock Springs outrage.
29. The Canadian fishery retaliation measure.
30.—The bill restricting the ownership of lands in the territories to American citizens.
31.—For the adjustment of railroad land grants and for forfeiture of unearned lands.
32.—Authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Missouri river between Kansas City and Sibley, Mo.
33.—To bridge the Arthur Kill between New Jersey and Staten Island.
34.—To bridge the East river between New York and Long Island.
35.—To repeal the tenure of office act.
36.—To increase the annual appropriation for the militia.

Of the bills vetoed by the President, 30 were Senate bills, eleven being of a public and 28 a private nature; 93 were House bills, including 87 private and six public bills. The most important bills of general interest that were killed by vetoes are the following:

To quiet the titles of settlers on the Des Moines river lands (passed over the veto in the Senate, but failed of the necessary two-thirds in the House); for the erection of public buildings at Zanesville, Ohio; Lafayette, Ind.; Sioux City, Iowa; and Lynn, Mass.; to bridge Lake Champlain between North Hero and Alburg, Vt.; to extend the provisions of the immediate transportation act to Omaha, Neb.; for the promotion of anatomical science and to prevent the desecration of graves; to make Springfield, Mass., a port of delivery, and to grant railroads right of way through the Indian reservation in Northern Montana.

There were about fifty bills that failed to become laws at the close of the session, because the President did not sign them nor return them with a veto message. These are what are known as "pocket vetoes," so called because the President pocketed the bills and thus allowed them to die. The more important ones are the following:

The river and harbor bill; relative to the promotions in the Medical corps, United States army; to prevent the employment of convict and alien labor on public works; to open to settlement the public land strip south of Kansas; for the construction of Federal buildings at Monroe, Ma., Saginaw, Mich., and Annapolis, Md.; the O'Neill labor arbitration bill, for the settlement of controversies between inter-state railroads and their employes; the bill to annex a part of Idaho to Washington territory; the bill for printing the maps of the General Land office, and a number of private relief bills.

The following is the history of the failure of the more important measures that were brought up, but failed to pass one or the other of the two houses:

The Northern Pacific forfeiture bill and the bill to repeal the pre-emption, or homestead timber culture and desert land laws, were in conference for a long while, but the differences proved irreconcilable.

About 750 bills passed by the Senate failed of passage in the House.

The Blair educational bill, after passing the Senate, was buffeted about from one committee to another in the House, and was never allowed to come before the House for action, although its friends claimed a decided majority in its favor on a test vote.

The Hennepin canal bill, the Oklahoma bill and the Dunn free ship bill were all reported from House committees and all failed to get beyond the stage of general debate.

Bills to repeal the civil service law and to grant woman suffrage were killed in the House by adverse committee reports, and in the Senate by adverse test votes.

A resolution favoring open executive sessions was defeated in the Senate.

Resolutions to carry the Mexican treaty into effect and to abrogate the Hawaiian treaty are also to be noted among the failures of the Forty-ninth Congress, the former being killed by an adverse committee report and the latter failing to secure an audience.

The Postal telegraph bill and the international copyright bill also failed.

Among the failures of the Forty-ninth Congress may be set down the following:

The revision of the tariff—the House, on a test vote, refuring to consider any measure.

The silver question. Both branches of Congress discussed this topic. The Senate took no action, but the House voted down propositions for free silver coinage and for a suspension of the enforced coinage of the standard silver dollar.

The Pacific railroad funding question. Bills extending the period of payment were favorably reported from committees of each House, but never reached the point of action in either.

A national bankruptcy measure. Bills for this purpose were also discussed, but no action was taken in either House.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

BY reason of the failure of the deficiency bill, the act of Congress extending the free-delivery system to cities and towns having no less than 10,000 inhabitants, or a postal revenue of not less than $10,000, becomes inoperative until the beginning of the next fiscal year.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The stroke of apoplexy which prostrated HENRY WARD BEECHER on Friday last proved fatal Tuesday morning. At 9:30 the great pastor of Plymouth church passed quietly away, having been unconscious since the previous day. Thus passes away one of the most notable men of our time, who has for nearly a half-century been distinguished among his fellow-men. For almost a generation he has been the pastor of one of the largest churches in America—a congregation which is powerful, intelligent and wealthy, and which has stood loyally by him through good and evil report. No vagary of his theological views, no charges affecting his character as a man, could affect the unswerving loyalty with which his people adhered to him. During the dark days of the war, he was a power for the cause of the Union, and his visit to England, where he made speeches in behalf of the North, had a great effect in securing the sympathies of the people of that country for the federal cause; and his opposition to slavery and work for the Union are his most enduring claims to the esteem and reverence of the American people.

He has been remarkable as a preacher, writer, lecturer and editor, standing at the top in each distinct line, and his possession of the highest order of genius cannot be disputed. His life has been a laborious one, and nothing but a most superb physical system could have enabled his span of usefulness to extend to his seventy-fourth year. For many years he has felt that his end would be sudden, and about two years ago, while delivering his famous series of sermons upon the evolution theory, he frequently expressed the opinion that they would be his last pulpit utterances. His life was prolonged, however, and a few months ago he paid a visit to England, preaching and lecturing at various cities. In a series of papers published in the New York *Ledger*, a quarter of a century ago, he referred to the petition in the litany of the Protestant Episcopal church, "From battle, and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us," and declared that he could never pray to be delivered from "sudden death," as it was better to be taken quickly, in the midst of active life, than to linger superfluous on the stage of life, a senile old man, with enfeebled mental powers and wrecked physical frame.

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

If you want to make your winter's pocket money write us for our special terms to agents. We shall pay more liberally for work for the BLADE this winter than any paper in the country. Drop a postal card asking for terms, and it will pay you.

IT does not require one to be the seventh son of the seventh son in order to be able to prophesy with certainty that the outrageous work done by the Democrats of the Indiana legislature this winter, and their generally disgraceful management of state affairs, will insure a tremendous Republican majority in the election of 1888. They gerrymandered the state to secure legislative control, and also did the same with the congressional districts; they nominally elected an United State Senator by fraud; they deny the lieutenant governor the office to which he was rightfully elected; the state treasury has become bankrupt in the past two years; a Democratic ring has been growing rich out of frauds in contracts in the state insane asylum and one of the state prisons; and the Democratic warden of the latter is a defaulter to the tune of $60,000. The people of Indiana will certainly have a word to say of such a record as this.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

If you contemplate purchasing a Sewing Machine this winter, order the Blade Machine, at once, that you may be sure of getting it in time. It gives absolute satisfaction, and we sell it for $18, with the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. It is the best and cheapest reliable Machine on the market. Order at once, and save money.

THERE is some queer hair-splitting in the courts of law, and two decisions recently made are illustrations of the fact. The Supreme court of New York has decided that while an attempt to commit suicide is a violation of law, a suicide actually committed is not. Hence a life insurance policy, which has a clause rendering it void if the insured person dies while violating a criminal law, holds goods in the case of a man who killed himself. That is, the violation of law is merely the attempt to commit suicide. The Supreme court of Nebraska has made a similar decision. A man was shot while running away with stolen property. The court decided that the insurance on his life must be paid, because the violation of criminal law was in the theft, which had been accomplished, and the killing, being subsequent thereto, the clause in the policy did not cover it. These decisions may be good law, but they are not good common sense.

HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, United States Commissioner of Labor, devotes his entire report to the matter of convict labor. There are in the prisons of the entire United States, over 64,000 persons—an average of one to each 1,000 of population. Mr. WRIGHT, speaking of the subject of the competition of convict with honest labor, points out the fact that, so far as there is such competition,

> It must come from this one convict in 1,000 of the population—not the proportion to those engaged in mechanical pursuits in the whole country, which is about one convict to every fifty persons so employed.

He estimates that the total product of all prison labor is but 54-100 of 1 per cent. of the total product of the industries of the country. Looking at these facts, the competition from convict labor is not at all serious, and is much less than has been claimed.

THE following is a brief biography of the newly appointed United States Senator from West Virginia—the successor of the coal-oil magnate, CAMDEN:

> Daniel Bedinger Lucas was born March 16, 1836, in Charleston, Jefferson county, Va., (now West Virginia); was educated at the University of Virginia; studied law and was practicing when the war began. In June, 1861, he joined the rebel "Wise Legion," commanded by Gen. Henry A. Wise, as his private secretary. He was defeated for Democratic elector on the Greeley ticket in 1872, but was elected on the Tilden ticket in 1876, and again in 1884 on the Cleveland ticket. In 1867 he was appointed regent of the West Virginia University, and in 1880 was appointed judge of the Thirteenth Judicial circuit. He has been a member of the state legislature, and has published several volumes of poetry.

MRS. CLEVELAND is learning French. Nonsense! It will be of no account. Babies don't understand French.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

NO CONTROL OF STATE TRAFFIC.

There are some good people who do not seem yet to understand clearly that the inter-state commerce law does not affect, in the slightest, freight or passenger traffic between points within a single state. The plain fact of the matter is that Congress has no power over commerce within a state. That is a power reserved to the states themselves. The constitutional grant of power over traffic between the states is found in Article I, Sec. VIII, 3, of the constitution of the United States, which declares that Congress shall have power

> To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes.

And the inter-state commerce law itself disclaims any attempt to regulate freight or passenger rates within the boundaries of any one state in its first section, when it declares:

> That the provisions of this act shall not apply to the transportation of passengers or property or to the receiving, delivering, storage, or handling of property wholly within one state and not shipped to or from a foreign country, from or to any state or territory.

Hence it will be seen that a vast deal of nonsense has been uttered in discussing the supposed bearings of this law. A road may make any rate it likes on freight received and delivered within the limits of the same state; may issue passes good between any points good in any one state; or do anything it chooses that is not forbidden by the laws of that particular state. The state itself has control of all these things, and it is within the province of a state legislature to make suitable laws for the control of domestic commerce.

As to the possibility of evading the inter-state commerce law by reshipments or transfers at state lines, etc., it is clear that it cannot be done. The Chicago *Tribune*, speaking on this point, quotes a decision of the Supreme court of the United States to the effect that "Commerce among the states does not stop at a state line. Wherever commerce among the state goes, the power of the nation goes with it to protect and enforce its rights."

The *Tribune* goes on to say:

> Accordingly, whenever the shipment is from one state to another the transportation is governed by the inter-state commerce act from the time of leaving the point of departure until the place of destination is reached. The act carefully guards against evasions by declaring that no break of bulk, stoppage, or detention, unless necessary and made in good faith, "shall prevent the carriage of freights from being and being treated as one continuous carriage from the place of shipment to the place of destination." Schemes to break up traffic, rebill, or reship when state lines are reached would be in plain violation of the law, and such acts would be punishable with heavy fines. Whether a particular shipment was in reality inter-state or domestic would depend on the facts of the case. If the transportation was performed and completed inside a state the national law would have no application, but if it were in fact an inter-state shipment no shift or evasion would prevent it being so treated.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

CONGRESSIONAL WASTED WORK.

The Washington correspondents are calling attention to the vast amount of labor which is entirely lost, as represented by the calendars of the two houses of Congress at the expiration of the session. When the Forty-ninth Congress expired at noon to-day, there were about 2,000 measures unacted upon, all of which are killed. Very little of the years of toil represented by this vast accumulation of bills will ever be utilized in the future. Once in a great while the labors of previous committees on bills which are re-introduced are of value, but in the vast majority of cases the new committee looks at the matter with different eyes, and frames its own report.

Of these 2,000 dead measures, there are hundreds which have, in the aggregate, received quite as much discussion and deliberation in committee as would a very important case in court. Numbers of them have called for half a dozen committee meetings. The committees are composed of nine, eleven, thirteen, or fifteen members. The meetings last on an average for two hours. Thus, if there are thirteen members of the committee, and six meetings are held on a bill, the time spent upon it would be equivalent to the work of one man for 1,014 hours, or 145 days of seven hours a day. It is perfectly safe to estimate that there are 1,000 bills on the calenders which will die, representing 100 days each of labor for any lawyer, or 10,000 days altogether. Then there are 1,000 other bills which have been reported and which will die, representing a little less labor. These estimates do not include debates, but actual work in committee work, which is quite as taxing as the office work of any lawyer, as it consists of the study of books, documents, the subject-matter under consideration, and writing of reports, which is but the brief in the case. It is unlikely that more than 15 per cent. of the actual work in Congress eventuates in anything tangible—results in the enactment of laws. All the rest is labor absolutely lost—work without the slightest benefit to the country.

It is reported that the prospects are good for such changes in the rules of the next House as to make it impossible to suffer the complete control of legislation by the committee on appropriations. It is true that this has been threatened for years, and each time the majority have quietly submitted to a continuance of the existing practices. It is proposed now, however, to so amend the rules as to require certain appropriation bills to be on the calendar of the House at specified dates. This is the only way to avoid the final rush at the close of Congress and the complete control of the business of both houses by the committee on Appropriations. Members work assiduously for nearly two years for a measure, to see it cast ruthlessly aside and die, merely to please the whim of the appropriations committee.

THE select committee created by the House of Representatives at its first session to inquire into the causes and extent of western railroad strikes submitted its report on the 3d inst. After reviewing the losses sustained by the railroad companies, the strikers and community at large, which aggregated many millions of dollars, the report emphasizes what every sane man long ago admitted as true, viz: That any body of laborers have a perfect right to strike for better wages or an amelioration of their condition, but they have no right to coerce other men to follow their example or to obstruct the employer in employing other men in this country to do the work.

THE imports into the United States have been increasing. Last week they footed up a total of $10,000,000, which is $2,000,000 more than the imports for the corresponding week last year. From January 1 up to last Saturday, the total is over $78,000,000, as compared with $76,000,000 for the same period last year, and $64,000,000 for the corresponding time in 1885.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The poet Tennyson is an excessive smoker.

It is said that Sec. Endicott is a judge of rare wines.

Minister Phelps and wife have gone to the South of France.

Bland, the silver dollar man, lunches on plain bread and milk daily.

Gen. Simon Cameron has returned from Bermuda in precarious health.

Theodore Tilton is one of the most conspicuous bibliomaniacs in Paris.

It is said that Mr. Beecher has made $250,000 out of his lecture tours.

The fishing business constitutes about one-tenth of our trade with Canada.

The muster-roll of the Grand Army of the Republic shows 800,000 names.

The Kentucky governor has set apart April 2 to be observed as Arbor Day.

Carl Schurz is said to be in no danger from the result of Saturday's accident.

Prince Alexander, who was attacked with varioloid several days ago, is recovering slowly.

Anthony Comstock is at work to procure legislation to stop the advertising of medicines.

Charles Farwell, Senator-elect from Illinois, resembles Garfield in feature to a striking degree.

Wiggins has turned up again. He claims to have predicted the late European earthquake.

Rufus Hatch and his associates have just purchased a tract of 50 million acres in the Southwest.

Sen. Ingalls, during Grant's first term, edited for a time a paper in Kansas. It was a regular howler.

It is rumored that Miss Ethel Chase, the daughter of Mrs. Kate Chase, is anxious to go upon the stage.

Sec. Lamont gets the handsome salary of $7,000, Pres. Cleveland paying him $3,500 out of his own pocket.

Sen. Charles B. Farwell resembles Garfield in feature to a striking degree. So says the Boston *Traveller*.

Henry Watterson has invited Francis Murphy, the temperance apostle, to visit and labor in Louisville.

Mrs. Folsom prefers to be called "Mrs. Cleveland's mother," rather than "the President's mother-in-law."

Chauncey M. Depew will deliver the address before the reunion of the Army of the Potomac at Saratoga next season.

Miss Frances Willard will go to Michigan this week to take part in the constitutional amendment campaign in that state.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, says a London journal, will spend the latter part of the winter with her mother in New York.

Sen. Ingalls, when he delivers his satirical and striking speeches, never raises his voice above a monotone and rarely gesticulates.

Theodore Roosevelt threatens to make things lively this fall for those New Yorkers who sold him out in the mayoralty contest.

Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. August Belmont have discovered that they are distantly related through Commodore Perry of historic fame.

Dr. Barrows, for many years a professor at Andover Theological Seminary, is reported to be in failing health at his home in Oberlin, O.

Mrs. Grant was the guest of Mrs. Cleveland at the White House on last Saturday. She has since returned to her home in New York.

Allen G. Thurman has the best assortment of chickens in his neighborhood, and takes good care of them. He does not care for horses.

Henry Ward Beecher will be paid $10,000 for the second volume of his "Life of Christ." He is hard at work on the closing chapters.

The aggregate of Federal salaries paid in New York city is $2,500,000, and the aggregate of municipal salaries is about $10,000,000.

The Rev. James Freeman Clarke's physician says that he is suffering from no organic disease and that his condition is by no means hopeless.

Mrs. Cleveland's grandmother, Mrs. Ruth H. Harmon, is dangerously sick, at Jackson, Mich., and fears are entertained that she may not recover.

The Calhoun monument will be formally unveiled April 26 at Charleston, S. C., and it is proposed that the occasion be made a great state event.

The habit of chewing tobacco is going out of fashion and snuff becoming the rage in the East with men who wish to keep up with the fashions.

Thomas F. Grady, of New York, who opposed Cleveland in the Chicago convention, thinks Gov. Hill will be the next Democratic standard-bearer.

The French government has at last obtained leave from the Greek government to search at Delphi for the remains of the temple which stood there.

Tennessee's Senate has rejected a bill appropriating $1,500 for a monument to George Peabody, through whose benevolence the state was a great gainer.

The Metropolitan railway (underground) of London, carried eight and a half millions of passengers last year, and the receipts were more than $3,000,000.

Dr. Riegler, of Pesth, Hungary, has succeeded in photographing a projectile fired from a gun, during its passage through the air at the rate of 440 metres per second.

Henry Watterson's father prides himself with having shaken hands with all the Presidents since Monroe. He was in Congress with John Quincy Adams, and is now 75 years old.

The widow of Col. "Tom" Scott, the railroad magnate, now lives in regal state in Philadelphia. She was a poor Pittsburg girl, and earned her own living by painting photographs.

Mme. Kuki, the wife of the Japanese Minister at Washington, speaks the prettiest sort of crazy-quilt English, and is very proud of the accomplishment. She has a right to crow—Kuki-doodle-do.

Martin F. Tupper, according to private advices from London, is almost entirely broken down in health. He can neither read, write, nor speak intelligibly, though his mind is clear. He will be 77 next July.

A young woman of Burslem, England, has applied for a divorce because her husband will not cut his toe-nails, which are of abnormal length. She complains that she is scarred from head to foot by these.

Capt. John Ericsson, the great naval inventor, works ten hours per day. Some of the young men who are opposed to the ten-hour system should drop in after hours and take a look at the venerable toiler.

Mrs. Kate Chase declares that she finds the preparation of the biography of her father more work than she anticipated. She could make a far livelier book if she were to write the biography of her ex-husband.

Allen G. Thurman has the best assortment of chickens in his neighborhood, and takes good care of them; but, with all his wealth, he keeps no horses. Mrs. Thurman is afraid to ride and her husband does not care to.

Col. Ingersoll is almost completely out of politics, and will not deliver many more anti-religious lectures. The colonel finds his large and growing practice as a New York lawyer more lucrative than anything else just at present.

William Pinkerton, the Chicago detective, whose latest piece of work was the capture of the men who murdered Express Messenger Nichols in his car a year ago and stole $21,000, is a Hercules in build, standing over six feet and weighing 230 pounds.

Pres. Cleveland recently said to Sen. Riddleberger: "You are a pretty well abused man." "Yes," responded the Virginian. "I think we made a good pair in that line." This was before Riddleberger rang the chestnut-bell on Mr. Edmunds in the Senate.

Pittsburg possesses two wealthy little women in the Misses Stella Hays and Irwin Laughlin. The former is 14 years of age, and one of four heirs to five millions left by her grandfather. Irwin Laughlin 10 years of age, is an orphan and sole heiress to many millions.

There is presently to be erected in the cathedral of Rouen, France, a monumental statue of Rene Robert Cavalier de la Salle, the explorer of the American great lakes and the Mississippi river, and founder of the French colony of Louisiana. He was a native of Rouen.

Roswell P. Flower is brought out by the Washington Sentinel, organ of the brewers, as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. This Flower is perennially up for something, but his budding booms are always nipped by an untimely frost, and result in nothing but leaves.

Mrs. Cleveland has kept strictly to her rule of never going out except to the houses of members of the cabinet, and, as they entertain very little, occasions of her appearances in Washington society have been few and far between. She is improving this season in studying French.

The young Princesses of Wales take great interest in the poultry-yard when at Sandringham, and, armed with baskets of scraps, pay a matutinal visit to their pet bantams and Houdans. Lately they have taken to dressmaking, and show considerable aptitude at the cutting out and fitting branch.

Ida Getchell, a determined young Cincinnati belle, has recalled the invitations to her wedding to T. B. Harris, of the same city, because she discovered that her prospective husband was leading a dissolute life during their courtship. The cast-off groom is a young man of brilliant parts, and is the son of a leading Methodist minister.

Gen. Beale, of Washington, is one of the largest landed proprietors in the United States. His cattle ranch, Tejon, embraces 250,000 acres, 80 miles north of Los Angeles, Cal., upon which are 40,000 head of cattle and horses. He has a farm of several hundred acres eight miles from Washington, where he has a stud of blooded stock. He also possesses a large estate in Chester, Pa.

Princess Miriam Likelike died at Honolulu February 2, aged 36 years. A sister of his Majesty King Kalakaua, she was the daughter of the high Chief and Chiefess Kapaakea and Keohokalole. Princess Likelike was married September 22, 1870, to the Hon. Archibald Scott Cleghorn, member of the House of Nobles and of the Privy Council of State, and is the only member of the royal family having issue. Hence her only child, the Princess Kaiulani, who was 11 years old the 16th of October last, is heiress presumptive to the throne.

TAXING RUM TO DEATH.

Some Further Opinions of the Blade's Readers Upon this Topic.

After a close observation of the workings of the Rum Power in Kansas, where they have Prohibition, and in Missouri, where they have high license, I have come to the conclusion that the only safe, sure and effective way to check the spread of intemperance is to tax Rum to such an extent that it will be too much of a luxury for any but the wealthy to even smell of it; then if a few loafers and dandy dudes drink and die, it will be a blessing instead of a curse.—ABNER M. DYER.

Since reading the article in the BLADE entitled "Why not Tax the Rum Traffic out of Existence?" I feel, as I have felt many times when reading similar articles on this all-absorbing subject, constrained to say something; and thinking it my duty perhaps not to always keep silent and wait for others to speak, I am persuaded to write a few lines.

"Prohibition does not prohibit," is the frequent cry of many of the friends of Rum. If Prohibition does not prohibit, why should Prohibition trouble them? Why are they not content to permit Prohibition to have full sway throughout the length and breadth of this land? The fact that they seem so greatly concerned and oppose it so fiercely is ample proof that Prohibition does prohibit, at least to the extent of making it impossible for many of the hard drinkers to obtain as much Rum as they would like. And they are fearful lest the general spread of Prohibition renders it not possible to get enough of the vile stuff to keep the fire of intemperance burning.

I hope the good people who have fought so well and long to overthrow that inhuman, vile and murderous king, Rum, will not be induced by that old and deceptive war cry of the enemy that "prohibition does not prohibit" to halt, now that victory is almost in sight. It would be like abandoning your own residence when on fire and saying water will not extinguish the flames, because one barrel of water has failed to quench them.

As any ordinary fire, regardless of size, can be extinguished if there be water enough thrown upon it, so can the great and devastating Rum fire be quenched if there be enough of the cooling and purifying waters of Prohibition poured upon it. And it does not matter much whether this be done by laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of Rum, or by imposing a tax sufficient to eventually prohibit its manufacture. Of the two methods, the latter seems the most feasible, as it will doubtless be the more gradual.

We cannot expect to eradicate such a wide-spread and deep-rooted evil without some heroic measures. The old saying, that "The only way to break a man of drinking is to break his neck," does not miss the truth much, for it usually requires some desperate method. I feel sure that thinking and observing humanity generally will agree that there is not much hope for any one who has become a slave to, or contracted taste for Rum. The appetite is stronger than the will and triumphantly leads its victim to seek, and compels him to drink to his own destruction, so long as the vile stuff can be had by any means no matter how dishonorable.

As it was found necessary to blow up many buildings in Chicago during the great fire in order to remove the fuel from the flame and prevent the fire spreading, and by that means save the city; so it will be found necessary to remove the flame, Rum, from the fuel, the consumer, by some equally heroic measure, if need be, in order to stop the spread of the Rum-fire to the rising generation and preserve the nation. For heaven's sake save the boys, the hope of the nation.—MAY HARMON.

After reading your article on taxing spirituous liquors would say it meets my hearty approval. I have long been an ardent advocate of taxing alcoholic liquors. I saw with the deepest regret the tax reduced from $2.00 to 90 cents per gallon. As it now stands in my opinion it should be raised to $3.00 and then $5.00 and so on until drunkenness has received its death blow. It may be objected that it would be a hardship to those who use it for medicinal and art purposes; but I think they would be the last to complain. Besides, such a course would be effectual. Now, in states where prohibitory laws are in existence, the law is evaded; but raise the price by taxation on the distillers, so as to place it beyond the reach of the drinking men, and the object is accomplished; it can't be evaded.

The effort to amend the national constitution I regard as a moral and political impossibility. But this plan requires a bare majority of each House and the President's approval, and can be effected. The third party would oppose such a measure, as they are opposed to taxing whisky in every respect. I wish to call your readers' attention to the fact that they are in no sense a temperance party, but have opposed every temperance measure and every temperance man who has been up for office, and have invariably worked for free whisky men where they have had a chance. Mr. Editor, your object and mine is not to build up doubtful parties, but to stop drunkenness.—SOLON C. MORGAN, Cimarron, Kan.

I notice in your issue of February 10 you strike the key-note, in my humble opinion, to the successful "pulverization of the rum power." You say it is a new idea with you; not so with me; it has always, or for some time, at least, been my favorite remedy. I cannot agree with our third party Prohibition friends as to that being the way, for I think as long as parties exist there will be the two great parties, if not the Democratic and Republican parties, then they will exist under some other name, but be substantially the same; then that being the case, party ties and prejudices are too strong for most people to vote for measures enacted by another party. And again, any other or third party must necessarily be an offshoot, weak and unable to accomplish the desired end. I, like yourself, do not antagonize any method that will or may be successful, but the plan you have suggested in your issue of the 10th I think the most feasible one that could be devised.

I might say right here that I have differed some with your plan, mine being to tax the saloons out of existence, yours being tax the manufacture out of existence. In the one case there would be none for the saloons to sell, and in the other no saloon to sell the infernal soul and body destroying beverage. We now have the Dow law. I think the best we have ever had in the state, and under its influence there has been fourteen saloons closed in this county (Richland,) and now the people have had, as it were, a foretaste of its good effects; now let the people become somewhat educated to it, and then give the screw another turn, and after a while another and so on, still agitating the matter and battling for the right, keeping the matter as far away from politics as possible and by and by we will "come out more than conquerors through Him that loved us," for the Lord is always on the side of right.

I had intended to say something about the saloon, or will I say hell-hole, keeper, but he is so far beneath my contempt and I so utterly abhor him, I desist. Mr. Editor, I believe this is my first for publication on this subject, and I don't know that I should have written had not the article embraced my views so well, together with the fact that you invited the opinion of your readers. I, like yourself, should like to hear from a number of correspondents on this subject and let all good people contribute their mite and thus assist in "pulverizing the rum power."—WASHINGTON MCBRIDE, Mansfield, O.

Queen Vic's Washington Property.

It is said that Queen Victoria owns property in the District of Columbia.—*World.*

Of course she does. And her house is worth at least $120,000, and the estimable old lady clapped down a sidewalk in front of it without waiting to be warned twice about it, and she built a nice high fence around the back yard. Three or four other kings and queens own houses here, too, and thirty-eight states have undivided bits of which they can claim title. This is a much-owned city.—*Washington Post.*

The *Post* refers to the various buildings occupied by the foreign legations at Washington, many of which are owned by the governments occupying them. Queen Victoria owns no real estate in her own name in America.

So Near, and Yet So Far.

"These cakes may be hot when they leave the kitchen, Mrs. Scrapple," said Young Hyson, "but they're not fit to eat by the time they reach the table." "I shouldn't wonder," said the landlady with a sigh. "The dining room's so far away from every place. I see by the papers that the Government had $500,000 printed in brand-new bills last week, but I expect by the time any of it gets to this room it'll be so ragged and faded I can't pass a cent of it." And Young Hyson's back turned so cold that the iciest buckwheat cake in all Greenland would have burned to a blister on it, and he spent all the morning wondering where he could borrow $40.—*Burdette.*

—Dr. Robert Hunter, of Chicago, says: "The lungs are never cured through the stomach. Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption can be cured only by inhaling the proper remedies, in the form of vapor, into the air tubes and cells of the lungs, thus directly reaching the seat of disease." He has treated thousands of cases successfully in this way in all parts of the Union. His address is 103 State street, Chicago.

★ RHEUMATISM ★

I had inflammatory rheumatism. For nearly a year I had to be fed and turned in bed. I could find no relief. My stomach was ruined and cut to pieces with powerful medicines taken to effect a cure, so that I was compelled to live on bread and water. I suffered over 25 years in this way. I was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and

I AM NOW WELL,

thanks to this medicine. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is my best friend. With it I am enabled to enjoy a good night's rest, also food such as meat and pastry, which I have been deprived of for 25 years. If any should doubt this statement I will send the proof at once. GARRETT LANSING, Troy, N. Y. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Rondout, N. Y. All druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

BLAZING DIAMONDS.

Comparatively a Modern Discovery—he Sultan of Turkey Owns the Finest Collection in the World—Curious Fluctuations in the Value of the Diamond.

Strange to say the diamond is a modern improvement. Tavernier asserts, probably with truth, that no large diamonds were in the market before the sixteenth century. The first diamonds came from India, especially Ceylon; the second large supply from Brazil, which produced them so fast that the price fell to $4 a carat. It was probably about that time that the great royal collections of diamonds were made.

The collection belonging to the sultan of Turkey, which is probably the finest in the world, dates prior to the discovery of America, and undoubtedly came from Asia. One Turkish Pasha alone left the empire at his death seven table-cloths embroidered with diamonds and 60 bushels of fine pearls. In the last war with Russia, in 1878, Turkey borrowed $30,000,000 from the Ottoman bank on the security of crown jewels. The cashier of the bank was admitted to the treasure chamber, and was told to help himself until he had enough to secure his advances. "I selected enough," said he, "to secure the bank against loss in any event; but the removal of the gems I took made no gap in the accumulation."

The Russians have the largest diamond in the world, the Orloff, which weighs 194¾ carats and forms the apex of the Russian sceptre. The French diamond, known as the Regent, which was stolen at the famous robbery of the crown jewels in 1792, and was afterward found in a ditch, is 136 carats, and was valued at $2,500,000 a hundred years ago. Who on earth would give $2,500,000 for a stone? Estimating the value of money at 5 per cent, the owner of such a gem would spend $125,000 a year in loss of interest. The famous blue diamond, the Sancy, which was stolen at the same time, has never been recovered. Perhaps the robber hid it and died before he thought it safe to dig it up. Perhaps he was killed and his secret died with him. At any rate it is gone. Louis Napoleon invested several millions in diamonds; it is partly on the proceeds of these jewels that his widow has been supporting herself every since his death. The English Koh-i-noor is 102¼ carats, but it has been so badly cut that its value is a matter of uncertainty. The English nobility have always been lovers of the diamond. When the duke of Buckingham was sent to Paris to fetch the future Queen Henrietta, he wore a suit of clothes valued at $250,000. It was made of satin and uncut velvet, set all over with diamonds, and the diamonds were so loosely sewn that flew off as the duke walked, and persons of base degree picked them up and carried them off. Prince Esterhazy is said to have exhibited similar ostentation at Almack's.

The gem lover will find no such jewels as these in this country. Occasionally, in the East, one reads of a diamond necklace or a diamond parure selling for $40,000. There was at one time a purseproud parvenu in the United States Senate who wore a $10,000 diamond in his shirt front. Gov. Stanford spent $80,000 in diamonds at Tiffany's some years ago, and some of the ladies in San Francisco, whose jewel cases the reporter is not privileged to describe, contain gems representing a sum which would constitute a fortune in an ordinary family. There are diamond necklaces here for sale at $2,500 to $3,500 which would be as effective in a ball-room as a string of gems of five times the size. There is one ring here which contains a big diamond weighing 4½ carats and two fair rubies; it is worth $7,650, and is no doubt cheap at the price. But who would like to go through life with the sobriquet of the Man with the Ring?

It is curious to note the fluctuations in the price of diamonds. About 300 years ago they were quoted at $225 a carat. Fifty years later we find them selling at $105 a carat. A hundred and fifty years latter the supply from Brazil had increased so large that one-carat stones sold for $40, and shortly afterward at $4. From this point they rallied to $31 per carat at the time of the French revolution; then, under the pressure of the supply from exiled French noblesse, they fell again to $20. During the first 60 or 79 years of this century they rose steadily, and twenty years ago they were quoted at about $100 carat. Now, Mr. Henry D. Morse of Boston gives the following prices of diamonds at the present time:

Stones averaging one-half carat each, $60 per carat.

Stones averaging three-quarter carat each, $80 per carat.

Stones averaging one carat each, $100 per carat.

Stones averaging one and one-quarter carats each, $110 per carat.

Stones averaging one and one-half carats each, $125 per carat.

Stones averaging one and three-quarter carats each, $145 per carat.

Stones averaging two carats each, $175 per carat.

In other words, the value of the gem increases in the geometrical ratio of its weight. Four diamonds weighing together two carats are worth $120; but one diamond weighing just as much is worth $350. Stones weighing over two carats are about the same price per carat as two-caart stones; they should be dearer, but they are not, simply because the demand for them is limited. If the demand for diamonds were as imperative as the demand for flour or beef the geometrical ratio would again come into play, and five-carat stones would be valued in the thousands.

It is not likely that the diamond of moderate size will ever be much lower in value than it is now. In the words of a popular writer: "The diamond is the very essence of property. It is riches condensed; too small to be seen by the midnight burglar; too easily hid to be seized by the tyrant; too quickly carried away to be wrested from the exile or the outlaw. A diamond is a portable empire." It is no wonder the persecuted ex-monarchs of Hindostan put their money in diamonds against British rapacity.

There is a firm in New York which cuts diamonds, and which performed a good job on that remarkable stone which was discovered a few years ago on the bank of the James river, opposite Richmond, Va. But Amsterdam holds an easy pre-eminence in diamond cutting, and its work goes to London or Paris for sale, where our dealers find it. Diamonds, like editors, can only be cut by themselves. Diamond dust is the only material that will impinge the surface of the raw diamond.

The tendency of modern taste is toward simplicity in shape and artistic decoration in design. The belle of the modern ballroom is amazed to see the massive handcuffs which her mother wore in the guise of bracelets, with little spikes hanging from them, on which the ardent lover impaled his fingers when he tried to clasp Angelina's hand. The modern bracelet is a plain, narrow hoop of gold, with a rich stone set in it. When Buchanan was president and the gentleman of the South declared that they were going to die in the last ditch, girls wore earrings which were ponderous masses of gold, with a few precious stones set in them in odd corners, and which distended the holes in their pretty ears, so that bad brothers could stick a lead-pencil in them. The modern earring is a simple jewel—pearl or diamond. It has a setting to hold it in place, but the jeweler exhausts his art to conceal the setting, so that it shall not be detected, and that the gem, of purest ray serene, shall seem to hang on beauty's ear by the attraction of affinity. And rings! Does any one remember the monstrous cables which old Mrs. Crœsus used to wear in the days of our mothers, in which gold and rubies and diamonds and pearls were massed together, so that when you shook hands with her you fancied you had got hold of a curtain ring which had been battered out of shape? In the modern ring the gold modestly effaces itself, leaving the gem to shine in solitary radiance. And think of the chains our grandmammas used to fasten to their watches—none of your footy little things that the Philistine couldn't see as he passed, but solid, massive chains by which a dog could have been secured in his kennel or a small boat moored to its landing-place. Watchchains nowadays are modest, unobtrusive objects, which hold the watch in place, but which shrink from public view and timidly shun the admiration their exquisite embroidery might sometimes command.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Maid of the Olden Times.

Naomi was 580 years old when she got married. Truly the bible is a great consoler.

THE RESULTS OF A GREAT CRIME.

The Fate of Boston Corbett Makes a Thrilling Finish to a Series of Startling Tragedies.

TOPEKA, Kas., March 2.—The incarceration of Boston Corbett in the Topeka insane asylum ends the public career of all that circle of notable people that were so closely identified with the history of the awful tragedy enacted in Washington the evening of April 14, 1865, when Pres. Lincoln and his wife and Maj. Henry Rathbone and his step-sister, Miss Clara Harris, occupied a box at Ford's theatre, in Washington. Pres. Lincoln was that night assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth during the play then being produced, called "Our American Cousin." The assassin attempted to escape, but was followed and compelled to take refuge in a barn, where he was surrounded by troops and the barn set on fire. While the flames were rapidly approaching the cowering form of the crippled actor he was shot dead by one of the troops named Boston Corbett. This Corbett was a sergeant, and for having disobeyed the order not to shoot Booth, Col. Conger, who was in charge of the troops, declared that he should be taken back to Washington under arrest, but no record can be found to the effect that this delaration was ever carried into effect, and Corbett went unpunished.

Mrs. Lincoln afterwards became insane, and died some years ago.

The other two occupants of the box at Ford's Theater afterward married. Maj. Rathbone was the son of Mrs. Rathbone of Albany, by her first husband, and Clara Harris was the daughter of Ira Harris, United States Senator from New York, by his first wife. The surviving parents married, making Maj. Rathbone and Miss Clara Harris step-brother and step-sister. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone lived happily together, and children came to bless their home. But the awful scenes of that eventful night so shocked the nerves of Maj. Rathbone that they never recovered. It will be remembered that he endeavored to prevent the fatal shot fired by the actor, and was himself wounded in the arm by a dagger in the hands of Booth. Although a young man, Maj. Rathbone became depressed in spirts, and after his marriage he continued to grow more despondent, until the family went abroad in the vain hope might recover from the shock he had experienced. Shortly afterward, however, the news came to America that Maj. Rathbone had killed the wife he loved so well, having re-enacted the scenes of the Washington tragedy, using first a knife, as Booth had a dagger, and then a pistol. The unfortunate man now languishes in a madhouse in Germany.

The closing scene in this strange, eventful story was the election of Boston Corbett as assistant doorkeeper of the Kansas House of Representatives, his action in adjourning that august body by drawing his revolver on the speaker, and his incarceration in the Topeka insane asylum, where he is at present confined, a hopeless wreck mentally and physically. The shooting of Booth has long been a ghastly spectacle before his eyes, in his waking and sleeping hours, until reason deserted the throne so haunted by the scene of that dark night when he had killed the assassin of Pres. Lincoln, without excuse or provocation, and against orders.

Thus, with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, a tragedy itself without parallel, sprang into prominence the names of five other persons, all destined to fates so awful that there probably never has been or ever will be recorded a like counterpart.

A RATTLING ARRAIGNMENT

Of the Democratic Administration and the Democratic Party—The New York World Speaks Its Mind, and Very Freely, Too.

NEW YORK, March 5.—The *World*, this morning, says, editorially: We have shown that the result of the first two years of Democratic administration has been, in a large way, beneficial to the country.

What has been its effect upon the Democratic party?

Has the party carried out its pledges?

Have its voters been satisfied with the results thus far achieved?

Is the party strengthened in consequence of the policy pursued by the President and by the action of Congress?

Taking the elections of last year as a test, the Democrats appear to have been weakened rather than strengthened. They lost more than 30 of their majority in the House of Representatives, and they lost the important states of Indiana and Virginia. The decline of party discipline and unity is likewise marked.

The Senatorial election wrangles in several states, and the divisions within the party line in Congress, are proofs of this. Indifference to party obligations in the President has bred indifference among the voters and the local leaders. The party has not, at the present time either the united enthusiasm for a leader or the harmonious devotion to a policy of government necessary to insure a great and determined national canvass.

There are obvious reasons for this state of things. If the first half of the administration has not been as bad as the Republicans predicted it, it has not been quite as good—in the sense of being fruitful in results—as the Democrats expected. The campaign of 1884 was fought upon sharply defined issues.

The Democrats demanded a "change in policy, in measures and in men."

They affirmed that "The frauds and jobbery in every department of the government" called for reform.

They pointed to "A surplus of more than $100,000,000 a year collected yearly from a suffering people" as indicating the need of a change.

And they pledged themselves to "Purify the administration from corruption, to restore economy and to reduce taxation to the lowest limit consistent with the preservation of the faith of the nation."

How few of these things have been done! No "frauds and jobbery" have been uncovered by the administration—though not for the reason, as millions of Democrats believe—that such things do not exist. If the surplus has been reduced it has been by squandering the revenues, not by abating taxation. Is it any wonder that there is disappointment and dissatisfaction in the party?

As it is, between the inaction of the President and the inability of the House, the Democratic party has gained little from the first two years of power except what comes from the demonstration that it has not done the bad things predicted of it, and that it does not make a very great difference to the republic which party has control of the government.

THRILLING TALE OF THE SEA.

The Fatal Rule of Three Held Good—Tragic Ending of An Ill-Fated Voyage—A Hint for W. Clark Russell.

NEW YORK, March 5.—The steamship Ozama, Capt. Kelly, which arrived yesterday from San Domingo, reports that the German bark Argo, last from St. Thomas, went on the rocks under Fort Picolet, became a total wreck, and was sold.

The Argo's unlucky voyage was peculiarly fatal to her skippers. Capt. Stitch died on the passage from Rangoon to Rio Janeiro. The mate assumed command, and died in Rio Janeiro. The second officer then took charge of the vessel.

Two captains had died on board in a voyage. The sailors, naturally superstitious, began to think that fate had marked the bark and her commanders for destructions. Day after day of the pleasant voyage up the coast passed, however, and they sped along under a fair wind. Storms seemed unknown, they recovered their wonted spirits, and visions of disaster haunted them less and less.

St. Thomas was sighted, and for a day the Argo rode at anchor in the harbor. Then she sailed for Cape Haytien, and her third captain congratulated himself that the voyage was nearly done. How nearly done it was for himself and the good Argo he did not guess.

When Cape Haytien came in view on February 18 the captain stood at the wheel.

Suddenly there was a bump, and the grinding and wrenching told them the Argo was on rocks.

She had struck on the outer reef.

Then the third and final tragedy of the Argo's last voyage was enacted.

The captain rushed below. Not one of the crew had a thought of what was in his mind.

He came tearing up the companion way and the startled crew saw a revolver in his hand.

They wondered what he intended to do. Their wonder turned to horror.

The captain leaped to the rail, placed the revolver at his head, fired and with a cry toppled over the side of the vessel. Not a trace of his body was seen again. As soon as the crew recovered from their horror they took to the boats and rowed ashore. Hardly had they land when, looking back, they saw the Argo glide off of the rocks. With all sails set and no one at the wheel she started on a short and final cruise. For half an hour she cruised the harbor. Then she struck the rocks again, time to stay until broken up. The crew returned to Germany on a ship which sailed soon after.

A Bird's-Eye View of a Bustle.

When you see something in a window that cannot by any possibility be of any use on anybody's figure, that can't keep anything warm or fit anywhere, you may know it is a portion of a woman's costume.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A MEDICINE, NOT A DRINK

High Authority.

Hop bitters is not, in any sense an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM,
U. S. Com'r. Internal Rev.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1884.

Dear Sir—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters. His is a wonderful case. He is well known in Rochester, N. Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York, in fact all over the country, as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his card would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your bitters. J. A. W.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at two years before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—*The Parents—Good Templars.*

Milton, Del., Feb. 10, 1886.

Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine, and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic bitters. Respectfully,

REV. MRS. J. H. ELLGOOD.

Scipio, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1881.

I am the pastor of the Baptist church here and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been greatly benefitted and still uses the medicine. I believe she will become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady; and he has remained a steady and sober man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.

BARNUM ON TEMPERANCE.

The Great Showman As a Prohibition Candidate for President.

It having been reported that the veteran showman, P. T. Barnum, stood a good chance of being the standard-bearer of the Prohibition party for President in 1888, a reporter asked him if it was true. He replied: "Last year I was asked to bear the standard of that party for the Presidency but gave no answer. I have heard that the same is to be tendered to me this year, but so far it has not been done. I have been a teetotaler since 1847—40 years. During that time I have spoken a great deal against the evils of intemperance and in favor of total abstinence. I still believe intemperance is a vice and a curse. At the same time I do not think the issue should be made one for the formation of a third party, for I do not think it can be made successful. I believe that no license should be granted for less than $200, and when there are plenty of bidders at that price the rate ought to be increased. Saloons are a curse to the young men. There was nothing of the kind when I was a young man. If we are to have saloons, there should be one to every adult, then the evil would die out from its very monstrosity. My friends say licensing saloons is to give the trade a color of legality. Granted. But with high license, stringent regulations as to location and character of the keeper, the traffic may be made respectable, if a thing as a respectable saloon or saloon-keeper can be found. Druggists who sell liquor by wholesale do more harm than the open saloon. We have local option in many parts of moral Connecticut, and in villages and small places the liquor traffic is prohibited by the votes of the people themselves. They may have clubs where liquor is obtainable by members, but the young men not members can not drop in and take a drink. In cities such a thing as prohibition is not possible. The temperance advocates should use all their influence with the regular political parsies and compel them to adopt temperance laws, for positive prohibition will never succeed until the millenium."

Takes a Woman to Say This.

Husband—"I see by the papers that Mrs. A.'s reception was a brilliant affair."

Wife—"Oh, very likely; there are none of her acquaintances can afford to wear real diamonds."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

SWEET POTATO SEED from 40 acres. Improved Nansemond, Early Golden and all leading varieties. Best stock, lowest prices. 3,000,000 plants in May and June. Write for circular; special prices on big lots. W. W. RATHBONE, Marietta, O.

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, shewing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will *you* buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your mochine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The four divines	65
The four generals	65
The entire set of eight	1 15

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

L.S.L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. THIRD GRAND DRAWING, CLASS C, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **March 15, 1887,—202d** Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000
1,000 "	50	50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$30,000
100 " "	200	20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
2,179 Prizes, amounting to		$535,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans. For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La. or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what numbers will draw a Prize. All parties therefore advertising to guarantee Prizes in this Lottery, or holding out any other impossible inducements, are swindlers, and only aim to deceive and defraud the unwary.

Photos strictly for gents. Samples, sealed, 25c. 20 for $1. Otway Novelty Co. Otway, O.

EMPLOYMENT GOOD SALARY AND ALL EXPENSES PAID At home or to travel: state which preferred also salary wanted. SLOAN & CO. Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers, 294 George St., Cincinnati, O.

THE BEST

BOOKS For the Winter.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book-store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friend every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

NASBY IN EXILE

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $3.00. Price now postpaid by mail, $2.00, or with BLADE one year, $2.85.

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

BLADE, Toledo, O.

THIS GREAT PREMIUM ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Farm and Household, the well-known Literary and Farm Paper, now in its 8th year, has already over 100,000 subscribers and is, without question, the most **popular farm and home paper** in the United States. It is elegantly printed and illustrated on fine paper and its contributors are the ablest and best in each department that money can procure. It has been our custom each year to offer some great Premium, worth in itself many times more than the price of the paper, to secure new subscribers, knowing that if once subscribers they will never leave us, and **we propose to add 100,000 new subscribers during the next 6 months,** if money and enterprise will accomplish it. This year we offer the premium illustrated above. It has **beautiful Gold Plated, Engraved Hunting Cases, is a stem-winder and stem-setter, with patent adjustment and stem-winding arrangement with Calendar,** and tells the days of the month as well as the time of day. A gold plated Chain goes with each. It is entirely new, being patented **Feb. 9, 1886, and will not be sold by watch dealers or jewelers.** We own the patent exclusively and it can only be secured in connection with our paper. **HOW YOU CAN GET ONE FREE:** Send $1.00 in stamps, bill, money order or postal note for **one year's subscription to Farm and Household,** and we will send it in a nice Case, with Gold Plated Chain, **Absolutely FREE and Postpaid, as a Premium. THIS OFFER IS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY** and cannot be accepted by those already subscribers or any other member of their family. **WILL NOT BE SOLD SEPARATE.** As this Great Premium is intended solely to secure **new subscribers, we will not sell it at any price.** Weigh it and the only way you can secure it is to send $1.00 for one year's subscription to Farm and Household, when it will be sent you safely packed, by return mail, Free and Post-paid, as a premium. **References:** We have been so long before the public as enterprising publishers that we are well known to all newspaper publishers and no doubt, to most of their readers. Any Bank, Merchant, Publisher or Express Agent in Connecticut can tell you of our absolute reliability. Address **PUBLISH'S FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, WALLINGFORD, CONN.**

BIG PAY FOR LITTLE WORK.

Every Friend of the Blade Should Read this Carefully.

$2,000.00!!

TO BE GIVEN AWAY IN PREMIUMS.

WHO WILL GET THEM?

The Blade Company wants to Give Away $2,000 in Valuable Property, which it proposes to do in this way:

WE OFFER—

For the largest number of subscribers sent us by any one person between the date of this issue and the First of May, 1887, A FIRST CLASS STANDARD PIANO, worth	$650 00
To the one sending us the next largest number, A CABINET ORGAN, worth	300 00
To the one sending the third largest number, A FIRST-CLASS SINGER SEWING MACHINE, worth	75 00
To the raisers of the next 25 largest, each A BLADE SEWING MACHINE, worth each	18 00
To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs a choice of books, either "Andersonville" or "Nasby in Exile," worth each	3 50
To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs, each a Waterbury Watch, worth each	3 50
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs a choice of the books "Social Etiquette," or "Health and Beauty," worth each	1 00
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs, a copy of the magnificent steel engraving, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," worth $10 each, but sold by us at	1 00

Now, mind you, here are 328 premiums to be given 328 people, no matter how few subscribers they send in. We shall keep an accurate record of the names sent in by the contestants, and on the first day of May, 1887, the premiums will be awarded from our books. And please remember this: If you are going to send any clubs at all, you may as well try to reach one of these premiums. You get the commissions you are entitled to, in accordance with our terms to agents, which have been sent all who applied for them, just the same. These premiums are over and above commissions, and have nothing to do with them. If you send ten subscribers you retain your commission just the same, paying you for your work, anyhow, and if the ten should entitle you to one of these premiums you get the premium in addition to your commissions. Now note

CONDITIONS:

Those intending to contest for these premiums should so state in each letter containing names and remittances, and the number of subscribers they have sent, that they may know, as well as ourselves, how many they are getting.

These premiums are awarded for yearly subscribers, but in the competition four three months subscribers will be allowed to count for one yearly, and two six months for one yearly. In these cases our three and six months rates must be observed.

If you send single names your commissions to be retained will be at the rate made known in our postal card to agents. When you remit in clubs of ten your commission will be larger, as stated in our terms.

We will not accept checks upon country banks, as it costs a heavy percentage to collect. Currency in registered letters, drafts on New York or Chicago, postal orders and postal notes are what we take. Never send postage stamps if you can help it.

These premiums will not be allowed the regular Subscription agencies. They are only for those who make an effort to earn them by extending the circulation of the paper.

Who May Secure These Premiums?

Any one who has a little time to spend in the day time or evening—school-teachers, farmers, wives or daughters, boys or girls, mechanics' wives or daughters, any one who has a little energy, and some acquaintance in a neighborhood. THE WEEKLY BLADE is the easiest paper in the world to canvass for. It is the handsomest, best-printed, best-edited, largest, and best paper in the world. Everybody knows of it, it needs no talking about, no introduction, but if any one wants a paper and knows the difference between a good and bad article they will take the BLADE at once. It has the largest circulation of any Family Newspaper in the United States, which it has attained solely on its merits.

Drop a postal card asking us to send special terms to Agents.

SPECIMEN COPIES

Will be sent to you in any number that you want. You should have specimens to show, as the showing of a specimen to a newspaper reader settles it. Send for as many as you can use, and they will be promptly mailed to you.

IN CONCLUSION.

Go to work now at once, and earn one of these premiums. Of course only a few can secure the big premiums, but if you don't get any, you will get good pay for what work you do. At least one person at every postoffice can make a very acceptable addition to their pocket-money this winter by canvassing for the BLADE, the old, reliable family paper of the United States. And it is not going to take very much work to secure the big premiums, or one of the smaller ones anyhow.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

II.—(Continued.)

The morning of the third day Ted was awake bright and early. His mother had told him the night before that if all went well, he should be allowed to go into the sitting-room and sit in "mamma's barm chair," as little Will called it. Ted regarded it as a great event, and no doubt it was as important in his childish eyes, as many an epoch in the lives of older people which they expect will alter their whole surroundings.

I noticed that she had repeated the dose of citrate of magnesia again and again.

"Why do you give him that?" I asked.

"To correct any little derangement of the stomach and digestive organs," she responded. "It is a perfectly safe medicine at all times for the children and I make it a point to keep it in the house whenever it is possible. Fortunately I had just purchased a fresh supply."

Ted's breakfast consisted of a slice or two of milk toast, which was nicely prepared, and which he was very fond of.

"I shall keep him for several days upon a milk diet," said my friend, "unless he tires of it. If he does I will vary it with eggs, baked potatoes and rice. It is not best to allow him meat or any heavy food, while he is taking no out-of-door exercise. This is to guard against fever to which of course there is a natural tendency."

Later in the forenoon I called her attention to his furred tongue.

"Yes, I have noticed that," she replied. "It is nothing alarming, being only the natural result of the diminution of a high temperature."

Reader, did you ever try to keep a boy amused in the house when he longed to be out of doors? Did you ever rack your brain for answers to the questions which his active mind, let loose, was bringing forward for your consideration hour after hour? Were you ever in the condition of pump worked dry, but with some indefatigable pumper utterly oblivious to the fact? Have you ever felt as if under a press until squeezed to a pulp and yet the torture went mercilessly on? If so, then you can imagine our condition during those days of Ted's convalescence. If there were regions of thought which that youngster's imagination did not explore, I do not know where they were. Of course, I was not victimized to the same extent that his mother was, and I looked at her serene, smiling face, her air of interest in what he was interested in, even when I knew she was ready to drop with fatigue, with the most unstinted admiration.

A week of such treatment passed away with no bad symptoms. Ted grew stronger and was allowed more freedom, though with his arm in a sling, he had not much latitude in his play with his brothers. On the seventh morning she told me that she was going to see how much the burn had healed. Up to that time she had not disturbed the first dressing. Taking her scissors, she began to cut the cotton away little by little. It was easy to discover that the redness had receded, and that the wound was healing rapidly. The next morning she repeated the process, and the next, by which time the cotton was all off to the elbow. Here was a little difficulty. In cutting away the dressing, she found it was clinging to two or three blisters, and it did not come off readily. She cut around those leaving the cotton on them, but soaked them with warm water in which a little fine white castile soap had been dissolved. The water was applied with a soft linen cloth, which was then wrung out and again applied in order to dry off the cotton, and was followed by wrapping in a dry bandage. This was continued until the blisters were healed, and the dressing came off of itself.

After the first week Ted was permitted to go out of doors for a little while each day, and how happy he was. By the tenth day the dressings were all off, and though a dry bandage was retained a few days longer to prevent the tender new skin from chafing, the terrible burn was really well.

The day upon which the last dressing was dispensed with, and my friend showed me how perfectly the wound had healed, we were talking together with regard to its treatment and its result. I expressed some surprise that she had not, in all those ten or eleven days, thought it necessary to change the dressings.

"That was to keep it entirely from the air, and let Nature go on and do her work unmolested. Had I disturbed the wrappings it would, very likely, have been three weeks in getting well instead of the short time it has taken. It used to be considered a necessity to change them every day, but the best physicians think otherwise now, and common sense, with good results, bear out their views. But there are people and people. All constitutions would not have yielded so easily as has my little Ted's."

"I am curious to know what you would have done, had his arm refused to make up with our offended Dame Nature?"

"I should have taken no chances, but sent off for a physician. The third day told the story. Had the fever and high temperature refused to be controlled by cooling drinks, and the anodyne had no effect in making him sleep, I should have been sure that inflammation had set in, and that the case was a serious one which required professional experience to carry through safely."

"How can you tell when the fever is rising?"

"By the pulse and temperature. If you will remember what the natural pulse is, you will have no difficulty. Everybody ought to know this, but many do not."

"No, they are ignoramuses like myself," I groaned.

"Well," she replied laughing, "the pulse of an infant a year old should beat from 110 to 115 times a minute. That of a child three years old and upward, from 85 to 95 times; one twelve and above from 75 to 85 times; an adult's 65 to 80 times, and an old person's 50 to 60. When it goes above the higher of these numbers in any case there is trouble ahead. Remember, too, that an increase of ten pulsations in a minute indicates the rise of one degree in the temperature of the body. You see that a little careful attention and observation will tell you what you have to hope or fear."

"Burns are terrible things." I said, "but you seem to know wonderfully well what to do for them."

"I have had some experience before," she responded, "and one that came near being terribly serious."

"How was that? I do not remember hearing about it."

"No, for after it was all over the very thought made even my strong nerves quiver with excitement and dread, and I rarely mention it. You have heard of Ned's beautiful young sister, Mary. She came to spend several weeks with me last winter. Full of buoyant life and high spirits she pervaded the whole house with her presence to the delight of each and every one of the family.

"One day she had been rummaging in the garret and came across an old trunk full of the finery that had belonged to her grandmother. Among other things that pleased her fancy was an India muslin dress, fine and airy as a cobweb. It was made in the quaint fashion of those days, and girl-like she determined to try its effect upon herself.

"I was sitting here sewing not far from the grate in which a bright fire was blazing, when she came dancing like a sprite into the room. Standing before me, she made a low courtesy, and then pirouetted around singing, "I dreampt I dwelt in marble halls," while I looked at her in admiration. Suddenly,—I do not know how it happened, I could never quite see—the dress swept the grate and was aflame in a moment. O, the agony of that sight! Her song was changed to a shriek of "Save me! save me!" as I sprang towards her.

'Fortunately for me, I had read but recently the advice given by a physician of the highest standing as to what should be done in such an emergency. Quick as thought, I seized from the table that stands there the heavy table cover, wrapped it around her, and threw her to the floor, rolling her over and over until I succeeded in smothering the flames entirely. Poor girl! She was seriously but not dangerously burned, and not at all about the head, neck and upper part of the body. I shall never cease to be thankful that I had learned what to do in such cases, before the occasion came for putting the knowledge to practical use.

"Remember this, dear; Flames always ascend, and if a person whose clothing is ignited remains upright, they climb upward with fearful rapidity. Placed in a horrizontal position the flames ascend still, but they are burning above the body and not around it, and then with a shawl, or whatever can be seized first to smother them, safety is secured when otherwise death is almost certain. If persons themselves would have presence of mind to fall flat upon the floor, and then, if alone, roll toward the door to call for assistance, or crawl thither, they would hold the flames in check, or perhaps extinguish them entirely. The necessity of taking the horrizontal position in such cases is *imperative*, and if not sought by the individuals themselves, they must be thrown down immediately."

At this moment the four rollicking boys came bounding into the room, and our conversation was at an end.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be Continued.

Many thanks to "Old Doctor" for his kindly criticism. The writer is grateful for comments so courteously made, or for information which is the result of study and experience.

In regard to the doses of paregoric and laudanum, Bartholow, who, of course, is recognized as high authority, was followed, that is, they were kept within the range mentioned by him as allowable. The dose of laudanum might be larger, but in the case of anodynes in the hands of non-professionals, it is better to give too little than too much. E. S. B.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

Curtains for a Book Case.—A correspondent wants to know what she shall use for curtains to her book case which will be comparatively inexpensive. Something depends upon the size of her shelves, large ones requiring heavier materials than small. If she has leisure and is willing to do some work, very pretty ones can be made of a good quality of bed ticking. Work the white stripes with fancy stitches that can be quickly done in either wool or silk of bright colors and all shades so as to give a Persian effect. Put a border of plush down the two sides which come together in the middle of the color which will best match the furnishings of the room, and line them with cashmere of the same shade. These hung upon a brass rod are very pretty.

Other hangings for small shelves are made of either the figured Japanese silks hung upon a small brass rod and untrimmed, or of the plain silk with a braiding of tinsel or silk in some conventional pattern across the top and bottom. Or they can be used entirely plain. The dull colors of blue, red or green, are generally chosen for this purpose.

Soft wool goods of suitable coloring, or fashion drapery, can also be used. Either may be made very handsome with some gay figured stuff of cretonne if something cheap is desired, or of more expensive goods, put across the bottom as a dado, about a fourth of the way up. Wine color for the top and a green shade harmonizing with it for the dado would be pretty. In that case plush or felt for the latter could be used. Unless the book-case is large and high, however, lighter materials, such as first mentioned, are more stylish and really prettier.—ED.

To Make a Rug.—I will tell the HOUSEHOLD how I made one and think it is just beautiful. I took two old worsted dresses, one drab and the other black, and a lot of bright colored scraps cut bias three-quarters of an inch wide, raveled at both sides, and gathered them in center. I then took a rather heavy piece of cloth the size I wanted my rug stamped, a vase of flowers in center, and a vine with leaves and flowers all the way round rug. I then took my gathered strips of drab and sewed them on the vase rather close so as to cover foundation. The leaves I covered with green the same way and the flowers with the bright colors, putting a little yellow in center of roses to represent pollen. I next sewed in rows of drab around the edge of rug and filled the rest in with black and lined it and it was complete. You can gather the strips as you sew them on by holding them full as it saves work and is just as nice. Be sure you sew your stripes on close together following your pattern carefully.—LAURA E. HAHN, Hickory, N. C.

A Pretty Inexpensive Tidy.—Cut round pieces of bleached muslin three inches in diameter, turn in the edges and gather, draw up some, but leave an opening in center three-fourths of an inch across, put inside of this a piece of bright colored oil calico. Now flatten rosette out and put a few stitches through to fasten center to right place so it will show in the white opening, fasten thread on wrong side, join by sewing a small part of the edges together, about nine wide and twelve long will make a tidy, then sew lace all around. Can be washed, but only the lace edge must be ironed.—MRS. A. J. GEEDING, Neosho, Mo.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind · o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Lace Edging.—Cast on 16 stitches and knit across once plain. 1st row—s 1—k 2—t t o—n—k 1—t t o twice—n—k 8; 2nd row—s 1—k 8—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 3—t t o—n—k 1; 3rd row—s 1—k 2—t t o—n—k 7—t t o—n—k 3; 4th row—s 1—k 13—t t o—n—k 1; 5th row—s 1—k 2—t t o—n—k 1—t t o—n—k 1—t t o twice—n—t t o twice—n—k 1—t t o—n—t t o—n—k 2; 6th row—s 1—k 7—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 3—t t o—n—k 1; 7th row—s 1—k 2—t t o—n—k 9—t t o—n—k 3; 8th row—s 1—k 15—t t o—n—k 1; 9th row—s 1—k 2—t t o—n—k 1—t t o twice—n—t t o twice—n—t t o twice—n—k 7; 10th row—s 1—k 7—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 3—t t o—n—k 1; 11th row—s 1—k 2—t t o—n—k 17; 12th row—s 1—cast off 6—k 12—t t o—n—k 1. Repeat.

Crocheted Lace.—Make chain of 12 stitches. 1st row—3 d c in 4th l of ch, 2 ch 3 d c in same l, this forms 1 shell; 2 ch, skip 2, 1 shell in next l, 1 ch, 3 d c in next 3 loops; 2nd row—3 ch, 3 d c between 1st and 2nd d c in 1st row, 2 ch, shell in shell, 1 s c in 1st stitch of 2 ch, 2 ch, shell in shell, 1 s c in last stitch of lower shell, turn; 3rd row—4 ch, shell in shell, 1 s c in 1st st of 2 ch, 2 ch, shell in shell, 2 ch, 3 d c in 2 ch below, turn; 4th row—3 ch, 3 d c between 1st and 2nd d c in 3rd row, 2 ch, 3 d c in 2 ch below, 2 ch shell in shell, 1 s c in 1st st of 2 ch, 2 ch, shell in shell, 1 s c in last st of ch 4, turn; 5th row—4 ch, shell in shell, 1 s c in 1st st of 2 ch, 2 ch, shell in shell, 2 ch, 3 d c in 2 ch below, 2 ch, 3 d c in next 2 ch; 6th row—3 ch, 3 d c between 1st and 2nd d c in 5th row, 2 ch, 3 d c in 2 ch below, 2 ch, 3 d c in next 2 ch, 2 ch, shell in shell, 1 s c in 1st st of 2 ch, 2 ch shell in shell, 1 s c in last st of 4th row, turn; 7th row—4 ch, shell in shell, 1 s c in 1st st of 2 ch, 2 ch, shell in shell, 2 ch, 3 d c in 2 ch below, 2 ch, 3 d c in next 2 ch, 2 ch, 3 d c in next 2 ch, turn; 8th row—3 ch * 5 d c between 1st and 2nd d c group of 3, 1 s c in 2 ch, *repeat from star twice, then 2 ch, shell in shell, 1 s c in last st of 4 ch; this completes one point. Repeat from 3rd row. Is pretty in thread or saxony, and is simple and easy.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco county, Oregon.

Correspondence.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.—As the BLADE is a very popular paper, with an immense circulation, I will use it as a medium by which to say a few words to the heads of the families who have a mother sharing their home.

Pick up almost any newspaper, and among the subjects for humor, none seems to be more popular than the mother-in-law. Why, even the mule, that much ridiculed and fun-affording beast of burden, is getting to be dull now in comparison.

I protest, indeed I think it a shame and a reflection upon us an enlightened people, that we allow this wholesale fun-making of the dearest friend that a human being is ever blessed with to go on unnoticed except, perhaps, to be sanctioned by a laugh.

If either aged parent must be made the subject of humor, why not have the father-in-law to come in for a share equal with or greater than she of the weaker sex?

Inconsistency and ingratitude, it seems to me, are plainly visible here, for the old man when bereft of his companion, in nine cases out of ten prefers to marry again and sit by his own fireside and retain the bulk of his wealth, rather than live with his married children; while the widowed mother, in seven out of ten cases at least, thinks not of love nor marriage; only of of the lover of her youth who has gone before and left her to care for the children.

Ah, yes! and she does care for them—the best years of her life have gone by in toil and self-sacrifice, that they may be all and more than she had dreamed to be herself: and now living only in them, she cheerfully gives into their hands her worldly possessions, be they much or little, gives up the old home and goes to theirs.

One of the funny (?) mottoes hanging upon the walls of some homes reads, "What is home without a mother-in-law?"

I will tell you what I know some homes would be without her.

The delicate wife and mother would sink into an early grave from care and overwork; the children would grow up wild and reckless with a greater longing to get out into the world and beyond parental restraint; the husband would not have so many acres of land, nor be worth quite so much money, his home would not be so cheerful, his house so tidy, nor his meals so regular and well cooked.

Her eyes are growing dim and reading is attended with more pain than pleasure, yet she sews and darns and knits hour after hour because it is for the comfort of the family.

Her limbs are so stiffened by age and rheumatic pains that walking is difficult; but let her see that she can render assistance, and self is forgotten in her great unselfish love and sympathy for others.

Let sickness or misfortune overtake any of the family, and who more efficient, more ready and anxious to relieve suffering, to sympathise, to sooth, to encourage, to wear her own life out if necessary, than this subject of fun—the mother-in-law.

These patient, loving, sweet tempered old women are not very hard to find; a great host of grandchildren can tell you just where she is, but I find that ever so many of the voices are silent when the old men possessed of these admirable traits of character are called for.

God bless the mother-in-law! Don't treat her disrespectfully, or allow the children to snub her.

They may sometimes be querulous and inclined to find fault with this and that, but bear with her, love her and be very patient, remembering that she looks through longer sighted glasses than younger generations. She has come over some very rough places on her journey, and some of her experiences have tended to make life seem hard and bitter at times.

And too, she's going down to the grave before long; youth and beauty are over and gone, earthly hopes and pleasures have slipped away from her life shadows, and now she's looking into the portals of eternity. At the longest, 'tis only a few years; but these old people are very sensitive, and indifference seems to them unkindness.

O, won't you make the farewell days very sweet and happy to her?

Don't crowd her down the steps, or hurry her trembling footsteps any, or by and by when the dim eyes are closed, and the rough, toilworn hands quiet on the still heart, you will, unless possessed of a heart too hard to be glazed by dynamite, feel some stings of remorse, even if you are too manly (?) to shed a few tears.—EMMA SAUNDERS, Aleppo, Pa.

WHAT SHE DID.—I want first to thank Miss Bouton for her "Home Talk" on "It is a good time." Such warm, earnest words give courage and comfort far beyond her ken, and she may be sure her weekly sermon is well read at least. There are few who so well "make sunshine in a shady place," or who better help to brighten dull lines.

I wonder if a bit of my experience would be any help to "Young Farmeress," or any one else? My home is, literally, in the heart of the pine woods. We moved in the last of November, 1885. The weather was rainy, raw and utterly disagreeable. The house—set amid the towering pines—was simply a huge log box, 16x30, one and a half stories high. The roof was on, lower floor laid, doors and windows set in, and every crack smiling broadly at the idea of comfort in such a place. But willing hearts and busy hands soon wrought a change. My husband laid floors, put up partitions, built the prettiest stairway and just the nicest pantry that ever cheered the soul of a housekeeper, and did the hundred and one things that need a man's strong arm, and prove him to be a good husband.

Then came my turn, but I had my mother to help carry out my plans. The cracks were tightly stuffed with tree moss. The walls, being smoothly hewn were covered with double layers of newspapers, tacked on, then with strong, unbleached sheeting also tacked on, and stretched smooth and tight: and the soft cream tinted surface forms an excellent background for my pictures, and the many beautiful things placed against it. I have a huge fan made from the (well spread) tails of blue grouse and pheasant, and its varying shades are something wonderful. I learned to "cure" feathers last winter, and I have quite a collection. I sent some to friends in the East, and they are using them as hat trimming.

My book case is only packing boxes transformed, but it would be hard to find a prettier. The shelves well put in, I covered it with sheeting, inside and out, tacking smoothly—I use no paste. Then on all front edges I put strips of brown, pinked morocco, fastened and ornamented with "solid silver" tacks—made of tin. A scarf of dark blue cloth with sprays of rich hued roses put on "en applique" covers the top, and hangs on sides some eighteen inches, said roses, etc., being cut from cretonne. We are a long day's journey from the nearest town, and boxes perfect enough to pay for the labor of smoothing and staining, would be hard to get. Mine is in harmony with my room, is full, and on the wall over it is a deer's head, and the most perfect pair of horns I ever saw.

Smaller pairs of horns are utilized as brackets. My table—a handsome, solid one—a "relic of other days," has a cover of dark-striped cretonne, lined with double-faced cotton flannel, and has three stripes of black satin ribbon across ends, feather-stitched on with wine-colored silk. An "old-time" arm chair is upholstered to match. The more surely to have our "little summer time shut in," I have window curtains of heavy slate colored cotton flannel, hung on wire, with brass rings. Over them, full white ones of cheese cloth, made with simple broad hem. I have a few pretty willow chairs, some bits of ancient china, but this is one part of the world where one has but to utilize materials near at hand, to be surrounded by never failing beauty.

In one corner is a prettily shaped shopping basket, overflowing with white immortelles and grasses. Near it are pictures of noted ruins, framed in by strips of birchen bark and branches, all covered with beautiful lichens. The flora of this country is simply wonderful for beauty, variety and sweetness. My house plants are green and thrifty and among them are coming up some of the sweet-scented orchids that grow wild here. The evergreen vine, which the Indians here call "kilikinick," grows in great abundance, and its glossy, green leaves and scarlet berries retain their beauty for months as wreaths, garlands, etc.

I have five rooms, besides halls, closets and pantry. I cover all my walls with the invaluable newspaper, and "BLADES" can be read all over the house. My bed-rooms I covered also with cloth, but it would take too much space to tell how I have ornamented them. But I have washstands, clothespresses, etc., etc., all made on same plan as book case, adding full curtains to some, covers of cheese-cloth, pinked on edges, and laid over colored cambric on others. There is literally no end to the uses one may make of boxes any and all sizes with cloth, white or colored, a hammer and tacks.

In my kitchen, which is dining-room as well in the winter, I put a "dado" of golden brown "building paper," and the grey tint of the newspaper is relieved by groups of good pictures—tacked up too, but seeming so many windows opening on other beautiful parts of the world. I honestly think it would be hard to find a brighter, prettier, "home-spot" than this same "log hut in the wilderness" of mine. But my heart is in my home.

There is a great deal of game out here, and I'd like to tell the sisters about some of the dishes we make from it, and our abundant wild fruits, but I think I'll wait and see if any one cares to hear.—JENNIE JACOBS.

The HOUSEHOLD will be pleased to have another letter from our correspondent.—ED.

Inquiries.

Will Mrs. D. R. C., of the BLADE, December 23, 1886, please tell me, either by letter or through the HOUSEHOLD, if 8½ lbs. of soap made from her soap recipe, will do to make again?—MRS. J. L. SHIELDS, Sheffield, Warren Co., Pa.

If any of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD would like a pleasant situation as housekeeper, they can learn of such a place by addressing A. H. Lesk, box 152, Clinton, Mo. P. S.—One or two small children would be no objection.

Will some one tell me why tomato plants here will wither and die after growing well to the height of one or two feet, being irrigated and well worked?—E. L. W., Idaho.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD who have more reading matter than they can dispose of, send to my address old magazines, old pictures, papers, etc. They would prove a bononza to my children, living in northern Wisconsin, where they are unable to attend school on account of cold weather. Also for our own benefit, to while away these long winter evenings. They will be thankfully received.—B. B. OAKES, Ellsworth, Pierce Co., Wis.

Will the editor or a correspondent please write a treatise on domestic economy? I am persuaded that many families try to live beyond their means and I think a lesson on that subject, if put in practice, would certainly prove beneficial.—J. L.

Will some one tell me what to do for my chickens? They eat well but get poor and die and their livers are a mass of white ulcers somewhat larger than fish eggs.—E. L. WOODWORTH.

Please send some pretty verse or words to be engraved on my brother's monument, age 17 years.—A PATIENT WAITER.

If any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD would like seed of the dish-rag as it is called here (I do not know the botanical name) will send a stamped self-addressed envelope I will send some to any address. You would be surprised to see the lovely ornaments that can be made of them. I made two hanging baskets and trimmed them with cocoons. Some time I want to call and tell my experience in silk culture.—MRS. JOSIE CARR, Baldwin, La.

Will some one tell me how to knit the old-fashioned feather-stitch tidy? I knew years ago, but have forgotten.—JENNIE ALLEN, Leaf River, New Jersey.

Will "Mrs. L. J. B." please tell me whether in her answer to "Washerwoman" she means the starch she gives receipt for, to take the place of sprinkling, or must they be dried after this second starching, and then sprinkled? Supposing one hasn't a polishing iron, what then? After once ironing, are they to be redampened and again ironed?—BIRDIE.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE give a cure for enlarged tonsils in a child 6 years old?—C. W. S., Leon, Iowa.

I wish some kind reader of the BLADE would give a good cure for the itch, the body itch; also, what will cure little stomach worms? They are no larger than a small needle.—A SUBSCRIBER.

I am very anxious to make a cabinet of stones, shells, mosses or ferns, or anything that would be nice for such. Would be very thankful if some one would send me something to help my collection.

Will some one please send recipe for chicken or beef potpie, and dumplings for the same?—MRS. C. A. REED, Syracuse, Nebraska.

Answers to Inquiries.

Will the editor of HOUSEHOLD please give me the correct form of an introduction? In introducing a young lady to an old gentleman, whose name should be mentioned first?—SUNSHINE.

Introduce the young lady *to* the old gentleman. If the names only are spoken her's will come first, as Miss B, Mr. A. A better form is: Mr. A, allow me to introduce Miss C.

In all other cases the gentleman is introduced to the lady.—ED.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD who has used Dr. Hebra's Viola cream, please report? A few weeks ago the editor recommended it for freckles. Does she consider it equally as good for moth patches? My forehead is covered with brown spots, and I would be glad if someone could tell a sure cure.—E.

It is said to be good for moth patches, and is worth a trial. Nothing can, however, entirely clear the skin unless the digestion is good. Look out for that.—ED.

I have just noticed a recipe for a "cough mixture, accredited to G. R. Pinney, Clinton, Iowa, in the BLADE of February 24." If used according to directions it will, no doubt, prove very effective in quieting any cough, but there are, doubtless, more enthusiastic methods of shuffling off this mortal coil than by the squill, antimony and morphia method recommended by Mr. Pinney. His plan has the merit of being sure and speedy, but it has its inconveniences, of which your too confiding readers should be advised.—J. T. BEALL, M. D.

We are very glad to have attention called to the above. It was a mistake that it went in at all, the wrong one of two having been taken.—ED.

What will make those black heads in the face go away, and what is good for a red nose? Some one please answer these last that has effected a cure. What paints should be used for wild roses?—HIGNON MIGNON.

The following is given in "Health and Beauty" among other things about the care of the skin: "Wash the face off when going to bed with warm or tepid water in which a few drops of ammonia have been put, and then apply a gentle friction by rubbing with a soft towel. After the skin is thoroughly dry, rub on a lotion made of 2 ozs. of fine brandy, 1 oz of cologne, ½ oz. liquor potassa and dry off with gentle friction as before. Do this in the morning and in the afternoon if you have time when dressing."—ED.

If "Jennie B." will try this simple remedy with which I cured my sore eyelids, I think she will find that it will cure hers: Take alum, borax and camphor gum, of each the size of a cranberry, and dissolve in a two-ounce vial of s ft water (two ounces are about ⅛ teacupful), and wash the eyes every night and morning until cured. Shake well before using. If you use this wash regularly, it will surely cure your eyelids and at the same time strengthen your eyes.—BESSIE FORESTEIRD.

I have seeds of the hyacinth bean for those sending self-addressed stamped envelope.—MRS. FRANEY WIGHT, Round Grove, Lawrence county, Mo.

After a wedding, how long before we should call upon the parents after the bride has gone?—H. M. T.

Within ten days.—ED.

If "Jennie B." will take hen's oil and apply at night to the eyes, it will cure them. If this does not effect a cure, add a small amount of wintergreen to the oil, cook together and apply. Get the general health in good condition.—A READER.

Recipes.

Brown Bread.—2 cupfuls of rye meal; 3 cupfuls of cornmeal; ¾ cupful of N. O. molasses; 1 teaspoonful of salt; 2 cupfuls of soda, dissolved in hot water; 1 qt. of sour milk; steam in covered tin well greased; steam 3 hours and bake 1 hour.

Stuffed Cabbage.—Take a fresh cabbage and cut out the heart; fill the space with a stuffing made of cooked chicken or veal, chopped very fine, and highly seasoned, rolled into balls with yolk of egg. Then tie the cabbage firmly together, and boil in a covered kettle for two hours. It makes a delicious dish, and is useful for using small pieces of cold meat.

Salad Dressing.—1 large teaspoonful of mustard; 1 teaspoonful of salt; 3 teaspoonfuls of sugar; lump of butter size of a walnut; ¾ of a cupful of vinegar; yolks of 2 eggs well beaten. Stir all together thoroughly, and set on stove till it thickens; stir constantly. When cold this makes a nice dressing for any kind of salad.

Tomato Soup.—Take a quart can of tomatoes, or a dozen ripe tomatoes; if the latter, peel and chop them and boil 1 hour; if the former, put in saucepan and let just come to a boil, then add ½ teaspoonful of soda; 1½ pt. of sweet milk; 1 teaspoonful of butter; 1 teacupful of finely rolled crackers; add salt and pepper to suit taste; boil all 15 minutes and you will have a good soup.—MAY.

Salt Rising Bread.—I have noticed several inquiries for directions for making salt rising bread and one or two have been given. My method is very simple, but excellent. First, I have a great bowl, in which I set my rising, which I use for nothing else. Into this I put a pinch each of salt and soda, fill half full of hot water, and stir in flour to make an ordinary batter; then set where it will keep warm all night. It is light in the morning, and as soon as I can, I heat the water; I make the sponge by making a "nest" in a pan of flour and stirring in 1 pt. of very warm water, into which ¼ teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Into this warm batter I pour the rising, giving it a good stirring; cover with dry flour and set in a warm place to rise. After breakfast I mold into 3 loaves, rise again, and bake 30 minutes.

The secret of salt rising bread is, to keep it from first to last, as warm as it can be, without scalding it. Never let a draft of cold air strike either rising, sponge or loaves. Do not hurry it. I have tried Ella's recipe for cake without eggs (Jan. 6,) and find it delicious.—H. N. F., Tecumseh, Mich.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

TEKAMAH, NEB.	Charlie Morrison	Verna Davis
Stella Parke	F F Morrison	Ira Davis
Rose E Davis	MaggieWilkins'n	May Cain
Ethel L Olmsted	DELL ROY, O.	Harvey Trainer
Bertha Bonneau	Wm N Huff	LEE, IND.
Mary E Adams	Cleille M Huff	Davy Noland
Pline Roberts	E O Dayhuff	Maud Noland
Eva Smith	Silas A Dayhuff	John Noland
Angie Pierce	Virgil E Dayhuff	Heziah Noland
Charlie Cooper	Ardella Booth	Willie Noland
Roscoe Skinner	Wm T Taylor	Charlie Arcutt
Lotta Bean	S Ella Long	Beach Peterson
Iva Bean	Bertha I Barrick	Harry Dodd
C Lashbrook	MelissaM Barrick	Vince Miller
Donnie C Shafer	Myrta D Barrick	Goldie Miller
Deanie Fisher	Vianna B Booth	Ola Dodd
Fred Fisher	Ralph H Hess	Cora Dodd
Anna Smith	Mary A Huff	John Phillips
Midge Bayer	Robt A Aldridge	George Sparrow
Belle Story	OliverR Aldridge	Frank Sparrow
Charlie Newton	Thos W Wells	Effie Arcutt
JosephineN'wt'n	Homer B Barrick	Thomas Jacks
Jennie Coleman	HomerDHarkless	Wm Jacks
Valeria Bryant	E W Leeper	Hil Jacks
Gertie Brown	Orvine C Baxter	John Hoover
Anna Harney	Gracie L Leeper	Rose Helms
Myrta Babbitt	Willie W Lewton	Harry Helms
George Beck	Maggie M Hess	George Martin
John Shafer	FRENCH CREEK,	Johnny Helms
Nellie Alexander	W. VA.	Bertie Hoover
Blossom Shafer	DeletteEBronson	Beach Arcutt
Mattie Shafer	Asahel T Bronson	Wm Jacks
Ed Griffin	John J Bronson	Pearlie Osborne
Madge Day	MANDERSON, NEB.	Tommy Osborne
Lucy Goodwell	Olive Smith	Wm Powell
Emma Smith	Frank Smith	Ollie Miller
Lena Woodard	Ethel May Smith	John Miller
Ellma Colba	Myrtie B Smith	S L Hinkle
Orpha Thompson	Charlie Smith	John Pogue
Henry Goll	Tattie Smith	May Pummel
Louis Jeep	STODDARD, N. H.	Chas Pummel
Jennie McDaniel	Chas E Dodge	George Sharp
Albert McDaniel	Lewis H Dodge	W Denton
Allie Wilson	Geo E Dodge	Thomas Denton
Daisy Atwater	L Augusta Dodge	Noble J York
Mabel Yates	Blanche L Dodge	Susie Noland
Jessie Wilson	Myra L Dodge	Lily Noland
Gail White	Ralph I Dodge	L E Noland
Midge Shafer	Pearl E Dodge	Wesley Noland
Ed Shafer	Emma E Cutter	Mary Noland
CLAY CITY, ILL.	Eugene W Robb	Charlie Iliff
O D Schooley, jr.	Clara M Dodge	Charlie Landon
GREENFIELD, MO.	Grace F Reed	George Landon
Estaria Glassco	Alice Cutter	NO PLACE GIVEN
W H Irish	TOMAHAWK	Herbert Marsh
Alice Irish	SPRINGS, W. VA.	Juddie Marsh
L J B Irish	John C Siler	Charlie Cullen
G E Glassco	CAIRO, W. VA.	Annie Saxton
Martie Glassco	Reilly McCollum	Lena Saxton
Delia I Jeffries	Libbie Sleeth	Edith S Howland
Mary E Goss	Thomas Lee	Ethel M Howland
Dora M Morrison	Anna Trainer	Ivy N Cain
GracieL Morrison	Addie Sigler	

Names this week, 175. Total, 18,600.

The above embraces all names received up to March 3.

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

She is cunning she is tricky,
 I am greatly grieved to tell,
And her hands are always sticky
 With chocolate caramel;
Her dolly's battered features
 Tell of many a frantic hurl.
She's the terror of her teachers,
 That naughty little girl!

She dotes upon bananas,
 And she smears them on my knee,
And she peppers my Havanas,
 And she laughs to hear me sneeze;
And she steals into my study,
 And she turns my books awhirl,
And her boots are always muddy—
 That naughty little girl!

When she looks as she were dreaming
 Of the angels in the air,
I know she's only scheming
 How to slyly pull my hair;
Yet—why, I can't discover—
 Spite of every tangled curl,
She's a darling, and I love her—
 That naughty little girl!
 —*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

SOME CURIOUS MARINERS.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

One bright spring morning, two boys were walking out into the open country, near the little village of Cowes, on the Isle of Wight. Each lad carried under his arm a miniature cutter. It was the day of the great race between the Sea Mew and the Prince Albert, the reputations of which, as winning cruisers, had been earned in many a hard-fought battle on the pond then in sight. A number of boys were already at the shore, and their boats, beating up and down the lake, gave it a very animated appearance. As Ralph and Dick approached, bringing the champion cutters, all the competitors moved to the head of the lake, and soon the signal for the race was given. The Sea Mew and Prince Albert got off first; then came the smaller boats; while following up the race, some in a skiff and some along shore, the boys shouted and cheered the imaginary skippers of the various crafts, who, it must be confessed, sailed them in a rather curious way. As the Prince Albert rounded the stake on the home stretch, a queer personage came abroad. The boys were allowed to put their crafts about, and Ralph had waded out and was just about to stop his boat, when it came in collision with a floating mass of leaves that threw it up into the wind. From the wrecked leaves nimbly darted the only survivor, a large spider, so alarmed at the catastrophe that it reached the crosstrees of the Prince Albert before it even looked about it.

"The Prince Albert has been boarded by a ship-wrecked crew!" shouted Ralph, giving the mast a rap that sent the spider to the topmast-head.

"Let him stay," said Dick, picking up the leaves that now floated by. "You ran him down, and now you must take him ashore, or we'll treat you as they did the man in America who was tarred and feathered and carried in a cart."

So the spider was taken back by the cutter to the starting point, and it must have brought good luck to the cutter, for the Prince Albert came in ahead and won the "cup," as the boys called the old-fashioned blue soup-tureen, ornamented with figures of Neptune and dolphins. And within this receptacle the ship-wrecked spider was carefully placed after the race was over.

"Here's his craft!" said Dick. "Let's put it in some water and see if he'll take to it again."

So the "cup" was filled and the layer of leaves thrown in, when the spider, without a moment's hesitation, leaped into the water from the side of the tureen—or "cup"—and soon clambered upon the leaves, much to the amusement of the young yachtsmen, who had gathered around to see what it would do.

In this manner, Dick and Ralph carried the spider home to Dick's father, who told the boys, much to their astonishment, that it was a ship-building spider.

"Examine the leaves more closely," he said. "Don't you find that the bunch has not been accidently caught together, but that the leaves have been drawn carefully one over another, and fastened together by silken cords, forming a perfect boat?"

The boys soon saw that this was indeed the fact, and, much interested, they started out next day, determined to become better acquainted with these nimble little boatmen. They were amply repaid for their trouble; for they had not gone far when Dick cried:

"Here is one, Ralph!" In a little bay, he had discovered a small bunch of leaves whirling around and around, and lying closely upon it a large and handsome spider that might easily have been the First Lord of the Admiralty of the Spider-Queen's navy. Around its brown body was a band or a sash, of rich orange color barred in a curious manner; while a double row of white spots upon the other side, Ralph said, represented its rank. Its legs were a light red—and altogether its outward coloring made up a very fanciful and appropriate uniform.

But I grieve to say that the spider was really a pirate of the boldest and most cruel type. Finding that the circular motion was caused by a peculiar way in which the turn-up tip of a leaf caught the breeze, Ralph gave the craft a start, and away it went before the wind, the red-legged skipper lying low for plunder.

Near the head of the pond several members of the *Dolomedes fimbriatus* family (for this is their scientific name) were found, and the boys came upon one fellow in the very act of starting out on a voyage.

By lying upon the bank and keeping very still, the lads finally gained possession of many secrets of this cunning ship-builder. At first the spider seemed to be looking for something in the grass near the water's edge; finally he seized upon a dead leaf, which he dragged down a slight decline, where the boys now saw several other leaves collected. By deft movements of his long legs, the leaf was lifted and tucked in between the others—the builder lashing them together by silken cords which he spun, and fastened them by a simple pressure of his body against the leaf. This leaf being satisfactorily placed, another was brought, and the same process repeated, the creature running rapidly about, passing silken cords over the entire mass, and now and then raising himself up and down, as if testing the strength of his craft. The vessel gradually grew in size until it was an inch and a half thick and four inches across, when it seemed to satisfy its owner.

The spider now ran down to the water several times, returning every time thoroughly to inspect the vessel; finally, taking the craft in his strong mandibles, or jaws, he drew it several inches toward the water. Then, resting for a moment, he took it a second time by the side and drew it fairly to the water's edge. Once there, he took a last hold, the leafy ship glided clear of the shore, and the gay launcher, leaping abroad with surprising skill, sailed out into the stream.

But the launch was not yet a success. A spear of grass growing from the water became entangled in the silken cables, and stopped the fairy craft. The spider rushed at the obstruction, seized it in his mandibles, and, to the astonishment of the watchers, walked down into the water. Soon he re-appeared and again scrambled aboard. But as he now seemed to be greatly agitated and disturbed, the boys here interfered, and cast the raft off for him, whereupon the shipper settled down as if completely satisfied. If they touched him with a blade of grass, he darted into the water and clung to the outer side, coming out when the danger was over. Soon an unfortunate fly alighted near the craft, when the pirate, instead of rowing his boat along-side, actually dashed into the water to secure his victim, swimming back to the raft to devour it at his leisure. The last the boys saw of the spider, he had jumped again at something that rippled the water: but he never returned. Possibly a self-satisfied young frog that soon hopped upon the bank could have explained the absence of the skipper of the now deserted craft.

Thoroughly interested, the boys repeatedly watched the spiders, and studied their manners and their labors. They found also another spider, which, although it did not make a raft, had no fear of the water, and frequently went fishing; while Dick's father told them of still another that lived under water by carrying down bubbles of air with it. Its home, too, might be called a queer diving-bell, as may be seen from the illustration.

There are certain ants that show quite as much intelligence as the spider, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too; only, these boats are formed of their bodies. They are called "drivers," because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night, while chickens, lizards, and other animals in Western Africa flee from them in terror. To protect themselves from the heat they erect arches under which numerous armies of them pass in safety. Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth gummed together by some secretion, and again it is formed by the bodies of larger ants, which hold themselves together by their strong nippers, while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year, freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood, but instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruins rises a black ball that rides safely on the water and drifts away. At the first warning of danger the little creatures rush together, and form a solid ball of ants, the weaker in the center; often this ball is larger than a common base-ball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound. And from this resting-place they escape by their curious bridges, a description of which was given in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in the *St. Nicholas* for July, 1881.]

One would scarcely look for ship-builders among birds, so many of which are boats in themselves, going either upon or under the water; but in the curious family of grebes, one branch of which produces the beautiful feathers so coveted by ladies, there is one kind that forms a nest which is a veritable ark. Instinctively these birds seek the low boggy marches to build their nests. But there they are in continual danger from the high tides that often cover the marches, or from the drift-wood which washes in, or from many other accidents. So the ingenious grebe, looking like a clerk with feathery pens behind her ear, constructs a nest that will rise and fall with the tides, and can be moved from place to place. The boat is first built of rushes and grass; this is then packed with moss, and lined and relined until it is perfectly water-tight; and in this the eggs are laid. The home either is anchored to tufts of grass, or drifts, perhaps, here and there, though always guided by the mother-skipper, as she stands by the helm in all kinds of weather. We had seen that the spider is completely at the mercy of the wind, but the grebe propels her boat along. If the young are half grown, they readily take to the water; but if they are just hatched, the mother, at the approach of danger, steps upon one side of the boat, and uses one of her webbed feet as an oar to paddle away from the enemy into one of the innumerable inlets or lanes in the march, where she is almost sure to escape.

In the warm waters of the Indian ocean a strange mariner is found that has given rise to many curious tales among the natives of the coast thereabout. They tell of a wonderful sail often seen in the calm seasons preceding the terrible hurricanes that course over those waters. Not a breath then disturbs the water, the sea rises and fall like a vast sheet of glass; suddenly the sail appears, glistening with rich purple and golden hues, and seemingly driven along by a mighty wind. On it comes, quivering and sparkling, as if bedecked with gems, but only to disappear as if by magic. Many travelers had heard with unbelief this strange tale; but one day the phantom craft actually appeared to the crew of an Indian steamer, and as it passed by under the stern of the vessel, the queer "sail" was seen to belong to a gigantic sword-fish, now known as the sailor-fish. The sail was really an enormously developed fin that was over ten feet high, and was richly colored with blue and irridescent tints; and as the fish swam along on or near the surface of the water, this great fin naturally waved to and fro, so that, from a distance, it could easily be mistaken for a curious sail.

Some of these fishes attain a length of over twenty feet, and have large, crescent-shaped tails and long, sword-like snouts, capable of doing great damage.

In the Mediterranean Sea, a sword-fish is found that also has a high fin, but it does not equal the great sword-fish of the Indian Ocean.—*St. Nicholas.*

OUT OF THE POPPER.

Lucy Hayes tipped out a popperful of corn just as her mother entered the room.

"How very pretty it is, mother!" she said, offering a heaping handful.

Her mother smiled and nodded. Then she went to the closet and brought Lucy two little packages, one of pink and one of blue sugar. "These were left from the last birthday celebration," she said. "There is not enough left to decorate a cake, but plenty to color pop corn."

If well done, crystallized pop-corn is as nice as candy. Have your corn well popped, no hard kernels of unpopped corn in it.

Boil a cup of sugar in a third of a cup of water until it strings from the spoon. Drop in a little essence of any kind, and pour it all over the dish of corn, having some one else tossing it about with two forks while you do it. When cool, it should be dry enough to put in candy bags, each bursting, flower-like grain glittering with its sugar coating. The children made a dish of white corn first; then colored half of the remaining candy with pink sugar, and half with blue, as their mother had suggested; then tossed them all together in a glass platter, and piled it high with glistening red, white and blue.

"Give me a dozen of your largest ones," said Mrs. Hayes. "My embroidery scissors too, and the sharp penknife in my work-basket. Then bring me your paint-box."

She looked over the handful of pop-corn eagerly tendered her, and selected one with five petals, or branches, as you might call them.

The middle one turned up, and the four others made clumsy little legs to support the rounded top.

Two snips of the scissors, a little trimming of the sharp pen-knife, and the front of the popped corn looked something like a lamb's head. The legs were made more shapely too, and then a few touches of brown and pink paint made eyes and nose for a very small sheep indeed.

The children shouted, "Mother! how cunning!" and watched with eager interest as she made a dozen more, and set them in a little bunch together.

"You must make great flocks of them, children. It will take more than one rainy day to get enough. Part of you can work at the flock, and the rest must build sheds and pastures of those brown kernels that didn't pop well."

"But how, mother?" exclaimed Lucy. "See, they are as slippery as if they were varnished."

Her mother sent in to the kitchen for some flour and water, and mixed them into a stiff dough.

"This is our mortar," she said, gayly.

On a board she laid out a long, narrow shed with dough, gently pressing in the kernels of corn afterward. A tiny pinch of dough here and there, and the corn irregularly placed, laid endwise, sidewise, on end and flat, made a very pretty imitation of a stone wall. When finished, it was put into a slow oven until the dough was stiff and hard.

Roofing it with pasteboard, with imitation shingles painted on it, and surrounding the open sheds with similar stone (?) walls to make yards with pasteboard troughs, and gates cut from pasteboard to imitate bars, made the whole thing a very cunning and accurate picture of their father's stock yards.

The lambs and sheep were not so accurate, of course; but they did very well, and furnished amusement and occupation for many hours.

And the corn that was not made into balls, or sheep, or fences, or sheds, or crystallized, or eaten fresh from the popper, they put into the coffee mill, and after it was ground they moistened it with cream and sweetened it with sugar to make hoe cake. Ever eaten any? Try it.—*Jessie W. Morton, in Harper's Young People.*

The Sunday School.

Jacob's New Name.

LESSON 11, SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 1887.

Golden Text—And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—Genesis 32: 26.

LESSON TEXT.

Gen. 32: 9-12, 24-30.

9. And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee;

10. I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands.

11. Deliver me I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau, for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children.

12. And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude.

* * * * * *

24. And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.

25. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him.

26. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

27. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob.

28. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

29. And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there.

30. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel; for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac (v. 9.) That is a good way to begin a prayer!—recalling God's goodness to those who were before us; before us in this family: in this school, in this church, in this community, in this country. God never changes. If are in any doubt as to what God is, let us think of what God has been, of his purposes and doings in the days gone by. When we think of our need and of our unworthiness we may well be disheartened. When we think of God's ability and loving readiness to help, as shown to those whom we are following after, what room is there for anxiety? The God of our fathers is the God for us to lay hold of in confidence.

I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shown unto thy servant (v. 10.) Of course I am not. Who is? If any man come to God and make a claim for a blessing on the ground of personal merit, let him do so. But you and I are not of that sort. We may be disposed to brag before our fellows of what we are and of what we have done; but when we are face to face with God, we never tell him that we are worthy, and that we expect good things from him because of our deserts. There is comfort to us in such a prayer as this of Jacob's. "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and all the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servant." Any of us can start a prayer in that way with all sincerity.

Deliver me, I pray thee; for I fear (v. 11) Ah, there is nothing like extremity to bring a man in helpless dependence to God. It is when a man realizes that he cannot take care of himself, that he cries in dead earnest to God to take care of him. "Do you ever pray?" asked an army chaplain of a Union soldier in the prison hospital in Charleston, after the battle of Morris Island, in July, 1863. "I prayed last Saturday night when we were in that fight at Wagner. I guess everybody prayed then, chaplain." "O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come." Sooner or later every one will call on God for help. Let us see to it that our prayer for help is in God's time for helping—and that time is now.

Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good (v. 12.) If you have a promise of God to point to, you are sure of help; and you have a right to say so. God likes to be held to his word. Nothing pleases him more than to be called to do as he has said he would. "Prove me now," he says, "and see if will not stand to my agreement." The promise of God are spiritual funds to our credit in the bank of faith. We can draw on them freely according to our need. It is well for us to keep informed as to the amount we have to our credit in this line: or we shall never know whether we are rich or poor in special possessions. How does your bank account stand just now? Do you know what specific promises you can draw against in an emergency? You ought to know.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me (v. 26.) It has been said that "nothing but Omnipotence can stand in the way of a determined man;" but it might also be said that Omnipotence does not withstand a man who is determined to have what Omnipotence can rightly grant to the man. God loves to have men come to him with a determined purpose of getting a blessing. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." A man is sure to get from the Lord the one blessing—of all the things which any man has a right to ask for—which he is determined to have, which he is living to plead for, and which he would die to gain. Is there any one blessing which you desire of the Lord, which you long for, which your soul goes out after, above all things else? Then get it. Say to the Lord in red-hot determination, and in unwavering confidence, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me;" and before the day breaks you shall have that blessing as the result of your night wrestling with the Lord.

Thou hast striven with God and with men, and hast prevailed (v. 28.) "The man who has power with men for God is the man who has power with God for men." A man may for a time get advantage over brother, or father, or uncle, or father-in-law, by craft and deceit; but there will come a limit to his ability in that line. Shrewdness may be overmatched. Sharp practice may be met by force in an unlooked-for emergency. But he who is one with God through loving trust is a partner with Omnipotence in his sphere of duty and of need. He cannot fail until God fails. Lay hold on God, and you can defy the world. "One man and God are always a majority."

I have seen God face to face (v. 30.) "Face to face with God!" Jacob was overpowered with that thought. So was David. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in Sheol, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall overwhelm me; and the night about me shall be light; even the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." Always before the Lord! How the consciousness of this fact ought to influence our every thought, and shape our every word and action! Mrs. Browning forcefully brings this out in the suggestion of utter openness before God in contrast with our concealments from the dearest and most intimate of earthly friends:

"If all the gentlest hearted friends I know
Concentrated in one heart their gentleness,
That grew still gentler till its pulse was less
For life than pity, I should yet be slow
To bring my own heart nakedly below
The palm of such a friend, that he should press
Motive, condition, means, appliances,
My false ideal joy and fickle woe,
Out full to light and knowledge. I should fear
Some plait between the brows—some rougher chime
In the free voice. O angels, let the flood
Of bitter scorn dash on me! Do you hear
What I say, who bear calmly all the time
This everlasting face to face with God?"
—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

WILLISTON, FLORIDA, Sept. 7th, 1886.
Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co.
Rochester, Pa. Gents—I have tried the bottle of Pills, for Malaria, sent me, with the most wonderful results; one dose cured a case of two months' standing. Please send me one dozen by mail immediately, with some advertising matter. Very truly,
J. P. EPPERSON,
Dealer in General Merchandise.

Not if He Knows It.

"Will you always love me, George, even after we have been wedded many years?" "Of course I will. And will you watch over me and look after me in time of illness—will you still be my guardian angel?" Why, of course, you silly boy. I will watch over your goings out and comings in every day, and if I can't look after you enough, I'll call on dear mamma to help me." The engagement is now off.—*Merchant Traveler.*

CATARRH CURED.
A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

MOST PERFECT MADE
Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

SEAL ISLANDERS.

Life of People in the Pribylov Group.

On the island of St. George, where 25,000 seals are annually taken, $10,000 is divided among the natives each season. A first-class share last season amounted to $525. When it is taken into consideration that besides this cash paid for services rendered by each sealer, every native family on the island has a comfortable home, with fuel, lights, medical attendance and schooling free of charge, it will not seem an exaggeration to claim for these hyperboreans a state of life which it would be hard if not impossible to improve. With such advantages over his fellow Aleuts, it is hardly to be wondered at that the sea islander should consider himself a trifle better than his poorer cousin.

Great is the flutter in the social circles of Oonalaska when a dusky hero from the bloody fields of St. George or St. Paul arrives on one of the company's steamers in search of a wife. In affairs of this kind the priest of the parish has great influence, and it has been whispered that these good men manage to hold back the choicest articles in the way of marriageable damsels until less desirable stock has been floated, thus preserving a healthy tone to the market. However this may be, marriages are always occasions of general and profuse enjoyment, and everybody seems happy.

Dancing is indulged in by old and young alike and forms one of the favorite amusements of the natives to while away the tedium of the long winter months. During the sealing season so much attention must be paid to the business of taking seals that but little time is left for amusement. When this work is completed, however, a grand ball is usually given, which is participated in by everybody who can get to the hall. The native belles come gaily decked in silks and satins from San Francisco, and the men stalk solemnly around resplendent in top boots, store clothes and paper collars. The orchestra generally consists of two sad-looking Aleuts armed with large accordions and corraled in a corner by a line of chairs. There is a premonitory bass note, a short struggle with the bellows and then a stirring Russian waltz or polka peals forth. Each gentlemen seizes the lady next to him, "without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude," and finds to his surprise that he has secured a good partner, for they all dance remarkably well.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Saving the Lawyers.
"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." This is rather a blood-thirsty proposition, which we modify by offering to cure this worthy class of people. Most of them suffer (in common with nearly all others of sedentary habits), from the injurious effects of dyspepsia, indigestion, piles, loss of appetite, and other ailments caused by a constipated habit of the body. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" eradicate all these disorders in promptly removing the cause thereof, and induce a rare degree of comfort and health.

To Weak Men
Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

A Sweet Tooth.

A Boston lady, whose sister lives in Georgia and whose mansion there is overrun, like every other big Southern residence, with black servants, receives frequently from her odd stories of the always funny people. Her stout colored cook, a charmingly loquacious person, has two small boys who serve as errand bearers and personal servants to the lady of the house. One of these boys, whose name is Ivy, has a devouring passion for molasses, and not only decorates his countenance with it on all possible occasions, but cannot possibly eat his food without it.

One day lately, Ivy was served with some bread and honey at his lunch in the kitchen, and promptly called for molasses.

"Land sakes!" said his mother. "Fo' to put on de bread 'n' honey?"

"Sartin', mammy."

"Lan' ob de livin'! Ef dat boy, Ivy, had de Angel Grabr'el sarved up on de table, he'd ask right off fo' de 'lasses to put on him!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Cure for the Deaf.
Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

Wisconsin's Bright Girls.

Portage, Wis., Girl—Oh! you Omaha girls haven't any spunk. Why don't you form a mutual improvements society like we did?

Omaha Girl—Why, what has your society accomplished?

"Well, we held fairs and did all sorts of things until we got funds enough to purchase a town clock. When it strikes it can be heard everywhere."

"Of all things! What good has that done you?"

"Good? Why our mothers can't set the clocks ahead any more when they see a young man coming in the gate."—*Omaha World.*

Florida, "the Land of Flowers."
is a paradise for the invalid, and the "Fountain of Youth" was once thought to be hid in one of its forest glades. It is now the haven of many consumptives, who find benefit in her genial warmth and fragrant flowers. The consumptive invalid need not necessarily go so far from home and friends to get relief. For if not in the last stages of the disease, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will restore to perfect health. For all chronic throat, bronchial and lung diseases it is a most reliable specific. By druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS.

HAINESVILLE, N. J., October 15, 1886.
E. T. HAZELTINE,
Warren, Pa.:
Dear Sir:
I was taken with a very severe cold last spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.
I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Port Jervis, N. Y., and he told me he used Piso's Cure for Consumption in his practice.
I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my cough was cured. Respectfully,
FRANK McKELVY.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

OSTEO SARCOMA.—J. H. Croft asks, "What causes big head, and how may it be cured?" [Osteo Sarcoma, commonly called big head, results from different causes, the most notable being bad food, bad treatment, impure water and conditions of climate. The symptoms are swelling of the bones from the eye to the nose, puffy swellings about the limbs and joints, pulse slightly accelerated and soft, coat rough and staring, with considerable debility. To cure, give, internally, the following powders, night and morning: Calomel, 1 oz.; iodide of potassa, 2 ozs.; pulverized gentian root, 1½ ozs.; to be made into 20 powders. At the same time, rub the swollen parts once a day with mercurial ointment, 1 oz.; iodine ointment, 2 ozs. Mix well together. While under treatment the horse should be kept in a dry warm place. The disease named is confined principally to Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama, where horses are fed for months on corn and corn stalks, dirty, rotten and mouldy, from standing long in the fields. This food causes fever, and often bighead.—ED.]

RETENTION OF URINE—STAIN—HOW MUCH SALTPETRE?—Please state what is good for my mule, that cannot make water freely, and seems in no pain. How can I stain pine mahogany color? Ho much saltpetre should be put in 100 pounds of pork, and how to prepare it?—W. S. RUSSELL, Clay county, Kansas. [Give your mule the following: Take half a pound of hops, two drachms oil of camphor; grind and mix. Make into three pills. Give one every day, with a drench made of a small sprinkle of saltpetre and two ounces of water. To color pine dark mahogany, brush over the surface of the wood with nitrous acid, and when dry apply the following with a soft brush: Dragon's blood, 4 ozs.; common soda, 1 oz.; spirits of wine, 3 pts. Let stand in a warm place, shake it frequently and then strain. Repeat the application until the proper color is obtained. To give a dark mahogany color boil one pound of madder and two ounces of logwood in a gallon of water; then brush the wood well over with the warm liquid. When dry, go over the whole with a solution of two drachms of pearlash in a quart of water. In preparing your pork, to each gallon of water add half an ounce of saltpetre.

JOHN DEXTER, Bureau county, Ill.: Mexican mustang liniment is said to be made of petroleum, olive oil and carbonate of ammonia, each equal parts, well mixed.—ED.]

MR. M. J. PINE, Kankakee county, Ill., would be pleased to have the experience of some reader of the BLADE FARM, regarding the raising of pine trees from seed; also, how to treat acorns and hickory nuts: Any information on the subjects given will be thankfully received by him.—ED.]

WILLIAM TALBERT, Noble County, Ind.—[It may be that your horse is troubled with corns. Have your blacksmith make a careful examination, especially in the inside heel. For cure for corns, see reply to W. C. A., Toledo. If your horse has no corns, chronic founder is suspected. In this case use spirits of turpentine, 4 ounces; tar, 4 ounces; whale oil, 8 ounces; mix and apply to the hooves frequently. An entire cure is not certain.—ED.]

CORNS.—I have a horse 11 years old that has a bad corn on each of his front feet. Is there a cure for them, and what is it? If you will state this in your valuable paper you will greatly oblige.—W. C. A., Toledo, Ohio. [To treat, place your horse in a loose box. Give this cathartic: Powdered aloes, 5 drachms; powdered ginger, 1 dracum; soft soap, as much as needed to make a ball. Remove the shoe, and if there is inflammation, poultice the foot. The seat of the corns should be pared, care being taken not to cut out portions of the bars or the frog. Touch the corns daily with a glass brush, dipped in burning nitric acid, and afterward place the feet in a bran poultice. In shoeing afterwards, keep the wall of the foot well open at the parts affected. The following corn plaster is considered good: Subacetate of copper, (verdigris), half an ounce; oil of turpentine, two ounces; yellow wax, half a pound. Melt together and apply on a piece of leather.—ED.]

COLIC—LEATHER CEMENT.—My valuable horse has attacks of colic. Can you give a remedy? Also, I shall be obliged for a recipe how to make leather cement, such as shoemakers use to cement patches.—SUBSCRIBER.—[For colic, take of aloes, five drachms, laudanum and sulphuric ether, of each one ounce. Rub down the aloes in a quart of warm water, and add the laudanum and ether when it is nearly cold; or, if these cannot be had, give the horse a hot, stiff glass of whisky, or even hot water and ginger. However, give the first named, if possible. A copious warm soap and water injection should also be administered. Trot the horse briskly about. To make shoemakers' cement, dissolve Indian rubber in proper consistency of sulphuric ether.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, Pike county, Pa.—For mange, boil two ounces of tobacco in a quart of water. Strain, then add sulphur and soft soap, of each two ounces.—ED.]

PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS.—Seeing that you answer so many questions in the BLADE, I would like you to answer one through the BLADE for me. I have had an argument concerning the color of a Plymouth Rock egg. Mine are light brown and dark brown. Now, which of the two are right, and the best?—A LOVER OF CHICKENS, Green county, Mo. [Plymouth Rock eggs are medium dark.—ED.]

MIXED EXCRETA.—D. C. C., Monroeville, O.: You should have a veterinary examine the teeth of your horse. Give him first, raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, 2 drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, two ounces. After this has operated give this: Bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce; powdered gentian, half an ounce; powdered nux vomica, twenty grains; for one dose, twice daily for three days. Be careful not to over-feed your horse. Give the most nutritious food, at regular intervals. As to the small swellings on the neck, etc., we think they will subside after the above treatment. If not, write again.—ED.]

H., Doddridge county, W. Va.—Your horse is troubled with thread worms. To rid them out take liquor of pr chloride of iron, two ounces; freshly-made limewater, one quart. Mix, and give an injection after cleaning out the rectum with an ordinary soap and water injection. After this give sulphate of iron, one ounce; aloes, four ounces. Mix for a ball.—ED.

MRS. F. R., Marion County, Ill.—[In cases of swelled jaw Dr. Moore recommends feeding this, powdered, three times a day: Powdered chloride of potass, 1 pound; powdered iodide of potass, 5 ounces; mix; dose, 1 large tablespoonful. The swelling may be affected by painting it with iodine, 1 drachm; iodide of potash, 2 drachms; lard, 2 ounces; mix at a gentle heat. If this does not act properly the only way to do will be to apply a fly blister, bring the lump to a "head," and have it lanced.—ED.]

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—For the benefit of John Thomas, or whoever it may concern, I will give you my experience in the chicken business in the past two years. A year ago last spring I raised a nice drove of brown Leghorns. I wanted good layers. The eggs were what I was after, for market. I thought I had just hit it. I kept them one year and sold them all off. They were no good, although they had the very best of care. Last spring I bought two sittings of Plymouth Rock eggs and raised fourteen pullets. They commenced laying in the fall. I sold from three to six dozen of eggs every week from these fourteen pullets right along, all winter. My other hens have not laid an egg all winter. They all fared alike. They had all the corn they could eat morning and evening, and screenings from the mill to pick. Through the day they have a warm coop and have access to the barn. I think your hens are too much mixed up. I don't think the number of roosters you keep has anything to do with your hens laying. I don't think it is policy to keep a great drove of roosters.—SAMUEL DIEHL, Hicksville, O.

How to Raise Onions.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—This is a question I have been asked many times this spring already, and if you will allow me a small space in your valuable department, I will try to answer it—which, I think, will be of much interest to many of the BLADE readers—from what experience I have had.

Soil.—A good crop of onions can be raised on any soil which will produce a full crop of corn, unless it be a stiff clay, very light sand or gravel, or certain varieties of muck or swamp lands. I prefer a rich, sandy loam, with a light mixture of clay. This is much better if it has been cultivated with hard crops, kept clean of weeds and well manured for two years previous, because if a sufficient quantity of manure to raise an ordinary soil to a proper degree of fertility is applied at once, it is likely to make the onions soft.

Manure.—There is no crop where the quality of the manure used is of greater importance than in this. If it is too rank it is quite sure to make soft onions, with many scullions. It should be well fermented and shoveled over at least twice during the previous summer to kill weed seeds. Of the commercial manure, I prefer fine ground bone to any other, but large crops are raised by the use of superphosphates. If these manures are used, one-half should be applied when the crop is sown, and the rest just before they begin to form bottoms.

Preparation.—If time to complete the work before the ground freezes up, remove all refuse of previous crops, and spread the composted manure *evenly*, at the rate of about 50 cart loads to the acre. This should first be cultivated in, and then the ground ploughed a moderate depth, taking a narrow furrow, in order more thoroughly to mix the manure with the soil. Carefully avoid tramping on the ground during the winter, and as early in the spring as it can be worked, cultivate or thoroughly drag it with a heavy harrow, and then in the opposite direction with a light one, after which the entire surface should be raked with steel-hand rakes. It is impossible to cultivate the crop economically unless the rows are perfectly straight; to secure this, stretch a line along one side, fourteen feet from the edge, and make a distinct mark along it; then, having made a wooden marker something like a giant rake with five teeth about a foot long and standing fourteen inches apart, make four more marks by carefully drawing it with the outside tooth in, and the head at right angles to the perfectly straight mark made by the line. Continue to work around this line until, on the third passage of the marker, you reach the side of the field where you began; measure fifteen feet two inches from the last row, stretch the line again and mark around in the same way. This is much better than to stretch a line along one side, as it is impossible to prevent the rows gradually becoming crooked, and by this plan we straighten them after every third passage of the marker.

Sowing the Seed.—This should be done as soon as the ground can be got ready, and can best be done by a hand seed drill. This should be carefully adjusted (testing it by running it over a barn floor,) to sow the desired quantity of seed and about one-half inch deep. The quantity needed will vary with the soil, the seed used, and the kind of onions desired. Thin seeding gives much larger onions than thick. Four or five pounds is the usual quantity needed to grow large onions. A drill with roller attached is best, but if the drill has none, the ground should be well rolled with a hand-roller immediately after the seed is planted.

Cultivation.—As soon as the onions are up so they can be seen the length of the row, give them the first hoeing, just skimming the ground between the rows. It is best to use a hoe made expressly for this purpose. The blade is eight inches long and one and a half broad, with a long crooked shank set in a handle five feet long. The shape of the hoe allows the earth to pass over the blade without moving it out of its place. A few days after give them the second hoeing, this time close up to the plants, after which weeding must be continued.

This operation requires to be carefully and thoroughly done; the weeder must get down to his work on his knees astride of the row, stirring the earth around the plants, in order to destroy any weeds that have just started and can not be seen. In ten days or two weeks they will require another hoeing and weeding similar to the last, and two weeks later give them still another hoeing, and if necessary, another weeding. If the work has been thoroughly done, and at the proper time, the crop will not need anything more until ready to gather.

Gathering—As soon as the tops die and fall, the crop should be gathered by pulling four rows and laying them in a single one, the tops all one way, then returning on the next four, forming a similar row, but with the tops in an opposite direction; laying the tops in this way greatly facilitates the "topping." If the weather is fine they will need no attention while curing, but if it is not, they will need to be stirred by simply moving them slightly along the row. When the tops are perfectly dry, cut them off about half an inch from the bulb, and throw each pair of rows together, forming winrows about nine feet apart. After a few days more of bright weather, they will be fit to store.

How to keep onions through the winter—The essentials for the preservation of onions are dryness, thorough ventilation, coolness, and freedom from frost, or if frozen, they must not be permitted to thaw and freeze again, or be disturbed while frozen, as it will cause them to rot.

One of the most popular methods of keeping onions, is to spread straw to the depth of eighteen inches upon the barn floor, scaffold or garret; upon this spread the onions six to ten inches deep, and cover with two feet of straw. If in good condition and sufficient depth of covering is used, they will keep in fine condition till May.

A cool, dry cellar of some out-building, barn, or carriage-house will be found excellent for keeping onions, if it has windows for ventilation. The cellar of a dwelling house is usually too warm. They should be spread on scaffolds, about six inches deep, with room enough between the boards for the air to circulate. On approach of cold weather, close the doors and windows, and keep the temperature just above the freezing point. With proper care they can thus be kept without freezing at all, and will come out nice and sound in the spring.

Variety—I prefer the large red Wethersfield, or yellow globe Danvers. I have now, I think, given a pretty full description of onion culture, and respectfully request all interested in raising onions to cut this out and paste it in their scrap-book, or preserve this paper.

Further information will be furnished upon application if stamps are enclosed to pay postage and cost of stationery—about five cents.—J. D. LEISURE, Box 615, Lansing, Mich.

Strawberry Cultivation.

The different varieties often require a different mode of culture, in order to obtain the largest yield and the largest berries. The large, coarse-growing varieties of the Chili species, or the hybrids between these and the Virginia Strawberry, succeed best when grown in hills or single rows, and they are usually quite unproductive, if the plants are permitted to run together and become in the least crowded; while others will yield well either in narrow rows or wide beds, and where the plants become matted.

In the "hill system" the plants are usually set out in rows about three feet apart, and the plant eighteen inches to two feet apart in the row. The ground is kept thoroughly cultivated among the plants during the entire season, and all runners removed as soon as they appear, or at least once a week. This treatment will insure very large and strong plants, with numerous crowns or buds, from which fruit stalks will push up the following spring.

When grown in single rows, the plants may be set about twelve inches apart in the rows, and for garden culture the rows should be about three feet apart, but for field culture I prefer to allow a little more space between the rows, or four feet; but the distance may be varied according to the habit of the plants.

In the bed or matted system, two or three rows are planted in beds four feet wide, and the plants allowed to cover the entire surface until they form a close mat or bed; hence the name. One or two crops are taken, and then the plants are plowed up as usual when cultivated in rows. But, by thinning out occasionally, the beds may be kept in a moderately productive condition for several years, especially with some of the more slender growing of our native varieties. Some cultivators, who raise strawberries for market, adopt what may be called an annual system, setting out plants in spring either in single rows or narrow beds, giving them extra care during the first season; then, after the fruit is gathered up the next, the beds are plowed up.—A. S. FULLER, in *American Agriculturist* for March.

Proper Feeding for Pork.

Some people, says the *National Live Stock Journal*, may fancy that the subject of proper feeding is of little importance, and that any man who can handle a measure or shovel can dole out feed to hogs just as well as a man who has paid attention to the subject of feeding. But such a conclusion would be very erroneous. Many hog-raisers are ignorant of the importance of right feeding, and are too indolent to exert themselves enough to understand the subject and be able to select and combine foods in the right proportions. They have got into the habit of feeding corn to hogs, and as this is a highly carbonaceous food, it produces a minimum of lean meat and a maximum of lard. So long as the system of almost exclusive corn feeding continues, the product will be light hams and shoulders. Skimmed milk and buttermilk added to corn will help improve the feed. Wheat bran, shorts, middlings, peas, barley meal, etc., would make a still further improvement. Then, if the hogs could have a good clover pasture to run in, or even clover cut and fed to them, it would be a further addition. These are all classed among the albuminous foods and help to balance the carbonaceous material of the corn.

An Imperative Necessity.

What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

The water supply at Cincinnati is very scant, the recent high water having damaged the engines, and the allowance to large consumers has already been reduced to a minimum. If the river continues to fall it is hoped that the machinery may be repaired on Sunday.

DR. TALMAGE ON GOD'S ADVICE

To the Prophet Jeremiah—The Necessity of Depending on God in Small as Well as Great Tribulations.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 27.—This morning the subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was: "The Swelling of Jordan," and his text, Jeremiah, chapter xii, verse 5: "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou content with horses? And if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" The eloquent preacher said:

Not in a petulant, but in kindly terms, I must complain that a wrong has been done me, and the cause of honest journalism, by a pretended sermon that is going the rounds of hundreds of papers with my name appended, a sermon entitled, "Frauds Detected;" text, Numbers, ch. xxxii, v. 23: "But if ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out." Not one sentence of that pretended sermon did I preach. If this were the only offense of the kind I would not speak of it. Such a fraud is not only a wrong to me, but to the gentlemen who, at these tables, Sabbath after Sabbath, take accurate report of what is said and done, and is a gross wrong to the two thousand newspapers which give every week my sermon in full to their readers, and often at great expense to themselves. The only fault I have to find with the newspaper press of this country is that they treat me too well. But I can ot be made responsible for entire sermons not one word of which did I preach! But now I turn from personal explanation to the more important subject of the text.

Jeremiah had become impatient with his troubles. God says to him: "If you cannot stand these small trials and persecutions, what are you going to do when the greater trials and persecutions come? If you have been running a race with footmen and they have beaten you, what chance is there that you will outrun horses?" And then the figure is changed. You know in April and May the Jordan overflows its banks, and the waters rush violently on, sweeping everything before them. And God says to the prophet: "If you are overcome with smaller trials and vexations, which have assaulted you, what will you do when the trials and annoyances and persecutions of life come in a freshet?" "If in the land of peace wherein you trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

I propose if God will help me, in a very practical way to ask—if it is such a difficult thing to get along without the religion of Jesus Christ, when things are comparatively smooth, what will he do without Christ amid the overpowering misfortunes and disasters of life that may come upon us? If troubles slow as footmen surpass us, what will we do when they take the feet of horses? and if now in our lifetime we are beaten back and submerged of sorrows because we have not the religion of Jesus to comfort us, what will we do when we stand in death, and we feel all around about us "the swelling of Jordan?" The fact that you have come here, my brother, my sister, shows that you have some things you believe in common with myself. You believe that there is a God

There is not an atheist in all this house. I do not believe there ever was a real atheist in all the world. Napoleon was on a ship's deck, bound for Egypt. It was a bright, starry night, and as he paced the deck, thinking of the great affairs of the state and of battle, he heard two men on the deck in conversation about God, one saying there was a God and the other saying there was none. Napoleon stopped and looked up at the starry heavens, and then he turned to the men in conversation and said: "Gentlemen, I heard one of you say there is no God; if there is no God, will you please tell me who made all that?" Aye, if you had not been persuaded of it before, you are persuaded of it now; for the shining heavens declare the glory of God and the earth shows His handiwork. But you believe more than that; you believe that there was Jesus; you believe that there was a cross; you believe that you have an immortal soul; you believe that it must be regenerated by the spirit of God, or you can never dwell in bliss eternal. I think a great many of you will say that you believe it is important to have the religion of Jesus Christ every day of our life, to smooth our tempers and purify our minds, and hold us imperturbable amid all the annoyance and vexations of life. You and I have seen so many men trampled down by misfortunes because they had no faith in Jesus, and you say to yourself: "If they were so easily overcome by the trials of life, what will it be when greater misfortunes come upon them—heart-breaking calamities, tremendous griefs?" Oh, if we had no God to comfort us when our fortune goes, and we look upon the graves of our children, and our houses are desolate, what will become of us? What a sad thing it is to see men all unhelped of God, going out to fight giants of trouble; no closet of prayer in which to retreat, no promise of mercy to soothe the soul, no rock of refuge in which to hide from the blast. Oh, when the swift coursers of trouble are brought up, champing and panting for the race, and the reins are thrown upon their necks, and the lathered flanks at every spring feel the stroke of the lash, what can we do on foot with them? How can we compete with them? If, having run with the footmen, they wearied us, how can we contend with horses?

We have all yielded to temptation. We have been surprised afterwards that so small an inducement could have decoyed us from the right. How insignificant a temptation has sometimes captured our soul! And if that is so, my dear brother, what will it be when we come to stand in the presence of temptation that prostrated a David, and a Moses, and a Peter, and some of the mightiest men in all God's kingdom? Now we are honest; but suppose we were placed in some path of life, as many of God's children have been, where all the forces of earth and hell combine to capture the soul? Without Jesus we would go down under it. If already we have been beaten by insignificant footmen, we would be distanced ten thousand leagues by the horses. Ah, I don't like to hear a man say: "I could not commit such a sin as that. I can't understand how a man can be carried away like that." You don't know what you could do if the grace of God lets you. You know what John Bunyan said when he saw a man staggering along the street, thoroughly embruted in his habits. He said: "There goes John Bunyan, but for the grace of God!" I can say when I see one utterly fallen: "There goes DeWitt Talmage, but for the grace of God!" If we have been delivered from temptation it is because the strong arm of the Lord Almighty has been about us, and not because we are any better than they. It is a great folly to borrow trouble. If we can meet the misfortunes of to-day we will be able to meet the troubles of to-morrow; but suppose now if through a lack of the religion of Jesus we are overthrown by small sorrows, does not our common sense teach us that we cannot stand up against great ones? If we cannot carry a pound can we carry a thousand pounds? If we are discomfited coming into battle with one regiment, a brigade will cut us to pieces. If we are unfit to cope with one small trial, won't we be overcome by greater ones? If the footmen are too much for us won't the odds be more fearful against us when we contend with horses? I thank God that some of his dear children have been delivered. How was it that Paul could say: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things?" And David, the psalmist, soars up into the rock of God's strength and becomes thoroughly composed amid all his sorrows, saying: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in the time of trouble; therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountain shake with the swelling thereof. Selah."

But my text suggests something in advance of anything I have said. We must all quit this life. However sound our health may be, it must break down; however good our title may be to houses, land, and estates, we must surrender them. We will hear a voice bidding us away from all these places. We will have to start on a pilgrimage from which we can never come back. We will have seen for the last time the evening star, and watched the last summer cloud, and felt the breath of the spring wind for the last time. Hands of loved ones may be stretched out to hold us back, but they can not—go we must. About all other exits and changes we may trifle, but not about this. Stupendous moment of life quitting. Oh, when the great tides of eternity arise about us, and fill the soul and surround it, and sweep it out towards rapture and woe, ah, that will be "the swelling of Jordan!" I know people sometimes talk very merrily about the departure from this life. I am sorry to hear it. But men do make fun of the passage from one world to another. Byron joked a great deal about it, but when it came he shivered with horror. Many an infidel has scoffed at the idea of fearing a future world, but lying upon his pillow in the last hour his teeth have chattered with terror. I saw in Westminster Abbey an epitaph which a poet ordered to be put upon his tomb:

> "Life is a jest,
> And all things show it;
> I thought so once,
> But now I know it."

I thought how inapt that, in a place of sepulcher, men should try their witticisms. A great German, having rejected Christ, in his last moment said: "Give me light, give me light!" Oh, we may be smart with our witticisms about the last hour; but when it comes, and the tides are rising, and the surf is beating, and the winds are howling, we will, each one, my brethren, find for himself that it is "the swelling of the Jordan." Our natural courage will not hold out then. However familiar we may have been with scenes of mortality, however much we may have screwed our courage up, we want something more than natural resources. When the northeast wind blows off from the sea of death, it will put out all earthly lights. The lamp of the gospel, God-lighted, is the only lamp that can stand in that blast. The weakest arm holding that shall not be confounded: the strongest one rejecting that shall stumble and die. When the Jordan raises in her wrath, the first dash of its wave shall swamp them for ever. We feel how sad it is for a man to attempt this life without religion. We see what a doleful thing it is for a man to go down into the misfortunes of life without Christian solace; but if that be so, how much more terrible when that man comes face to face with the solemnities of the last hour! Oh, if in the bright sunshine of health and prosperity a man felt the need of something better, how will he feel when the shadows of the last hour gather above his pillow? If, in the warmth of worldly prosperity he was sometimes dismayed, how will he feel when the last chill creeps over him? If, while things were comparatively smooth he was disquieted, what will he do in the agonies of dissolution? "If, in the land of peace in which he trusted, they wearied him, what will he do amid the swelling of Jordan?"

Oh, I rejoice to know that so many of God's children have gone through that pass without a shudder! Some one said to a dying Christian: "Isn't it hard for you to get out of this world?" Oh, no," he says, "it is easy dying, it is blessed dying, it is glorious dying," and then he pointed to a clock on the wall, and he said, "The last two hours in which I have been dying I have had more joy than all the years of my life." A general came into the hospital after the battle, and there were many seriously wounded, and there was one man dying, and the general said: "Ah, my dear fellow, you seem very much wounded. I am afraid you are not going to get well." "No," said the soldier, "I am not going to get well, but I feel very happy." Oh, I have seen them, and so have you, go out of this life without a tear on their cheek!

There was weeping all around the room, but no weeping in the bed; the cheeks were dry. They were not thrown down into darkness, they were lifted up. We saw the tides rising around them, and the swelling of the wave. It washed them off from the cares and toils of life; it washed them on towards the beach of heaven. They waved to us a farewell kiss as they stood on deck, and floated down further and further, wafted by gales from heaven, until they were lost to our sight—mortality having become immortality—

> "Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
> Light from its load the spirit flies;
> While heaven and earth combine to say,
> How blest the righteous when he dies!"

What high consolation to you that your departed friends were not submerged in the swelling of Jordan! The Israelites were just as thoroughly alive on the western banks of the Jordan, as they had been on the eastern banks of the Jordan; and our departed Christian friends have only crossed over—not sick, not dead, not exhausted, not extinguished, not blotted out, but with healthier respiration, and stouter pulses, and keener eyesight, and better prospects, crossed over, their sins, their physical and mental disquiet, all left clear this side, an eternally-flowing, impassable obstacle between them and all human and Satanic pursuit. Crossed over! Oh, I shake hands of congratulation with all the bereaved in the consideration that our departed Christian friends are safe!

Why was there years ago so much joy in certain circles in New York when people heard from their friends who were on board the City of Brussels? It was thought that vessel had gone to the bottom of the sea; and when the friends on this side heard that the steamer had arrived safely in Liverpool, had we not the right to congratulate the people in New York that their friends had got safely across? And is it not right this morning that I congratulate you that your departed friends are safe on the shore of heaven? Would you have them back again? Would you have those old parents back again? You know how hard it was sometimes for them to get their breath in the stifled atmosphere of the summer; would you have them back in this summer? Didn't they use their brain long enough? Would you have your children back again? Would you have them take take the risk of temptations which throng every human pathway? Would you have them cross the river Jordan three times in addition to crossing it already, and cross it again to greet you now, and then cross back afterward? For certainly you would not want to keep them forever out of heaven. If they had lived 40 or 50 years longer would they have been safe? Perhaps so, perhaps not.

> "Pause and weep, not for the freed from pain,
> But that the sigh of love would pull them back again."

I ask a question, and there seems to come back the answer in heavenly echo. "What! will you never be sick again?" "Never—sick—again." "What! will you never be tired again?" "Never—tired—again?" "What! will you never weep again?" "Never—weep—again." "What! will you never die again?" "Never—die—again." Oh, ye army of departed kindred, we hail you from bank to bank! Wait for us when the Jordan of death shall part for us. Come down and meet us half way between the willowed banks of earth and the palm groves of heaven.

> "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
> And cast a wistful eye
> To Canaan's fair a happy land,
> Where my possessions lie;
> O, the transporting, rapturous scene
> That rises on my sight!
> Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
> And rivers of delight."

But there is one step still in advance suggested by this subject. If this religion of Christ is so important in life, how much more important it will be in the great eternity. I need not stand here and argue it. There is something within your soul that says now, while I speak: "I am immortal." You feel that your existence on earth is only a small piece of your being. It is only a mile up to the grave, but it is 10,000 miles beyond. The slab of the tomb is only the milestone on which we read of infinite distance set to be traveled. The world itself will grow old and die. The stars of our night will burn down in their sockets and expire. The sun, like a spark struck from an anvil, will flash and go out. The winds will utter their last whisper, and ocean heave its last groan; but you and I will live forever! Gigantic—immortal. Mighty to suffer or enjoy. Mighty to love or hate. Mighty to soar or to sink. Then what will be to us the store, the shop, the office, the applause of the world, the scorn of our enemies, the things that lifted us up, and the things that pressed us down? What to John Wesley are all the mobs that howled after him? What to Voltaire are all the nations that applauded him? What to Paul now the dungeons that chilled him? What to Latimer now, the flames that consumed him? All those who through the grace of Christ reach that land will never be disturbed. None to dispute their throne, they shall reign forever and ever. But, alas, for those who have made no preparation for the future! When the sharp-shod hoofs of eternal disaster come up panting and swift to go over them, how will they contend with horses? And when the waves of their wretchedness rise up, white and foamy, under the swooping of eternal storms, and the billows become more wrathful and dash more high, Oh, what will they do "amid the swelling of Jordan?"

If I could come into your heart this moment, I would see that many of you, my dear friends, had vowed to be the Lord's. I know not what sickness it was, or what trial, but I verily believe there is not a man in the house but has sometime vowed he would be the Lord's. It may have been at the time when your child lay sick, you said: "O Lord, if thou wilt let this child get well I will be a Christian." Or it might have been in some business trouble, when you have said: "O Lord, if thou wilt let me keep my property I will be a Christian." You kept your property, your child got well, the peril passed. Are you a Christian? History says that long ago it had been announced that the world was coming to an end, and there was great excitement in London. It was said that the world would perish on a certain Friday. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the people were in the cathedral, praying and weeping. It seemed as if the whole English nation was being converted to God, for it was announced as certain by philosophers that on that coming Friday the world would perish. Friday came, and there were no portents, no fires in the air, no earthquakes. The day passed along just like every other day, and when it was past, and night came, it is said that in London there was a scene of riot and wassail and drunkenness and debauchery such as had never been witnessed. They forgot their vow, they forgot their repentance, they forgot their good resolutions. O how much human nature in that! While trials and misfortunes come to us, and we are down deep in darkness and trouble we make vows. We say: "O, Lord, do so, and I will do so." The darkness passes, the peril goes away. We are as we were before, or worse, for oh, how often I have seen men start for the kingdom of God, come up to within arm's reach of it, and then go back farther from God than they ever were before, dropping from the very moment of their privilege into darkness forever! Oh, how ungrateful we have been! Do you know how much God has done for you and for me? Have you never felt it? How much he did for you to-day? Who spread the table for you? Who watched you last night? Who has been kind and good to you all your life long? Oh, how ungrateful we have been! Methinks the goodness of God ought to lead this whole audience to repentance. I know not your individual history. Some of you I never saw before, some of you I will never see again; but I know that God has been good to you. What return have you made? There was a steamer on one of the Western lakes heavily laden with passengers, and there was a little child who stood on the side of the taffrail, leaning over and watching the waters, when she lost her balance and dropped into the waves. The mother cried: "Save my child!" There was a Newfoundland dog on deck. He looked up into his master's face as if waiting for orders. His master said: "Tray, overboard, catch 'em!" The dog sprang into the water, caught the child by the garments, and swam back to the steamer. The child was picked up by loving hands, the dog was lifted on deck, and the mother, ere she fainted away, in utter thanksgiving to that dog, threw her arms around its neck and kissed it; but the dog shook himself off from her embrace and went and laid down as though he had accomplished nothing. Shall a mother be grateful to a dog that saves her child and be ungrateful to the Son of God, who, from the heights of heaven, plunged into the depths of darkness, and suffering, and woe that he might lift us up out of our sin and place us on the rock of ages? Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the infinity, the horror of our ingratitude! Don't you treat Jesus like that any more. Don't you thrust him back from your soul. He has been the best friend you ever had. You will want him after awhile. When the world is going away from your grasp, and all the lights that shine on your soul are going out and the friends that stand around you can do you no good, and you feel your feet slipping from beneath you—oh, then we will want him—the loving Jesus, the sympathetic Jesus, the pardoning Jesus, to stand close by you and hold you up "amid the swelling of Jordan!"

News of the Week.

CONGRESSMEN WHO GO OUT.

The Places that Knew Them of Old will Know Them no More Forever.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—With the expiration of the Forty-ninth Congress will retire from the boards a large number of the most prominent members. The last election wrought sad havoc, particularly on the Democratic side of the House, and it is doubtless true that the responsibility for the distribution for the spoils of office had much to do with the changed condition of things. The Democratic side will miss such men as Morrison, Abram S. Hewitt, Cobb, Lowry, Henley, the lone member from the Pacific Coast; Murphy, the famous Hennepin screecher; Willis, the champion of the educational appropriation grab; Wolford, the Kentucky ranger; King, the wouldn't-be duellist; Findlay, who dared to oppose the administration and the Gorman machine in Maryland; Maybury, the little Detroit free trader; Singleton, of Mississippi, who was in Congress long before the war and for many years since, and has ever been an admirer of the lost cause; Reece, whose only claim to distinction is that he succeeded Alexander H. Stephens in Congress; Van Eaton and Barksdale, of Mississippi, the former an alleged wit, and the latter the spokesman for the perpetrators of the Copiah massacre; Green, who has been inaugurated governor of New Jersey; Muller, who for man years has divided his time between the general passenger agency of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road and his seat in Congress; Spriggs, an anti-administration kicker; Bennett, the North Carolina defender of the Mormons; Curtin, who still thinks he is governor of Pennsylvania; Boyle, whitewasher of Garland in the Pan-Electric business; Aiken, the South Carolina agriculturist; Reagan, Throckmorton and Wellborn, of Texas, the first of whom has been promoted to the Senate, the second having declined a renomination, and the third having failed of the requisite number of votes in his party convention. Cabell, Barbour and Tucker, of Virginia, the first of whom defended the Danville massacre, while the second claims to be the only man who can lead the party to victory in the Old Dominion, and Tucker has grown tired of the flesh pots and declined a nomination, or else he was afraid of a beating, something the man whom his party nominated ultimately received. Eustace (known as "Useless"), Gibson, of West Virginia; and last, but not least except in size, Bragg, of Wisconsin.

The Republicans will lose Wait, of Connecticut, who is a cousin of Chief Justice Waite, though spelling his name differently. He has been in Congress nearly a dozen years, is at the present time its oldest member in point of years, being now nearly 66, and for that reason declined a renomination. Another strong man who will go from the Republican side is Hepburn, of Iowa, who, though but six years a member of the house, has already attained to prominence as a skillful and eloquent debater. Messrs. Ranney and Rice, of Massachusetts, are two old members who will leave. The former is one of the ablest lawyers in Congress. Strait, of Minnesota, has served several years, but has scarcely ever taken the floor, though looked upon as an able man. Burleigh, of New York, one of the hardest workers in committee, retires, and another New Yorker whose name is familiar is Hiscock, who has been promoted to the Senate. O'Hara, of North Carolina, and Smalls, of South Carolina, the only colored men in Congress, are made to take a back seat as victims of Democratic returning boards, though representing strong Republican districts. The next Congress will be the first since colored men have been permitted to vote in which one of that race will not sit. Other Republicans who will retire are Negley, of Pennsylvania, Pettibone, of Tennessee, and Brady, of Virginia.

THE SOUTH WELL CARED FOR.

A Number of Bills Passed Over the President's Veto—The Pension of Mrs. Logan Defeated.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—In the House, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Mallinger, of New Hampshire, pointed out that the House had passed a dozen bills for the erection of public buildings in cities of the Southern states, while nearly the same number of bills for the erection of public buildings in the North and West had been vetoed by the President.

Four bills for the erection of buildings within the state of Ohio had been vetoed. Ohio had paid taxes to the government amounting to $12,000,000, while fourteen Southern states paid $10,000,000.

It seemed that the Southern States were being very well cared for, and he thought that their moonshiners had better pay taxes on their whisky.

Mr. Cox, of North Carolina, moved to suspend the rules and pass the Senate bill repealing the tenure of office act.

The motion was agreed to and the bill was passed—yeas, 172; nays, 67.

The House then took a recess until 8 o'clock.

The Pension of Mrs. Logan.

On reassembling—Mr. Henderson, (Iowa), moved to suspend the rules and pass Senate bill granting pension of $2,000 a year to Mary S. Logan, widow of late John A. Logan—pending which Mr. Matson, (Ind.), called up as privileged question the vetoed question pension bill of David F. Elderken.

Mr. Henderson stated that he had originally introduced the bill and had failed to call up the veto measure because he regarded it as hopeless to try to pass the bill over the veto.

At his request Mr. Matson withdrew the measure and Mr. Henderson addressed the House in support of Mrs. Logan's pension bill.

The motion to suspend the rules and pass the bill was lost—yeas 145, nays 113—not the necessary two-thirds.

SIXTEEN HOURS IN THE HOUSE.

Appearance of the Chamber at Five O'clock This Morning—Grinding Away at 7:30.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—At 5 o'clock this morning the effects of a sixteen hours' session were visible in the appearance of the House and on the members of that body.

The floor was strewn with scraps of paper and remains of documents and reports.

The atmosphere in the House was very impure and oppressive, and was well impregnated with tobacco smoke, notwithstanding the repeated appeals of the Speaker to members, requesting them to observe the rule which prohibits smoking on the floor.

Excepting a dozen or so members whose zeal in behalf of their favorite measures kept them on the alert to take advantage of any opportunity to secure recognition, the gentlemen of the House lapsed into indifference, and, stretched on sofas in the rear of the hall and in the lobbies, lounging back in their chairs with feet elevated on their desks or grouping together in conversational mood, they endeavored to ward off the weariness consequent upon their long vigils.

In the galleries about twenty persons remained throughout the night; but as most of them were in recumbent and solemn attitudes it was evident that they were not greatly interested in the very tame scenes which were enacted in the House in the last night session of the 49th Congress.

A few minutes after 5 o'clock Mr. Blount, of Ga., announced that the Conference committee on the postoffice appropriation bill had reached an agreement by the recession of the Senate conferees from their subsidy amendment, the report was agreed to, thus disposing of the bill finally.

THE CLOSING HOUR.

A Vote of Thanks to Speaker Carlisle—Explaining Matters.

The vetoed Lafayette, Ind., public building bill still blocked the way, until at 11 o'clock, on motion of Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, a resolution was adopted for the appointment of a committee to inform the President that Congress was ready to adjourn sine die.

Mr. Reed, of Maine, (Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, being in the chair), offered the following, which was adopted unanimously by a standing vote:

Resolved, That the thanks of this House are hereby tendered to the Hon. John G. Carlisle, the speaker, for the courtesy, ability and fairness with which he has presided over the deliberations of the 49th Congress.

Mr. Burns, of Missouri, presented the conference report on the general deficiency bill and it was agreed to. It contains provision for the completion of the four steel cruisers, but omits the appropriations for the payment of the Central Pacific and Choctaw claims.

In order to enable the bill to reach the President before noon the hands of the clock were turned back ten minutes.

A message was received from the President announcing his approval of various bills.

In order to allow the list of these bills to be read for the information of members, the flight of time as indicated by the House clock again took a backward turn.

The committee appointed to wait on the President announced through its Chairman, Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, that it had performed its duty, and that the President had no further communication to make to Congress.

Speaker Carlisle Returns Thanks.

As the hands of the clock finally pointed to the hour of noon the Speaker rose and, calling the House to order, said:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

"The time for the final adjournment of the 49th Congress has arrived, and I will not detain you a moment longer than is necessary to return my sincere acknowledgments for the uniform and valuable assistance you have rendered every proper effort to observe order and facilitate the transaction of public business.

"I thank you for the resolution passed this morning, and for the many evidences of friendship you exhibited during our personal and official intercourse as members of this House, and I sincerely wish each and every one of you a happy reunion with family and friends, and I now declare this House adjourned sine-die." [Applause on the floor, and in the galleries.]

THE SENATE TAKES A HAND

And Passes Some Bills Over the President's Veto—The Mexican Pension Bill Passes.

Mr. Mahone called up the vetoed bill for a public building at Dayton, O., and it was passed over the veto—39 to 19. Messrs. Braun, Call, Eustis, Fair, Payne, Vance and Voorhees (Dem.) voted in the affirmative. Division otherwise being upon party lines.

The vetoed bill for public building at Sioux City, Ia., was passed over the veto—38 to 19.

The vetoed bill for a public building at Lafayette, Ind., was passed over the veto—38 to 18.

The vetoed bill for a public building at Lynn, Mass., was passed over the veto 37 to 15.

Mr. Allison, from the committee on appropriations, reported back the House bill appropriating $6,900,000 for payment of pensioners of the Mexican war. Passed.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

The Senate Still at the Weary Grind.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—At 5 o'clock this morning Mr. Plumb, from the Conference committee on the District of Columbia Appropriation bill, reported that the committee had been unable to agree. He moved that the Senate insist on its disagreement and ask further conference. So ordered.

He also presented the conference report on the bill for the relief of settlers and purchasers of public lands in Kansas and Nebraska. Agreed to.

The deficiency bill being again taken up, an item (on motion of Mr. Dawes) was inserted to pay to the Choctaw Indians $2,858,000, the amount of a judgment of the Supreme court at the October term, 1886.

The House bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across part of the Mississippi river at Winona, Minn., was taken from the calendar and passed.

House bills authorizing the construction of railroad bridges were passed as follows: Across the Mississippi river at Fort Madison or Keokuk, Iowa; across the Tennessee at or near the foot of the Mussle Shoals canal; across the Missouri river at Pierre City, Dak.; across the Tombigbee river at or near Columbus, Miss.; across the Missouri river near Yankton, Dak.; across the Tennessee river at or near Guntherville, Ala.; across the Sunflower, the Yazoo and the Tombigbee rivers in Mississippi.

The doors were re-opened at 10 a. m., the Senate having, in the meanwhile, taken a two hours' recess.

The next business was the presentation by Mr. Dawes of the conference report on the fortification bill. It was that the conferees had not been able to agree.

Mr. Dawes said that it was with infinite regret that the Senate conferees were obliged to make this report. They had conceded very much in order to reach a conclusion and to save the essence and vitality of the measure. The irreconcilable difference between the Senate managers and the House managers, was on the question of purchasing steel for the purpose of making steel guns of the highest type. The question might be summed up in one sentence. Whether steel guns should be subordinated to cast-iron guns, or cast-iron guns subordinated to the highest type of steel guns.

Mr. Hawley, another of the conferees, said that he desired to emphasize this most extraordinary condition of affairs; there was no fortification bill for the current year nor for the next year. So far as concerned the army coast defenses and the heavy guns, nothing whatever had been done.

There was no money to cut the grass along the glacis of the forts, or to buy shingles or nails for the old dwellings of the fort—not one solitary cent. The work was stopped and all the property at these forts were rack and ruin for the coming two years. The simple statement of that fact was a most extraordinary indictment of "somebody." He had no doubt whatever, that if the whole subject could have been left open to the full and free deliberation of Congress, something would have been done which would have been a credit to the country. He could not fathom the motive of those men who had practically plucked away and forbidden Congress to do anything in this matter.

Thanks to some patriotism, Congress had agreed to order vessels for the navy and guns of the most modern type for the ships; and it had been placed within the hands of the secretary of the Navy to enter into contracts for 12,000 tons forged steel of the best class. He predicted that before next December there would be in this country plants capable of taking any contract for steel.

Mr. Gorman (the third conferee) thought that neither of his fellow-conferees had stated the matter fairly. After a long conference all had agreed that the board should consist of the secretary of War, the secretary of the Navy, the general of the army, and two civilians to be appointed by the President. The proposition had come up to buy $6,000,000 worth of steel to be manufactured in the government shops. As to that there was no difference of opinion, but it was coupled with the condition from the House conferees that an additional appropriation should be made throwing open to the inventive genius of the country the opportunity to manufacture guns.

Bills Railroaded Through.

Senators Sherman and Saulsbury were appointed to join a like committee on the part of the House to wait on the President and inform him that the two Houses had completed their business and were ready to adjourn, unless he had something further to submit to them.

The discussion of the conference report of the fortification bill was resumed, and Mr. Gorman continued his remarks, but the bill was abandoned.

Final Adjournment.

At this point of time (really about noon, but with the hands on the clock dial lingering mysteriously about the quarter before) there was a subsidence of business, and a general lull in the senate chamber, it being understood that the President of the United States was on his way to the capitol.

One of his secretaries, Mr. O. L. Pruden, appeared at the door and announced that the President had approved and signed several bills.

The President himself had about that time reached his room in the capitol.

Sen. Sherman with Sen. Salsbury reported the committee to wait upon the President of the United States and inquire if he had any further communication to make to Congress, had performed that duty and had been assured by the President that he had no further communication to make.

The presiding officer then announced that the constitutional period of the 49th Congress having been completed, the Senate stood adjourned without day.

The dial of the Senate clock showed it to lack five minutes of the hour of noon, but the actual time was four minutes past.

Mr. Hale had not been able within the 17 minutes to which he was limited, to have prepared and to present the conference report on the general deficiency appropriation bill, and consequently, that bill has failed to become a law.

A POCKET VETO.

The River and Harbor Bill Fails to Receive the President's Signature.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—The river and harbor bill failed to receive the President's signature. It reached him several days ago, but was "pocket vetoed."

NO EXTRA SESSION.

Grover Will Devote His time to the Inter-State Commerce Commission and Manning's Successor.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—It is said at the White House that there is no probability of a special session of the Senate being called by the President for the purpose of acting on nominations, or for any other purpose.

The inter-state commerce commission and a successor to Sec. Manning will probably be appointed next week or the week following.

Trotter Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Capt. A. W. Greeley, to be brigadier general, and James M. Trotter, to be recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia.

GOV. ABBETT DEFEATED.

The New Jersey Deadlock Broken at Last, by the Election of Rufus Blodgett—Exciting Scenes.

TRENTON, N. J., March 2.—The joint meeting of the legislature assembled at noon to-day, Pres. Fish in the chair. Eighty-one members were present. Mr. Throckmorton and Mr. Bedle (Dems.) moved to take a recess until 4 p. m., and Sen. Gardner (Rep.) seconded the motion. Sen. Edwards (Dem.) moved to lay the motion on the table. He said the federal statutes required a ballot daily at noon. The motion to table was then lost, 38 to 43.

The motion for a recess was carried 43 to 38.

The Republicans went into caucus during the recess, and after considerable trouble succeeded in uniting on Rufus Blodgett, as the most available man with which to defeat Gov. Abbett.

When the joint assembly reconvened balloting was at once resumed. At the conclusion of the first ballot it was evident the Republicans had consolidated on a Democrat to defeat Abbett. All of them except two voted for Blodgett, making 38, and of the Democrats three voted for him.

A second ballot was ordered amid much excitement. Before the result was announced an attempt was made to stampede the Republicans a body to Sen. Sewell, in the hope of carrying enough Democrats to elect him, but this failed, as the Republicans feared Gov. Abbett would profit by it in the confusion. A number of changes were made and the vote as finally announced stood: Blodgett, 42; Abbett, 38; F. E. Potter, 1. Blodgett was declared elected amid wild excitement.

Blodgett was elected by the 38 Republican votes and by those of Speaker Baird, Chattel, Throckmorton and Chase, Democrats.

Rufus Blodgett, the new senator, was born in Dorchester, N. H., November 9, 1839. He was a member of the lower house of the New Jersey legislature in 1878 and 1879, representing Oceana county. He afterwards removed to Monmouth county, where he now resides. He is identified with the interests of several railroad companies, and has always been recognized as a staunch Democrat. In the Assembly he was the Democratic leader. He is a fluent speaker and is of commanding figure. He was for several years a member of the Democratic State Central committee. He is superintendent of the New York & Long Branch railroad.

TRENTON, N. J., March 3.—The legislature, tired out after the senatorial struggle, has suspended business and adjourned until Monday night.

On the meeting of the Assembly this morning, Rev. Mr. Hutchinson prayed that the angry scenes of yesterday might not be repeated and that the members repent of their evil ways.

Mr. Wolverton (Dem.) said that in order to allow the members time to repent he would move for an adjournment until Monday night and the motion prevailed.

—Too well known to need lengthy advertisements—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

$15,000.00

IN GOLD AND SILVER AND

$6000 IN HANDSOME PRIZES GIVEN AWAY!

"THE POPULAR MONTHLY,"

FREE BIBLE COMPETITION!

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES AT ONCE."

AN EASY CHANCE FOR A BIG REWARD.

To the 500 subscribers first answering correctly, on or before March 31st, 1887, our simple Bible question, "Where in the Bible is First Found the Word "GOLD," we will donate the following rewards, *in this our Last Competition of the year*:

1—Cash Present in Gold	$2,500	9—Cash Present in Gold	200	16—One Solitaire Diamond Ring	100
2—Cash Present in Gold	2,000	10—Cash Present in Gold	100	17—1 Breech-loading Shotgun	75
3—Cash Present in Gold	1,500	11—One Upright Piano val.	500	18—One Ladies' Gold Watch	50
4—Cash Present in Gold	1,200	12—One Fine Top Buggy	200	19—One Ladies' Pair Bracelets	50
5—Cash Present in Gold	1,000	13—One Cabinet Organ	150	20—One Sewing Machine	50
6—Cash Present in Gold	600	14—Fine Diamond Breastpin	100		
7—Cash Present in Gold	500	15—One Set Furniture	120		
8—Cash Present in Gold	400				

To the next 20, each a Solid Gold Watch, worth $100 each. To the next 50, each a Solid Silver Watch, worth $25 each. To the next 100, each an Elegant Photograph Album, worth $5 each. To the next 125, each a Solid Gold Ring, worth $2 each. To the next 185, an Elegant Book, each worth $1.50.

If a competitor should fail on the first he will stand a chance for one of our

MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the 158 persons whose names come in the middle, counting from number one to the last received, we will donate the following rewards:

First Cash Present in Gold	$725	Fifth Cash Present in Gold	$100
Second Cash Present in Gold	500	Sixth Cash Present in Gold	75
Third Cash Present in Gold	250	Seventh Cash Present in Gold	70
Fourth Cash Present in Gold	175	Eighth Cash Present in Gold	25

To the next 50, each $10 in cash. To the next 29, each $5 in cash. To the next 20, each $2.50 in cash. To the next 75, each $2 in cash.

LAST REWARDS.

To those who are too late for any of the above rewards a special chance remains. To the 353 whose names come in last we will donate the following: To the last name on the list, $500 in cash. The next to the last name $300 in cash. The third from last $200 in cash. The next 50, each $10 in cash. The next 100, each $5 in cash. The next 200, each $2.50 in cash.

TOTAL VALUATION OVER $21,000.

☞Each competitor must in every case send $2.00 for one year's subscription to the POPULAR MONTHLY, with their answer. ☞No answer will be recorded unless accompanied by the cash, for which we will send, post paid, our splendid Magazine, and FIFTEEN of the 40 books listed below. Present subscribers can compete by paying for another year or for a friend. The regular subscription price of our elegant Magazine is only $2 a year, so

U PAY NOTHING FOR COMPETING,

for above presents, which will be sent to the successful ones, and names published in our April issue of THE POPULAR MONTHLY. Don't delay. The Magazine is worth much more than the money (and 15 books free) by answering quickly you may secure one of the larger prizes. This is the Fifteenth Competition of THE POPULAR MONTHLY, all having given the utmost satisfaction.

Every parent should encourage children to enter this contest. Besides familiarizing themselves with the Bible they secure a highly deserving Family Magazine, (with 15 books free) and also a chance for one of the rewards. We refer to over 28,000 subscribers. *We enter every letter in the order received, and number the names as recorded in our subscription books; hence there can be no mistake.* If you do not get one of the largest you may get one of the smaller rewards, and thus be amply repaid. If you don't get anything but our Magazine (and 15 books free), you will be satisfied, as it has no equal at the price. No answers recorded bearing postmark date later than March 31, 1887. Send before that date. Send money by postal note, money order or registered letter.

The following is a partial list of the names of those who were awarded presents in our January, 1886, March 1886 and November, 1886, Bible Competitions, viz: Chas. Fishwick, Atchison, Kas., $2,500; Kate Bradford, Morrisonville, Mo., $1,500; Mrs. M. C. Heard, Little Rock, Ark., $1,200; W. P. Schuman, Terre Haute, Indiana, $2,000; Henry C. Crawford, Calhoun, Arkansas, $1,500; Benj. Avery, Garland, Ark., $500; Miss Annie Johnson, Queen City, Texas, $200; Frederick Kimber, Onondaga Valley, N. Y., $100; Mrs. Geo. E. Simms, Helena, Ark., Grand Upright Piano, $500; Geo. E. Haymes, Atlanta, Texas, Cabinet Organ, $150; Miss Annie Goode, Calhoun, Ark., Diamond Breastpin, $100; Chas. Johnson, Rockford, Ill., Solitaire Diamond Ring, $100; S. P. Brown, Chicago, Ill., Lady's Gold Watch, $50; Mrs. J. B. Hitchcock, 1128 Tremont Avenue, Davenport, Iowa, "White" Sewing Machine, $50. *Write to any of these parties if you want any further proof.*

The following receipt speaks for itself: CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 28, 1886. POPULAR MONTHLY—Gentlemen: Please accept my thanks for the $2,500 in gold presented me for answering your Bible Question, where the word kiss first appeared. My answer was Chapter 27 and 26 verse, for the November competition. To say you have my best wishes is unnecessary. Truly Yours, H. F. STEMMERS.

The Kansas City Times says: "THE POPULAR MONTHLY is indeed the best low-priced Magazine published. It is composed of popular contributions, such as people read with pleasure. The poetry and short stories are better than found in older magazines. Its publishers are reliable and will do all they promise."

It is fair to presume that the names of the gentlemen to whom we refer must be acquainted, also that we could not assume any unwarranted liberty. We could multiply the list, but trust the business and social standing of those presented will suffice. Letters addressed to them, with stamps receive prompt attention. Major E. F. Jones, Secretary and Treasurer Kansas City Water Works Co.; Hon. Charles D. Lucas, Recorder of Deeds; Kansas City Savings Bank; Dr. J. Feld, capitalist, Kansas City, Mo.

THE POPULAR MONTHLY is an old established Family Magazine, Handsomely printed, Finely Illustrated, Pure and Elevating, a favorite in thousands of homes. It never disappoints; subscribers gladly testify to personal gains, on file, open to inspection. Now in its Twelfth year, went to the Hearths and Firesides of the American People, demanding a Magazine which should instruct, elevate, within the reach of all. Sample copy Ten Cents.

Your answer in Bible Competition includes your choice of FIFTEEN from these 40 Books. Order by number only. Bound in cloth form would cost $1.50 each. Well printed; illustrated; thoroughly complete.

1. THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS. 2. WINTER EVENING RECREATIONS; Charades, Tableaux, Games, illustrated. 3. BACK TO THE OLD HOME, by Mary Cecil Hay. 4. DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS AND READINGS, choice collections. 5. THE STANDARD LETTER WRITER, for Ladies and Gentlemen, complete guide, plain directions from examples. 6. THE FROZEN DEEP, by Wilkie Collins. 7. RED COURT FARM, by Mrs. Henry Wood. 8. THE LADY OF THE LAKE, by Sir Walter Scott. 9. IN CUPID'S NET, Novel. 10. AMOS BARTON, by George Elliott. 11. LADY GWENDOLINE'S DREAM, Novel. 12. THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLLY TREE, Novel. 13. THE BUDGET OF WIT, HUMOR AND FUN, illustrated. 14. JOHN BOWERBANK'S WIFE, by Miss Mulock. 15. THE GRAY WOMAN, by Mrs. Gaskell. 16. SIXTEEN COMPLETE STORIES by Popular Authors. 17. JASPER DANE'S SECRET, by Miss M. E. Braddon. 18. FANCY WORK FOR HOME ADORNMENT, entirely new work upon this subject, easy and practical, elegantly illustrated. 19. GRIMM'S FAIRY STORIES FOR THE YOUNG. 20. MANUAL OF ETIQUETTE for Ladies and Gentlemen, Guide to Politeness and good breeding. 21. USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE MILLIONS, handy book. 22. THE HOME COOK BOOK AND FAMILY PHYSICIAN, containing hundreds of recipes, hints to housekeepers. 23. MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN FAR AWAY LANDS, Interesting book, describing people of foreign lands, illustrated. 24. FIFTY-SEVEN POPULAR BALLADS, same as Sheet Music. 25. CALLED BACK, by Hugh Conway. 26. AT THE WORLD'S MERCY, by Florence Warden. 27. MILDRED TREVANION, Novel. 28. DARK DAYS, by Hugh Conway. 29. SHADOWS ON THE SNOW, by B. L. Farjeon. 30. LEOLINE, by Mary Cecil Hay. 31. GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE, by Wilkie Collins. 32. REAPING THE WHIRLWIND, by Mary Cecil Hay. 33. DUDLEY CARLTON, by Miss M. E. Braddon. 34. A GOLDEN DAWN, Novel. 35. VALERIE'S FATE, by Mrs. Alexander. 36. SISTER ROSE, by Wilkie Collins. 37. ANNE, by Mrs. Henry Wood. 38. THE LAUREL BUSH, by Miss Mulock. 39. ROBINSON CRUSOE. 40. HOW TO MAKE POULTRY PAY. We pay no attention to postal cards. ☞Mention this paper, write your name, county and state plainly; address letters

THE POPULAR MONTHLY, Kansas City, Mo.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Krug, the Chicago poisoner, is now thought to have a fifth victim.

There was a slight earthquake at Long Island Wednesday afternoon.

The movement of Russian troops towards the Galician frontier is continuous.

The Rhode Island House has voted to submit a woman's suffrage amendment.

Maysville, Ky., suffered a $20,000 fire yesterday, originating in a livery stable.

A legislative committee is investigating the municipal government of Brooklyn.

Patrick Egan was elected president of the Nebraska state land league yesterday.

A Democratic Tariff Reform association has been organized in Tuscarawas county, O.

Fusion in Michigan Tuesday between Democrats and Greenbackers proved a failure.

Four men scalded by a boiler explosion at Morgan's Station, Ky., Thursday, will die.

The Missouri Supreme court refuses to allow Jim Cummings to testify in the Fotheringham case.

Sen. George Hearst has transferred his partnership in the San Francisco *Examiner* to his son.

King Oscar has dissolved the Rigsdag for refusing to vote the estimates asked by the government.

Gov. Hill has finally removed Gen. Shaler from the head of the health department of New York City.

The secretary of State is informed, that the cholera has been officially declared epidemic at Montevideo.

The Senate in secret session confirmed the nomination of Dan Magone, collector of customs at New York.

Price of gas in Cincinnati has been reduced from $1.70 to $1.25 per 1,000 feet with the usual discount.

Chicago Board of Trade directors, in response to an appeal for the "corner rule," fixed the price of pork at $15.

Two centenarians died at Lowell, Mass., Sunday—Paul McAloon, aged 101, and Rose Maguire, 103 years.

The American Trotting association was formed in Detroit, Wednesday, with 60 associations at the start.

The Geo. K. Oyler carriage manufacturing company at St. Louis, failed. Assetts, $30,000; liabilities, $70,000.

The comptroller of the currency has called for a statement of the condition of national banks at the close of business Friday, March 4.

The Ames sword company of Chicopee, Mass., have discontinued the manufacture of sword blades and will hereafter import them from Germany.

Gen. J. J. Finley, of Ocala, has been appointed by Gov. Perry, United States senator from Florida, to succeed Charles W. Jones, whose term expires March 4.

Latest reports from the county seat war at Coronado, Kan., are that three men are dead, four others are likely to die and two more are slightly wounded.

National Printers' Fraternity closed its convention in Kansas City this morning. Adopted a constitution, favoring arbitration, and disparaging strikes and lockouts.

Mrs. Edminister and son, living six miles from Henry, Dakota, left that town on Friday with a horse and sleigh. They were found Sunday frozen to death ten rods from the house of a neighbor.

A petition from the merchants and business men of Providence, Rhode Island, representing about $10,000,000 was presented to the General Assembly to-day, asking for the repeal of the prohibitory law.

Application has been made for the discontinuance of the Union Mutual Insurance company, of St. Louis, on the grounds of lack of revenue to pay losses. Liabilities about $125,000.

The following is the New York Produce exchange statement of the visible supply, Saturday, March 5: In store and afloat, wheat, 55,781,469 bushels; corn, 15,734,300; oats, 4,583,585; rye, 413,358; barley, 1,853,511. Decrease, wheat, 1,848,762; corn, 409,715; oats, 152,431; rye, 14,090; barley, 188,509.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

WASHINGTON.

OUR FINANCES.

The Debt Shows a Very Small Decrease.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—Following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued to-day:

Debt Bearing Interest.	
Four and a half per cent	$ 250,000,000
Four per cent	737,789,600
Three per cent	52,654,200
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	184,350
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,119,251,162
Interest	10,692,581
Total	$1,129,943,743
Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.	
Principal	$ 6,530,845
Interest	201,365
Total	6,732,210
Debt Bearing No Interest.	
Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,341
Certificates of deposit	8,180,000
Gold certificates	99,958,365
Silver certificates	121,130,755
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	$6,950,563
Principal	$ 582,958,024
Total Debt.	
Principal	$1,708,740,031
Interest	10,893,946
Total	$1,719,633,977
Deductions.	
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$ 269,455,976
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
	369,452,976
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,350,181,001
Recapitulation.	
Net cash in the treasury	$19,148,975
Debt less cash in the treasury March 1, 1887	$1,331,032,026
Debt less cash in the treasury February 1, 1887	1,332,468,808
Decrease of debt during month	$ 1,436,782
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1886	58,104,357
Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 99,968,365
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	121,130,755
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	8,180,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	17,424,752
Cash held for bonds called not matured and balance of interest	22,755,549
Fractional currency	3,513
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 269,452,976
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$ 26,482,472
Minor coin	113,242
Total	$ 26,595,714
Certificates held as cash	29,972,577
Net cash balance on hand	19,148,975
Total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general account	$ 445,170,242

IT IS SIGNED

And American Fishermen will be Protected Hereafter—Other Bills Approved.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The President to-day approved the act to authorize the President of the United States to protect and defend the rights of American fishing vessels, American fishermen, American trading, and other vessels, in British Dominions of North America; the Indian appropriation bill; the act to establish agricultural experiment stations in connection with the colleges established under the act of July 2, 1862; the act to provide for the location and erection of a branch home for disabled volunteer soldiers west of the Rocky Mountains; the act relating to the division of the state of Illinois into judicial districts, and to provide for holding terms of court of the Northern district at Peoria; the act relating to contested elections; the act granting right of way through the Indian territory to the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska railway.

THE TRADE DOLLAR.

Treasury Department Preparing to Redeem the Objectionable Coin.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—The Treasury department to-day made temporary arrangements for the redemption of trade dollars, which, while not exactly in accordance with the provisions of the bill which has just become a law, is said at the department to be the best that can be done under existing circumstances. The act of Congress provides for the redemption of these coins "by the treasurer or any assistant treasurer of the United States" at any time within six months after its passage. The department has decided, however, that for the present and until additional vault room is obtained in the treasury building, the redemptions shall be confined to the sub-treasuries at New York and San Francisco.

The plan of redemption arranged by the treasurer provides that holders of trade dollars shall notify the assistont treasurers at the cities named above as soon as possible of the amount of their holdings, and that the assistant treasurers shall redeem the coin in the order of notification as received after they have advised the holders of their readiness to receive the coin. Treas. Jordan estimates that about 15,000,000 trade dollars will be presented for redemption, nearly half of which, he says, will be forwarded here from China and Japan. As has been previously stated, the trade dollars redeemed at New York will be melted into ingots at the assay office.

PRESIDENTIAL STUPIDITY.

Effect of the Failure to Sign the River and Harbor Bill.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—The failure of the President to sign the river and harbor bill will doubtless inflict serious injury upon the shipping interests of the lakes. The spring storms invariably do great damage to these works which are only partially completed, and it is the most absurd attempt at economy to withhold appropriations which certainly must come in time. The Portage lake canals will have to remain in their present unsatisfactory condition for at least two years more, and vessel men plying between Duluth and Buffalo will have only Pres. Cleveland to thank for their annoyance, delay and losses. In spite of the way in which the bill was originally crowded through the House, it was an exceedingly fair measure, and its defeat has caused Pres. Cleveland to be more heartily cursed by his Democratic allies to-night than ever before.

Sec. Manning's Successor.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—It is stated at the White House that Sec. Manning's successor will not be appointed for several days yet. It was the President's purpose originally to have nominated the secretary of the Treasury during the present session, but he has been so much engaged with other matters requiring immediate attention he has not been able to give the subject the consideration it requires.

The delay in making the appointment is regarded as unfavorable to promotion of Assistant Secretary Fairchild inasmuch as if the President had intended to give him the office, further consideration of the question would be unnecessary.

Republican Work for the South.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The national council of the National Union league elected Chas. Grosvenor, of Ohio, president and passed resolutions deploring the political conditions now existing in the South, and providing for zealous work for the Republican candidates in those Congressional districts where the white Republican strength is sufficient to admit of the expectation of reasonably fair elections.

NORTHWESTERN CATTLE.

Their Condition Not So Bad as Reported.

NEW YORK, March 7.—Col. R. D. Hunter, of St. Louis, was seen yesterday at the Hoffman House. He is the old president of the National Cattle Growers' association. He took from his pockets letters that he has received from the Northwest, from which he read extracts, showing that the reports of the destruction of the cattle in the Northwest have been exaggerated. He says:

"My son-in law is in constant communication for me with the big cattle-growers in Wyoming, Montana and other localities. In letters received from him to-day he tells me the same thing that I have stated to you. The reports that come here about the destruction of cattle arise from the fact that travellers from the Northwest see large numbers of carcasses along the lines of railroad and take it for granted that this represents the condition of affairs all over the country, whereas it is only the result of the weaker cattle crowding the railroad routes and there dying.

CLEVELAND'S DELAY

Prooves to Have Been Costly—He Maintained that the White House was His Office, and would not Go to the Capitol till He was Forced to.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—There came near being a serious ruction at the capitol just before Congress adjourned. The usual committees were appointed in each house to wait upon the President to notify him that Congress was ready to adjourn and awaited his pleasure for further communication. Members of the committee on the part of Senate were Messrs Sherman and Saulsbury, and on the part of House Messrs. Morrison, Tucker and Reed.

The President had steadily refused to accept the advice of friends and go to the capitol, as has been customary with the chief executives in the past, so as to be in position to handle measures as they passed Congress up to the last moment of the session. He did this for the purpose of teaching Congress a lesson in business expediency, he said, as he did not belieffe in the practice of holding back bills for final action till the last moment with a view to escape the scrutiny of the President.

Besides, he said, the President's office was at the White House and measures requiring his signature should be sent there and sent early enough for his deliberate action. In other words he held that Congress should conform to the convenience of the President instead of the reverse.

It was shortly after 11 o'clock when the congressional committee got together for the purpose of waiting upon the President. Inquiry was made by the members of the committee whether Mr. Cleveland had yet arrived at the capitol, and whether he was in the room adjoining the Senate, which was very many years ago set aside for the work of the President on the last day of the session of Congress. A negative reply was received and surprise was expressed that Pres. Cleveland should ignore this old custom and courtesy to Congress, as it is a convenience to that body.

Bills passed after the beginning of the last ten days of the session must receive the signature of the President or they die, whereas those passed prior to that time may become law without the signature of the President by virtue of a constitutional provision, so it can be readily seen there is great necessity for the President to be close at hand that he may sign bills up to the last minute Congress is in session.

When the committee was informed that Pres. Cleveland had refused to visit the capitol and sternly protested that it was the duty of Congress to cater to his convenience, there were uttered words not only of disapproval but of contempt. Then it was proposed that the committee write a report to the two Houses to the effect that it had called at the room set apart for the occupancy of the President on the last day of the session of congress and that it had not found his excellency therein, and that it had no report to convey from him. This was agreed to unanimously, the Democratic members of the committee agreeing with the Republicans that Mr. Cleveland acted contemptuously in refusing to do what all Presidents from George Washington down to and including Arthur had done.

Promptly the report was conveyed to the president pro tempore of the Senate and the speaker of the House, and although it was not announced, it soon became noised about and created a great deal of excitement. Instantly telegrams were sent to the White House by Speaker Carlisle and Sen. Harris, informing the President of the action of the committee, and advising him to come to the capitol. It was then after 11:30 o'clock. Presently a dispatch was received from the executive mansion to the effect that Mr. Cleveland was on his way to the capitol. When he arrived there were a number of enrolled bills lying on the table in his room, and before he had examined them it was 12 o'clock. Quietly the hour hands on the clocks in the two Houses were turned back to permit the completion of business. Again the hour hands were shading 12, and the committee was not ready to report from the President, and again the hour hands were turned back.

Finally the President refused to delay adjournment longer, informed the committee it could report no further communications from him, and drawing on his great coat, left hastily for the White House; but he left to die a miserable and disgraceful death, a number of meritorious measures for which both parties had worked long and faithful and in which the entire country was interested.

Intense indignation was expressed on every hand at the action of the President. He should have gone to the capital at night and remained all night if necessary to attend to work there for him to do; but instead, he remained at the executive mansion and two carriages were required to carry the clerks back and forth with measures requiring his signature. More than that, two or three extra clerks had to be enlisted for the purpose, and it rained and snowed and was as disagreeable as could be for that enormous amount of extra and unnecessary travel.

ANOTHER BLOW AT OUR TRADE.

English Capitalists Propose Supplying Brazil with Flour—Protest of the American Millers.

NEW YORK, March 5.—The *Times* this morning prints the following: The flour trade is somewhat exercised over a London project to establish in Rio Janeiro a flour milling company with a capital of £500,000.

No flour is at present milled in Brazil, for the excellent reason that there are no mills there.

American vessels from the ports of New York, Baltimore and Richmond carry out cargoes of flour to Brazil.

The duty is 75 cents per barrel. The carrying of the flour about pays the expenses of the outward voyage, and the profit of the trip is made on the return cargo of coffee which these vessels bring back.

Now, the English company proposes to to carry grain from the Argentine Republic and Chili into Brazil and mill it there. No duty is imposed on grain in that country, and hence the American flour trade would find it impossible to compete with the flour made on the spot so long as the duty of 75 cents per barrel is charged.

The effect on American commerce would extend even further, however. The steamships running between here and Brazil carry out not more than two-thirds of a cargo of general merchandise, and always have to fill up with some thousands of barrels of flour. If they did not carry the flour they would have to go out with half or two-thirds cargoes, and this would reduce their profits dangerously.

The imports from Brazil are about six times as large as the exports thither and nearly all of them that are imported in large quantities, such as coffee—of which the imports are about $30,000,000 a year—rubber, nuts and hides are brought into the United States absolutely free. The flour men in this country think that something ought to be done about this matter.

The English company is offering stock in small shares at £10, and is promising 25 to 30 per cent. dividends.

A committee of six members of the trade from this city, Baltimore and Richmond, recently went to see Sec. Bayard and the Brazilian minister in regard to the subject. Sec. Bayard asked them to prepare statistics and a clear presentation of the question, and will send it to Brazil by the American minister, who is now in Washington, but will return to his post about the middle of next month. The Brazilian minister also promised to give the matter his consideration and to call the attention of his government to it.

CHICAGO HOG PACKING.

An Unprofitable Season—What the Stockyards Strikes Cost in Wages.

CHICAGO, March 8.—The winter hog-packing season, which lasts about 100 working days in Chicago, closed the last day of February. While Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, and other packing centres of the West turned out an increased product, Chicago ran behind, the shortage as against last season being in round numbers 700,000 hogs.

The cause of the shortage was, it is stated, the great strike at the Stock yards and its direct and indirect effect upon the business of the packers and the Chicago market. A local paper, computing the number of men idle and wages lost on account of this shortage, says it is evident that a shortage of 700,000 hogs this season means a loss of $700,000 in wages and that at least 5,000 men, skilled and unskilled, who were employed last season failed to find work.

CROP REPORT.

The Outlook as Reported to the Farmer's Review.

CHICAGO, March 7.—The following crop summary will be printed in this week's issue of the *Farmer's Review*: Thus far the reports from the winter wheat belt indicated that the crop is emerging from the winter in better shape than last year. As a whole the outlook must be regarded as far more favorable than at the beginning of March last year.

Thirteen counties in Indiana make very favorable returns. In Michigan and Wisconsin the outlook is reported as very favorable. The weather has been unfavorable in Ohio and some injury is reported in Champaign, Seneca and Van Wert counties; but all other counties reporting make favorable returns. There is no change in the tenor of reports from Kansas. Fully one-half of the counties report a very poor outlook for wheat.

HIS FIRST TWO YEARS.

How They Strike the Democracy—The New York Sun Severely Criticises Cleveland's Administration—The Rudder Has Not Been Kept True—What the New York Tribune Thinks.

NEW YORK, March 4.—The *Sun* and the *Tribune*, this morning, devote considerable space on their editorial pages to a review of the first two years of Pres. Cleveland's administration.

The *Sun* says: The second year of Mr. Cleveland's administration ends to-day. The character and tendency of that administration may now be regarded as formed and fixed.

The line and groove of its policy are firmly marked, and in the ordinary course of things there is small reason to expect a deviation from them. In a few months more the question of the next candidate and the next administration will have become the first in the public mind. Whether Mr. Cleveland is to be renominated or not, he must stand or fall by the record he has already made. He can add to to the record, but he cannot change it; and nothing indicates that he wishes to change it. He is apparently well satisfied with what has been done.

Mr. Cleveland's own characteristics were pretty well known before he was elected to the Presidency, and they have for the most part been strengthened, but not altered, at Washington. His aim has been to impose his wishes upon the Democracy, not to consult and carry out theirs. He sincerely believes that he knows what Democrats need better than they know themselves.

They asked for bread and he gives them a stone.

The uncertainty and disposition to bicker shown too often by the Democrats in the 49th Congress has resulted largely from the want of cordial relations between them and the President.

It was his duty to lead them, to hold them together, to propose mutual concessions, and to find a clear and acceptable policy.

He did not do it.

He made a vigorous effort to force upon them his silver views, known to be unacceptable to a majority of the party; that is about all.

He has gone his way and they have gone theirs. His way has sometimes been the better, and we give him high and hearty praise for some of his vetoes; but his duty was to guide as well as to block. His administration has been free from scandal, save in one dark instance.

As long, however, as the purpose for which he was elected remains unfulfiled, as long as he prefers in even a single instance Republicans and Mugwumps to his natural friends, as long as he wanders in pride of opinion out of the straight and narrow Democratic way, so long must he be isolated from his party, and so long must the performance of his administration and the strength of his party be less than they ought to be.

We say nothing of his personal hopes. If he was unmoved by the story of the fall elections, it is not to be thought that he cares for the deep dissatisfaction which his policy still excites. The fact remains that the rudder of the Democratic party has not been kept true.

The *Tribune* publishes a detailed review, which occupies nearly two pages. In its editorial summary it says:

"Pres. Cleveland has removed, suspended and called for resignations of more public officials and more officials of admitted worth and fitness, than any other President in American history.

"Even Andrew Johnson, when he was elected, and strove to break it down by use of his patronage, made fewer changes in two years than Pres. Cleveland has made. An unavoidable consequence of such haste in selecting 50,000 men untried in public service is that many unworthy persons have been chosen, but the number of mistakes by Pres. Cleveland is surprising and many are peculiarly offensive. The record of facts must be examined in detail in order to appreciate how greatly the character of the government has changed since Pres. Arthur went out of office with the respect alike of friends and foes."

THE TRADE REVIEW.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Summary—Effect of the Adjournment of Congress—A Favorable Report.

NEW YORK, March 5.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly trade review says that Congress has finished its work, so that an important cause of uncertainty and disturbance of values is out of the way. The relief felt has been measurably anticipated in the markets, which generally score higher prices than they did a week ago.

The clear increase in west-bound shipments of goods, and greater activity in some branches of the dry goods trade, may be traced to the inter-state bill, to go into operation April 1, which will affect special rates and contracts. A favorable classification for cotton goods shipped westward will be affected, for instance.

Trunk lines have adopted new classes and rates, which are in effect a substantial advance so that the first result of the measure is some increase in charges for transportation.

Some improvement is noted in the woolen trade, but orders are still smaller than last year, so that fine and territorial wools are lower, though worsted wools are scarce and strong. It is significant that shoddy also rises in price while wool weakens, the demand being largely for cheaper grades of cloth.

Cottons have been more active and middling upland shows a rise to 9⅝c with more foreign buying.

Boots and shoes move more freely, but dullness is felt in the leather trade.

An increase in the iron business is now noted, but prices yield only for speculative or largely imported articles, in spite of slack demand for raw iron and imported products there is a confident tone.

Wheat speculations takes the form of a struggle between powerful combinations here, at Cincinnati and in California, which is said to hold 30,000,000 bushels, and foreigners who are selling. Prices are a shade lower than last week.

Pork speculation, after passing $15 per barrel, has been killed by the Chicago board, which fixes that price as the basis for margin deals, and thus saves legitimate traders from the clutch of the combination.

Labor difficulties look less threatening.

Business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 203, for Canada 26; total 229, against 209 last week, and 246 for the corresponding week of last year.

A GENUINE SIMPLICITY BOARD.

Frog Legs, Terrapin, Triple X, Pomerey Sec, Old Hens and What Not!

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The report of the House committee on appropriations to accompany the regular deficiency bill, which was sent to the House yesterday, contains some items which indicate that the members of the board of visitors to the Naval Academy last summer did not adhere rigidly to the popular idea of Democratic Jeffersonian simplicity. Three of the members of the board were ex-Ministers John Bigelow, Editor Dawson (of the Charleston *News and Courier*,) and ex-Governor Bedle, of New Jersey. The expenses which were incurred by this board amounted to $1,483.75. The itemized account of the expenditures contains such items as these:

Five dozen frog legs	$ 7 50
Five dozen soft-shell crabs	3 75
Thirty-eight pounds old hens	4 56
Six terrapin	10 00
Ice cream	2 00
Roman punch	3 00
One box toilet soap	4 50
One can lye	10
3½ cases triple X whisky	60 00
1¾ cases Chilling sherry	5 00
Four 2-3 cases claret	28 00
One tin box water crackers	3 50
1,025 cigars	150 00
Two cases Pomeroy sec	58 00

Besides the box of water crackers, frog legs and old hens, the board consumed fourteen dozen eggs, one dollar's worth of water ice and sundry pounds of beef and mutton. Their proceedings were timed by a clock which cost only $1.50.

A CRY FOR REFORM.

Democrats Suggesting Samuel J. Randall for Secretary of the Treasury.

NEW YORK, March 3.—A Washington special says: It has been suggested to the President by a number of prominent Democrats that it would be a good thing if he would appoint Samuel J. Randall secretary of the Treasury. The gentlemen making these suggestions are reformers. They have said to Mr. Cleveland that the administration would be terribly handicapped in the next presidential campaign if something is not done to secure a reduction of taxation. They have argued to the President that the revenue reformers will never be able to accomplish anything as long as Mr. Randall is in the House. They say, therefore, that the President would make a master stroke by taking Mr. Randall into his cabinet.

Mr. Randall's honesty and integrity are unquestioned. His familiarity with public affairs and particularly everything relating to expenditures, is excelled by no man in public life. His record for economy, too, would make him a very strong man in the treasury. Better than all that, they say, he is a sterling Democrat, a good politician and a man of extraordinary force and decision of character, and that these elements are greatly needed in the cabinet.

RATHER ELEGANT

Are the New Quarters of the Knights of Labor in Philadelphia—Up to Their Knees in Velvet Carpets.

NEW YORK, March 5.—The Philadelphia *Press*, of this morning, says: The magnificence of the Knights of Labor's new headquarters, on North Broad street this city, is exciting much comment among the members of the great organization all over the country. Delegations from distant cities who have visited the new establishment express their astonishment at its grandeur and elegance.

Most of the knights in Philadelphia, at least those who have entered the new headquarters are proud and yet surprised at the character of the place; proud that their order can boast ownership of it and is oble to provide such quarters for its general officers, and surprised that an organization of workingmen entertaining principles of the plainest and most practical sort imaginable, should give countenance to luxury and extravagance by fitting up its central office on the style of the North Broad street establishment.

The building, with its brown-stone front, its elegant furnishings, equipments and conveniences has already been described in detail by the *Press*. How its floors are covered with sumptuous rugs and Wilton and Brussels carpets, how its stairways are built with heavy wooden balusters, its halls lighted from windows of stained glass, its room adorned with plush furniture, frescoed walls, inlaid marble mantels, large plate mirrors, and fine lace curtains. All these points have been noted and humble Knights of Labor have gazed on them with wonder and delight.

This week a delegation from Newark, N. J., consisting of Messrs. Freil and O'Connor, representing the Essex trades visited General Master Workman Powderly for the purpose of urging him to interpose his authority and stop the conflict between the Knights of Labor and the International Cigarmakers' Union.

They did not see Mr. Powderly, as he was not in the city, but when they went away they carried with them great news for their friends about the wonders they had seen at the new headquarters.

They had made an inspection of the interior, and, instead of finding themselves in a plain business office, they were ushered into a magnificently furnished brownstone house, where, as one of them expressed it, they "waded up to their knees in velvet carpet."

The report was unique and startling to their comrades.

"Why, everything about the place was simply immense," they said. "Dozens and dozens of clerks, mostly women, were sitting at polished desks, and they did not seem to have anything to do other than to look around them."

"Electric bells, fine carpets and rugs, and mirrors and chandeliers and all the rest of it compelled us to believe that we were in Vanderbilt's mansion."

Opinion here among the Knights in some quarters is similar, but for the most part the members of the order are, as stated above, gratified at the purchase of the North Broad street property for general headquarters.

The majority may be said to be pleased with the new establishment.

THE OLEOMARGARINE LAW

Has Not Been a Boom to Farmers but It Has Stamped Out Most of the Bogus Butter.

NEW YORK, March 7.—The *Tribune* this morning says: The oleomargarine law has not proved such a boom to the farmers and dairy men of the Eastern states as they expected.

It has, to be sure, put an effective quietus upon the trade in bogus butter, but it has not caused the high prices for genuine products that the friends of the law predicted. Butter has for some time been selling as low and, in some instances, even lower than at this time a year and two years ago. This fact causes much disappointment among butter men and has led some to think that after all the law might as well have never been passed.

How mistaken is such a notion was shown yesterday by Assistant State Dairy Commissioner Van Valkenberger in discussing the results of the new law.

"It is true," he said, "that state dairy butter is no higher now than it was two years ago at this time. The reason, however, of this is plain. Previous to the encroachment of the law, thousands and thousands of cows throughout the country were allowed to go dry throughout the winter, because, in many instances, butter would only bring six or seven cents a pound to the farmer.

"But when the oleomargarine law passed, the price of genuine butter went up all over the country. The dairy business was stimulated to a high degree and enough butter was produced to keep down prices here. I estimate that over $3,000,000 worth has been produced. This shows whether the butter business has been benefitted or not.

"Then think what the law has done for the consumer in giving him good butter for the price which he has heretofore been compelled to pay for the bogus article. This is, after all, the great gain. The recent strikes have also done much to depress the butter market."

"How about the oleomargarine trade in this city?"

"Well, I think we have got it pretty well under foot. Of the 10,000 grocers in this city and Brooklyn, not 200 have taken out licenses to sell the stuff. In round numbers, I should say that not one-tenth as much oleomargarine is sold as before the passage of the law."

TROUBLE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Great Britain's Action in the Bait Bill Has Aroused Great Indignation—Annexation and Secession Openly Advocated—The Troops at Quebec to be Held in Readiness—Gunboats Coming Up from the Bermudas.

OTTAWA, Ont., March 8.—Further advices from Newfoundland state that the colony is ablaze with excitement over the action of the British government in disallowing the bait bill, and that indignation meetings are being held everywhere to protest against it.

The local government has become alarmed at the serious outlook, and in view of the disaffection that is rapidly spreading, and the disloyal sentiments which prevail, it is understood that two British war ships will be immediately sent up from Bermuda, where they have been stationed during the winter, to maintain peace in the event of an uprising, which seems almost inevitable.

Annexation and secession are openly advocated and a desperate effort will be made to secure one or the other if the British government persists in disallowing the bait bill. The local government are alive to the critical situation the colony has been placed in and are making every preparations to meet as far as possible any trouble that may arise.

An appeal has been made to Ottawa to know how the position of affairs would be should the colony enter the Dominion. The existing rights of French fishermen to purchase bait and fish along the southern and western coasts of the island as conceded to them by treaty would in no way be affected by the admission of Newfoundland in the Dominion. Military circles in Halifax, the garrison of all British troops in North America, are somewhat excited over the reports that the British regiments from that station will immediately be dispatched to Newfoundland the minute there is any indication of trouble.

EVEN MORE STRINGENT

Is the New Liquor Law Passed by the Maine Legislature.

AUGUSTA, Me., March 2.—The House passed, 101 to 24, the new liquor bill which is designed so to amend the present law as to make it more stringent. It provides that the State Liquor Commissioner shall not hereafter sell to any municipal officer any intoxicating liquors, except those pronounced pure by a competent assayer. He is placed under a bond of $10,000 for faithful discharge of duties, and to receive $1,500 and 6 per cent of the cost of liquor assayed for salary and expenses.

Further sections prevent delivery of liquor within the state at other than regularly established depots. It prohibits the sale of wine and porter, strong beer, lager beer, and other malt liquors in any quantity. It also constitutes a penalty for the first offense of sale equal to that of the present second offense. Druggists are prohibited from keeping any other intoxicating liquor than alcohol, and the keeping or having in possession any other liquors is held as prima facie evidence of sale. The payment for, or application for a United States special license is also prima facie evidence of sale.

A SENSATION PROMISED

By Ex-Sen. Jones, of Florida, who will Vindicate Himself and Involve Some Prominent Statesmen.

DETROIT, Mich., March 5.—It is a report apparently well authenticated that ex-Sen. Jones, of Florida, for so many months a persistent sojourner in Detroit, will seek a re-election by the Florida legislature.

In doing this, it is said he will lay before that body the true reason of his long absence from the national capitol, and will a tale unfold that will not only vindicate his own course, but create a national sensation in the character of the charges that he will make and the high standing of the statesmen that he will involve.

HIS LIFE'S WORK IS DONE.

Henry Ward Beecher Passed Away at Half Past Nine Tuesday Morning, Without Having Recovered Consciousness—Scenes at the Death Bed—The News in Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, March 7.—Late Saturday afternoon the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher suffered an attack of apoplexy, from which he has never regained consciousness.

All day Sunday and until midnight the officer on duty at the door of the house was kept busy answering the queries of friends or strangers. For hours the people stood in the cold, damp weather looking at the house, and it was not until the lights in the windows were lowered that the crowd was entirely dispersed. Even as late as 1 o'clock persons climbed up the steps and tried to read the last bulletins. Most of the flowers sent to the house came from the members of the congregation. Major Pond was in the house most of the day.

He told the circumstances connected with Mr. Beecher's daily occupations just previous to the attack with considerable feeling. He said that Mr. Beecher only on Tuesday last told him how strong he felt and how glad he was that he would be able to complete his book in time for the publishers, and what pleasure he found in writing the work. Major Pond also told of Mr. Beecher's visit to England a quarter of a century ago.

In the coming September it was intended to give a grand celebration in honor of Mr. Beecher's fiftieth year in the ministry and the first half century of his married life; also, the fortieth of his ministry at the Brooklyn church.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher died at 9:30 o'clock this morning in the presence of most of the members of his family. Those present were Col. H. B. Beecher, his wife, his daughters Hattie and Daisy, and his son Henry Ward Beecher, Miss Edith Beecher, W. C. Beecher and wife, Rev. Samuel Scoville, Mrs. S. Scoville, eldest daughter of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Miss Scoville, who had just come from the Pacific slope, Miss Bullard, the Rev. S. B. Halliday and wife, Belle, the Scotch nurse who was with the family many years and was the special favorite of the dead preacher, the male nurse Riordan, S. V. White, E. A. Seccomb, one of the trustees of the Plymouth church, and Maj. J. B. Pond.

At 10.30 it was given out that the funeral would take place in Greenwood on Thursday next. Some time ago Mr. H. W. Sage, a member of Plymouth church, appropriated by will a sum of money to place a statue of Mr. Beecher in Prospect Park, after his decease. Mr. Quincy Wood, the well-known sculptor who is to do the work, will call at the house in the course of the day for the purpose of making a plaster cast of his features. It is not intended that any examination shall be made of Mr. Beecher's brain organism.

Dr. Searle has made public the following statement:

"Mr. Beecher failed decidedly after 3 a. m. the breath was more labored and slower and his pulse gradually grew weaker, the family was aroused about 4 and all gathered around his bedside.

"It soon became evident that immediate dissolution was not to be looked for. It stole on him steadily. It was not until 8:30 a. m. that he could be said to be dying. At 9 his pulse became feeble and flickering, but it remained perceptible at the wrist until a few moments before breathing ceased.

"This occurred at 9:30.

"There was no struggling, he breathed his last breath quietly. His remains are in the care of his faithful and excellent nurses until the arrival of Mr. Hopper the undertaker, who had been sent for. Quincy Ward, the sculptor, is expected to take a cast of his face for the statue already long provided for by his staunch and old friend Mr. Henry Sage, of Ithaca. The statue will ornament Prospect park and be a shrine to which generations of pilgrims will resort to reverence and admire."

The news of Mr. Beecher's death spread very quickly to all parts of the city, and Brooklyn may now be said to be a city of mourning. Even those who did not always concur with Mr. Beecher in his views, had no hesitation in expressing their deep regret at his death. As a mark of respect to his memory, the flags on all the public buildings were placed at half mast and Mayor Whitney had the city hall bell tolled.

Henry Ward Beecher was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813. He graduated at Amherst college in 1834, and studied theology at Lane seminary. In 1837 he became pastor of a church at Lawrenceburg, and in 1839 at Indianapolis, Ind. In 1847 he received a call from the Plymouth church, a new congregationalist organization in Brooklyn, N. Y. Here almost from the outset he began to acquire that reputation as a pulpit orator which has been maintained and increased during a quarter of a century. The church and congregation under his charge are probably the largest in America. He has always discarded the more conventionalities of the clerical profession. In his view humor has a place in a sermon as well as argument and exhortation. He was fond of illustration, drawing his material from every sphere of human life and thought; and his manner was highly dramatic. Though his keen sense of honor continually manifested itself, the prevailing impression given by his discourses was one of intense earnestness. The cardinal idea of his creed was that Christianity is not a series of philosophical or metaphysical dogmas, but a rule of life in every phase. Hence he has never hesitated to discuss from the pulpit, the great social and political questions of the day, such as slavery, intemperance, licentiousness, lust for power, and the greed of gain. He was an enthusiast in music, a connoisseur in art, a lover of flowers and animals. Apart from his purely professional labors, he was a popular lecturer in lyceums and orator at public meeting. In the summer of 1874 Mr. T. Tilton, then editor of the *Independent*, charged Mr. Beecher with criminality with Mrs. Tilton. He brought a civil suit against Mr. Beecher, claiming $100,000 damages. The trial lasted six months and ended in the defendant's acquittal. In 1878 Mr. Beecher announced that he did not believe in the eternity of punishment, believing that all punishments are cautionary and remedial. He formally withdrew from the association of Congregational churches on account of this change in his belief. Before beginning to preach he edited for a year (1836) a newspaper, *The Cincinnati Journal*, and while pastor at Indianapolis an agricultural paper, his contributions to which were afterward published in book form. He founded and for nearly twenty years contributed to the *Independent*. Since 1870 he has been the editor of the *Christian Union*, published in New York. His regular weekly sermons as taken by stenographers, have been printed since 1859, and to-day form an attractive feature to several of the largest secular papers in the country. He was also an author of no small talent, publishing a number of essays, biographies, sermons and novels. In 1863 he visited Great Britain, with a special view to disabuse the public in regard to the issues of our great civil war. His speeches exerted a wide influence in changing popular sentiment, which had been strongly in favor of the Southern Confederacy.

WILD TIMES ON 'CHANGE.

The Price of May Wheat Forced Way Up Chicago—Great Excitement.

CHICAGO, March 8.—1:00 P. M.—The wheat pit has been the scene of the wildest excitement to-day that has been known for years. May wheat, which was quoted lass week at 77½c, has advanced 8c in the past few days, and there is now every sign that a "squeeze" is contemplated for May delivery. The magnitude of such a speculative undertaking can hardly be realized even by the big operators on the board, in view of the large stocks of wheat in sight here and and at other points.

Last Friday May wheat went up from 79c to 80c; on Saturday the price went to 83½c, and shortly before noon to-day the price advanced to 86c, but closed at 85½c at 1 o'clock.

It is claimed the shortage is the greatest ever known here, and the statement is made that operators here and for outside customers sold fully 40,000,000 of bushels additional yesterday in expectation of a big decline. New Yorkers, Californians, Cincinnatians and Chicagoans are reported back of the deal, while a large number of local dealers—New Yorkers and Englishmen—are said to be "short."

A few bull operators deny that there is any manipulation, and contend that wheat is advancing on its merits, but it is significant that May and June deliveries are quoted at a premium over distant months.

THE GRAND ARMY.

Missouri Veterans Vying With Each Other in Encampment Preparations.

ST. LOUIS, March 9.—Since the last state encampment of the G. A. R. the increase of new posts has been most unusual. Twelve have been mustered in during the past month, and a number will apply for muster within a short time. The membership of the old posts has been very largely increased, and the activity in Grand Army circles is greater than it ever was since the establishment of the G. A. R. in this state.

The approaching St. Louis National encampment has aroused a great deal of enthusiasm throughout the state, and the posts are vying with each other in the extent of their preparations for attendance. Reports from all parts of the department state that every efford is being made to yresent a fine appearance at the encampment. There is an immense demand for new badges, uniforms are being renewed, flags bought, and all appointments furnished and put in perfect order. There will be great rivalry between posts both as to number and appearance of the men, and the beneficial effects of this rivalry has already manifested itself in an increased attention to discipline, and a much larger attendance at meetings than ever has been known before.

NO TAX ON DRUMMERS.

So Says the Supreme Court—An Important Decision that will Revolutionize Southern Trade—The Power of States to Regulate Commerce—Synopsis of the Court's Judgment.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The case of Sabine Robbins against the taxing district of Shelby county, Tennessee, in error to the Supreme court of Tennessee, decided by the United States Supreme court was of unusual interest.

This case arrises out of the following state of facts:

Robbins was employed in Memphis in soliciting orders for stationery for a Cincinnati firm, and in exhibiting samples for the purpose of effecting sales. The state law, applicable only to this one taxing dristict, was in force, subjecting "drummers" and all persons not having regular licensed house business in the district, offering or selling goods by sample, to a tax of $10 per week or $25 per month.

Robbins, who was unlicensed, was tried, convicted and fined, and on appeal the judgment was affirmed. The case has been brought this court on writ of error upon the ground that the law imposing a tax is repugnant to that clause of the constitution of the United States which declares that Congress shall have power to regulate commerce among the several states.

It is, in the opinion this court, a question of great importance to the people of the United States both as respects their business interests and their constitutional rights.

In a long and carefully prepared opinion by Justice Brady the court holds that the constitution gives to Congress the power to regulate commerce among states and that power is necessarily exclusive whenever the subjects of it are national in their character or admit only of uniform system or plan of regulation.

II. Where the power of Congress to regulate is exclusive, its failure to act indicates its will that the subject shall be left free from any restrictions or impositions and any regulation by states except in matters of local concern only, is repugnant to such freedom.

III. The only way in which commerce between states can be legitimately affected by state laws is when by virtue of its police power and its jurisdiction over persons and property within its limits as the state provides for the security of life, limb, health, comfort and property, or when it does those things which may incidentally affect commerce. But in making such internal regulations the state cannot impose taxes on persons passing through or coming in merely for a temporary purpose; nor upon property imported or not yet become part of the common mass, and no discrimination can be made by any such regulation adversely to the persons or property of other states, and no regulation can be made directly affecting inter-state commerce. In the matter of inter-state commerce the United States are, in the opinion of this court, but one country, and are and must be subject to one system of regulations and not to a multitude of regulations.

It seems to be forgotten that the people of this country are citizens of the United States, as well as of individual states, and that the have some rights under the constitution and laws of the former, independent of the latter, and free from any interference or restraint from them.

IMAGINE HIS SURPRISE

To Find a Brutal Prize Fight Taking Place in His Dining Room—An Exasperated Citizen of Long Island Declares the Fight a Draw.

NEW YORK, March 3.—James T. Larkins and Patrick Fitzgerald fought a draw of twelve rounds for a prize of $500 early this morning. The fight had been arranged to take place some days ago, but the vigilance of the police prevented.

When Fitzgerald and fourteen of the subscribers were discharged by Judge Stilsing in Jersey City yesterday morning, where they had been arrested the night before, just as the fight was about to start, they immediately decided to have the fight at the Pastime club house, in this city, but again the police appeared on the scene, and the sports were put to flight.

After looking around for a place until nearly morning, a butler for a private family on Long Island, a friend of Fitzgerald, said the folks were away and they could fight in the dining-room of his employers' residence. This was agreed to and in the dining-room of a palatial mansion, on Brooklyn Heights, the fighters stripped for the fray at 3:45 a. m. Larkin was in magnificent condition and looked more the runner than a fighter. Fitzgerald, who is a horse-shoer, was in fine condition too, and the muscles stood out in great bunches all over his body. It was clearly to be seen that while Fitzgerald was a punisher, Larkin was a stayer.

Two ounce gloves were used, 12 slugging rounds were fought, and Larkin had much the best of it. During the 8th round Fitzgerald caught Larkin on the back of the head and broke one of the small bones in his right arm. At the end of the round his seconds wanted to throw up the sponge, but he refused to give in. From the 9th to the 12th round Larkins had it all his own way.

During the twelfth round the astonished house owner, who had unexpectedly returned and had been asleep upstairs, walked in to find a prize fight in his own dining room. He was pale with rage and said: "Leave here, all of you, or I will call the police."

Some one called out: "Don't let him out. Go on with the fight."

At the end of the round it was proposed to lock the proprietor up in a closet, but more sober counsel prevailed and the referee decided the fight a draw, ordered the purse to be divided, and all bets off.

THE RETALIATORY BILL.

Its Effect Upon the Canadian Fisheries—The Question is of Marine Interest.

NEW YORK, March 5.—A Montreal special says there was considerable discussion on the streets yesterday over the passage of the Edmunds retaliatory bill by both houses of Congress and the signing of it by the President.

Traffic Manager Olds, of the Canadian Pacific railway, says: "I regard the whole question as one of marine interest, confined to a limited area, and only remotely connected with the fishing question. My opinion is that if arrangements are made for a regular ocean service to other markets for cured fish, Canadian fishing industries would only suffer temporarily. I can not imagine that the bill has been passed except for political purposes. There is a possibility that certain annoyances may arise out of customs transactions, but I do not think that this will last long."

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT

To be Unveiled in May or June—Completion of the Fifth Panel.

NEW YORK, March 7.—The last of the five bas-relief panels for the Garfield monument in Cleveland was finished yesterday by Caubert, the sculptor, and was put on exhibition in his studio. It measures seven by sixteen feet in the plaster cast, and contains nearly twenty figures, some in bassos and some in alto relievo. This last panel represents Garfield lying in state guarded by two soldiers and a knight templar, while a crowd of people press by to take a last look.

The figures are realistic, of course, not allegorical. Among them are a merchant, a sailor, a negro, two women, a little girl, and a crippled old man, all of life size. The five plates will picture five phases of Garfield's life—the schoolmaster, the soldier, the orator, the president and the martyr. The first four have already been cast in terra cotta. The monument will probably be unveiled in May or June.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MANCHESTER MANUFACTURERS.

Demand Has not Improved Prices Steady, and Leading Sections Quiet.

MANCHESTER, March 8.—The *Guardian*, in its commercial article, says: The leading sections are very quiet. The demand has not improved and is frequently decidedly weaker. Prices are steady. Though occasionally there is an increased desire to sell, spinners and manufacturers are generally independent, owing to the extent of production under contract and the belief that waiting will bring renewed business on a full scale with unyielding prices. A steady, small demand in some departments prevents flatness. For India and China there is but little business at acceptable rates, owing to the continued difficulty of placing contracts for forward exchange.

Export yarns are inactive. Stocks are increasing. Home manufacturers have bought sparingly. Spinners will not accept orders offered at last week's lowest prices. Cloth is generally inactive. Despite a small miscellaneous demand, manufacturers are occasionally anxious for more business, though they are unwilling to yield to lower offers. There are inquiries for shirtings and other India and China fabrics, but where full prices are offered quick delivery is required, and rates forward are not acceptable. Printing, finishing, T. cloths and Mexicans are steady with a small general demand.

THE NEW REICHSTAG.

Kaiser Wilhelm Wants Peace, but Als Wants an Assurance that the Frontier Attacks will be Severely Dealt With.

BERLIN, March 3.—The new German Reichstag was opened to-day. The Emperor's speech was read from the throne. In it he says he is gratified at the benevolent disposition the Pope has shown towards the empire. The foreign policy of the empire is continually directed to the maintenance of peace with all powers, and especially with Germany's neighbors. The foreign relations of the government are the same as when the last Reichstag was opened.

If the present Reichstag, without hesitation or division, gives unanimous expression to the resolve that the nation will put forth its full strength in full panoply now and at all times against any attack upon our frontiers, such resolution, even before carried out, will materially strengthen the guarantees of peace, and remove the doubts which the late parliamentary debates may have inspired.

The emperor feels assured that the Reichstag by its resolutions will give the federal government a national policy on a safe basis, and derives from this conviction the confident hope that God will bless his efforts to preserve the peace and security of Germany.

The same internal bills that were submitted to the previous Reichstag will again be offered. The erection of new sources of revenue and the reform of the methods of taxation are urged.

THE RENT QUESTION.

Sir William Harcourt Says Parnell Has Been in the Right.

LONDON, March 3.—Sir William Vernon Harcourt writes to the *Times* to show that the troubles in Ireland arise from the attempt of the government to enforce the payment of rents which their own land commission declared the people are unable to pay.

He quotes from speeches of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and other Conservatives, made last year, in which it was admitted that if Mr. Parnell was able to prove the premises of his tenants' relief bill, the government would be bound to attempt to supply a remedy. The land commission, says the writer, proved Mr. Parnell to be in the right; yet the government, instead of bringing in a bill to defeat with judicial rents, proposed fresh coercion measures.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Mrs. Sen. Beck died in Washington on Sunday.

A new American church is to be erected in Rome.

John B. Sackett has been appointed postmaster at Buffalo.

Balfour, the new chief secretary for Ireland, has arrived at Dublin.

Evangelical ministers at Indianapolis eulogized Henry Ward Beecher.

The Indiana legislature has adjourned by limitation. There will be no extra session.

Robert Blacker and a child were drowned while crossing a swollen stream in a light wagon.

It is believed in Rome that the treaty of alliance between Austria, Germany and Italy, was signed on March 4.

Mrs. Ditmar's dynamite works at Baychester, Long Island, blew up for the fifth time, Monday, killing a boy.

Pressure has been brought to bear upon the President to approve the River and Harbor bill, but he absolutely refuses.

The New York Produce Exchange has decided that hereafter 1,000 instead of 950 bushels of oats shall constitute a carload.

It is rumored that an agreement has been arrived at between Russia and Austria for a settlement of the difference relative to the Balkan states.

The Congregational ministers of Chicago refused to send a message of condolence to Mrs. Beecher this morning because of her husband's alleged heterodoxy.

In consequence of the panic caused by the recent earthquakes, hotel keepers at Nice are selling out at a great sacrifice. Many of the inhabitants are still camping out.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Mar. 9, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—Decrease	$2,304,950
Loans—Increase	1,074,100
Specie—Decrease	1,790,600
Legal tenders—Decrease	1,048,600
Deposits—Decrease	2,147,000
Circulation—Increase	11,900

The banks now hold $9,088,050 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NOON.—The stock market became dull after 11 o'clock, with Western Union and Jersey Central still retaining their lead; both were steady, while the transactions in the remainder of the list were too small to establish changes in quotations. The market continued without movement or feature, and at noon is very dull and steady.

3 P. M.—The stock market was quiet but strong during the first two hours of the afternoon, but after 2 o'clock it became moderately active and weak and closed heavy at figures slightly below opening prices.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 92⅛; L. S., 95⅞; Pac. Mail, 55⅜; N. Y. C., 113¼; D., L. & W., 135⅞; J. C., 72; Erie, 33⅜; Erie 2d ex. c, 98⅞; W. St. L. & P. 17⅞; Erie pref. ——; N. P., 28¾; N. P. p'f'd, ——; D. & R. G. ——; Louis. & Nash., 62¼; Texas Pacific, ——; Union Pacific, 58⅝; Missouri Pacific, 108¾; C. S., 59⅝; Western Union, 77⅝; Kansas & Texas, 31⅞; C., B. & Q., 138; Rock Island, ——; Mil. L. & W., ——, L. S. W. pfd, ——; Cen. Pac. ——; Oregon Trans., 32¾; Omaha, 46¼; Omaha pfd., 109; Manitoba, ——; Michigan Central, ——; Phila. & Read., 38⅞; Del. & Hud., ——; N. W., 116⅝; St. P. & M., ——; Hocking Valley, 35⅝; New York & New England, 62⅞; P., D. & E., —; Consolidated Gas, —; Wabash, ——; St. P. & D., ——; R. I. ——; Richmond T., 43; C. C. C. I., ——; Oil closed at 61⅞c.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	March 8.	March 1.
4½'s coupons	108⅝	110¼
4's coupons	128⅜	128⅞
3's registered	100⅛	100
Pacific 6's of '95	126⅝	126⅞

TRADE.

The general trade of the country during the past week was a little better than the previous one. The activity in cotton and iron continues, and there was a fair movement of wheat. The outlook is for considerable active before the close of March.

THE MARKETS.

More Active Markets—Higher May Wheat in Chicago.

There were active markets to-day at leading points. At Chicago, wheat, especially for May, was irregular, excited and higher, closing unsteady. Last night May wheat closed at Chicago at 83½c. This morning it opened firm and ran up to 86c, but afterward eased off to 85⅛c. Toledo and New York markets did not sympathize with Chicago, at which point the movement of the market was one of manipulation. May wheat opened at Toledo at 86⅛c, and closed at 85⅜c. It is said that Irwin, Green & Co. are heavy buyers at Chicago. Aside from the excitement at Chicago there is but little to note of importance. Cables were fairly firm. Exports were of fair proportions. In corn there was not much done. Prices were steady.

Toledo Grain Market.

TEN O'CLOCK A. M. CALL.—Wheat—May, 86¼c bid, 87c asked; August, 87c sales. Corn—May, 41c bid, 42c asked. Clover seed—March, $4 30 bid, $4 40 asked.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce to-day, cash wheat received but little attention. The price was steady but firm. No. 2 soft Red Lake Shore wheat, 84c; do do to arrive, 84c.

For future delivery there was an active trade in May and August No. 2 Red wheat. Prices opened higher than at yesterday's close, but afterward weakened, closing a little irregular.

	Mar.	April	May	June
Sales to-day	——	——	640000	1000
Saturday	——	20000	580000	134000

Seller May, 86¼c, receded to 85¼c, and closed at 85¾c, ¼c improved; seller June, 85¼c, ¼c

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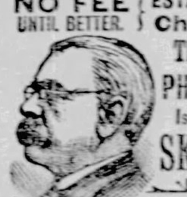

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decline; seller August, 87c, fell to 85½c, and closed at 85¾c, ¼c better.

Cash corn—Light market; prices steady. No. 3, 39c; No. 4, 38c; seller May, 41c. Clover seed, sales 500 bags; prices steady, but higher; prime, $4 35; No. 2, $6 20; prime mammoth, $4 45; seller March, $4 35; April, $4 30.

AFTERNOON CLOSE—Wheat—Cash, 84c; May 85¾c. Corn—Cash, 39½c; May 41c.

Toledo Produce Market.

There was a fair quantity of products on the market this morning. Dressed hogs were scarce and held at outside figures. Vegetables were steady. Butter unchanged. Eggs sold at yesterday's prices. Salt meats firm. Fresh meats steady but firm. Hay unchanged. Best butter, 20@21c; second quality, 17@18c. Eggs 14c. Salt, in car lots, 75c; in barrels, 90c. Poultry—Chickens, 8@9c; turkeys, 9@10c. Vegetables—Lettuce, 25c per pound; celery, 25c per doz; cabbages, 35@40c per doz; Potatoes, 35@40c per bushel; sweet potatoes, $3.00@3.50 per bbl; beans, per bushel, $1 25@1 75; onions, $1.00 per bushel. Wool, 30c per lb. Fresh meats—Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs, $6.25; beef, 4½@7c per lb for sides; mutton, 6c; lambs, 6½c; calves, per lb, 7½@8c. Salt meats—Mess pork, $18.50; short mess, $19.00; long clear, $19.25; short clear, $19.50; rumps $16.00; butts, $16.00; clear neck and bean, $15.00. Hams, 18 lbs. and over, 12c; 15 lbs. average, 12c; 12½ lbs. average, 13c; shoulders, 8c. Breakfast bacon, 9½@10c; clear sides and backs, 9@9½c. Lard—Kettle, tierces, barrels, half barrels and cans, 8c, 8¼c and 8½c; fine lard, 7½@8c in cases and cans. Fruits—Apples, 60@75c; cranberries, $3.00 per box; oranges, $2 50@3 00 per box; lemons, $3 00@$3 50. Hides dull.

General Produce.

MILWAUKEE, March 8.—Wheat higher; cash, 79⅞c; May, 82⅞c. Corn higher; No. 3, 38c. Oats firm; No. 2 white, 30⅝c. Rye dull; No. 1, 56c. Barley steady; No. 2, 50½c.

KANSAS CITY, March 7.—Wheat higher; No. 2 cash 69½c bid; April, 72½c bid; May, at 75c. Corn—Higher; No. 2 cash, 31½c bid; April, 32¼c; May, 33¾@34c. Oats—Nominal at 26½c asked for cash.

DETROIT, March 8.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 84½c; cash Michigan red, 84½c; No. 2 red, cash and March, 84½c; April, 85½c; May, 86⅜c; June, 86¾c bid; August, 86c asked. Corn, 40½c bid. Oats—No. 2, 30½c, nominal; No. 2 white, 33c asked. Clover Seed—Cash, $4 30; April, $4 20, nominal.

CHICAGO, March 8.—1:00 P. M.—Wheat, cash, 80¼c; May, 85½c; June, 84⅞c; July, 83¼c; September, 84¼c. Corn, cash, 35⅜c; May, 40⅜c; June, 41¼c. Oats, cash, 29c; May, 28½c. Rye, 51c. Barley, 48c. Flax seed, $1 07@1 08. Prime timothy seed, $1 83@1 85. Whisky, $1 18. Pork, cash, $20 35; May, $20 75; June $20 90. Lard, cash, $7 67½; May, $7 82½; June, $7 87½.

At 1 o'clock to-day May wheat closed at 85½, opened at the afternoon board at 86½, but here was a quick decline and it ambled down to 83⅞, and closed at 84⅛.

CINCINNATI, March 8.—Flour firm; family, $3 35@3 50; fancy, $3 75@4 00. Wheat quiet at 84c. Corn quiet at 39c. Oats firm at 30¼@30½c. Rye firmat 59@60c. Provisions stronger. Pork nominal at $19.50. Lard $7 50. Bulk meats and bacon held higher; short rib, $9 00; short clear, $9 25. Whisky steady; sales, 759 bbls.; finished goods on a basis of $1 13.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Wheat—Market opened ⅜@½c higher, later ruled easier and declined ⅛@⅜c, with a fair business; receipts, 62,700 bu; sales, 96,000 bu No 2 Red, April, 93⅛@93⅝c; 2,104,000 bu do May, 93⅞@94⅜c; 872,000 bu do June, 93⅞@94⅜c; 80,000 bu do July, 94 1-16@95c; 816,000 bu do December, 97⅝@98⅛c. Corn—Market is reported as ⅛@¼c lower and dull to-day; receipts, 44,000 bu; sales, 16,000 bu mixed western spot, 49⅜@50c; do futures, 49⅛@49¾c. Oats shade lower and dull; receipts, 24,000 bu; sales, 40,000 bu; state, —c; western, 35@42c. Beef dull; new extra mess, $8 50@9 00. Pork firm; mess, $15 25; old do, $15 25@15 75. Lard—Market is stronger; steam rendered, $7 75. Butter firm; western, 12@33c. Sugar steady; crushed, 6⅛@6¾c; powdered, 5 13-16@6⅛c; granulated, 5 11-16@5¾c. Coffee steady; fair Rio, 14⅝c; good do, 15c; prime do, 15½c. Molasses firm; 50 deg. test, 18c. Spirits of Turpentine firm at 39c. Eggs—Western, fresh, 16½@17c.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, March 7.—Hogs—Market firm; common and light $4 65@5 50; packing and butchers, $5 45@6 00; receipts, 2,700 head; ships, 450 head.

EAST LIBERTY, March 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 513 head; shipments, 2,295 head; market moderately active and 10@15c higher than last week; 5 cars cattle shipped to New York to-day.

CHICAGO, March 8.—Hogs—Receipts, 14,000 head; market active and unchanged; light, $5 20@5 65; rough packing, $5 25@5 45; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $5 55@6 05; pigs, $4 80@5 15. Cattle—Receipts, 8,000 head; market firm; inferior to choice steers, $3 50@5 00; cows, $2 25@3 25; stockers and feeders, $2 80@3 90. Sheep—Receipts, 7,000 head; market dull and weak; common to fair, $3 00@3 90; good to choice, $4 25@4 80.

ST. LOUIS, March 8.—Cattle—Receipts, 600 head; market steady; natives, $4 45@4 95; butchers', $3 40@4 20; Texans, $2 00@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 2,500 head; market active and higher; butchers', $5 85@6 00; packers, $5 65@5 85; Yorkers, $5 40@5 60; pigs, $4 80@5 30. Wheat—market weak and lower; No. 2 red cash, 81@81⅛c; May, 82⅝c asked; June, 82¼c asked. Corn easy; No. 2 mixed cash, 35⅛c; May, 36⅝c bid; June, 37½c nominal. Oats, easy; No. 2 mixed cash, 28½c; May, 28⅝@28¾c. Rye 54c bid. Whisky, $1 13. Pork steady at $18 00. Lard firmer at $7 50.

BUFFALO, March 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 730 head; shipments, none; market is reported as quiet; common to fair, $3 90@4 35; good to choice shipping, $4 25@5 00; extra steers, $——; cows and heifers, $——; stockers and feeders, $2 75@3 50; extra, $3 75; veals, $6 00@7 00. Sheep—Receipts, 2,000 head; market advanced 5@10c; common to fair, $4 25@4 75; good to choice, $5 00@5 25; extra, $5 35@5 40; fair to good lambs $5 50@6 00; choice to extra, $6 25@6 40. Hogs—Receipts, 7,490 head; advanced 10@15; light pigs, $5 25@5 40; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $5 75@5 85; selected Yorkers, $5 80; selected medium weights, $6 00@6 10.

Boston Wool Market.

There is a quiet market, but prices are not quotably lower. The medium grades are in most request: Extra pulled, 28@30c; Texas, 51½c; medium washed fleece, 38c; secured Oregon, 56½c; fine scoured Territory, 63c; Texas, 63c; scoured Texas, 52c; California, 55c; Territory, 12c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, March 7.—The *Mark Lane Express* says: English wheat rather firmer. Condition of samples improving. Sales of English wheat during the past week were 42,366 quarters at 32s 9d, against 71,165 quarters at 29s during corresponding period last year. Spring growth wheat reported healthy. Trade in foreign wheat slow and steadier. Market free from recent pressure to sell. Flour slightly stronger. Linseed declined 6d. To-day's market for wheat firmer, tendency against buyers. American reds. 6d dearer. Increased demand for flour. American grands 6s dearer. Corn 3d dearer. Barley, oats and beans are quiet.